

THE
Comical History
OF
FRANCION;
Satirically exposing
FOLLY and VICE
In Variety of
Humours and Adventures.

In Two VOLUMES.

Written in *French* by the Sieur *de Parc* ;
Translated by several Hands, and Adapted
to the Humour of the present Age.

The SECOND EDITION, very much Corrected,
and Adorn'd with Cuts.

*Quicquid agunt Homines, Vorum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, Discursus, nostri est Farrago Libelli.*

JUVEN.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for M. POULSON and sold by J. DARBY,
A. BETTESWORTH, F. FAYRAM, J. PEM-
BERTON, C. RIVINGTON, J. HOOKE,
F. CLAY, J. BATLEY, and E. SYMON.
M.DCC.XXVII.





THE P R E F A C E.

Courteous Reader,

A Preface is as necessary to a Book, as a Prologue to a Play; the very best are imperfect without one, and the more intricate can't be pardon'd the neglect

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lect of them. Some Persons have deviated from the true Intention of them, which has unhappily brought a Censure in general upon them. The real meaning of them, was to give the Reader a transient view of the main Scope of his Undertaking, by way of a Preparative for a more considerable Prescription ; and if no other Circumstances had been crowded into them, I am of opinion, they wou'd not have labour'd under so general a dislike, as at present they do. I desire to be excused from particularizing others O-
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versights. I design to inveigh against no Gentleman, that had Leisure or Inclination to promote Knowledge: as for the more consummated Pens, they want a suitable Return of Gratitude and Encouragement, for their Labours and Capacities; and that is a Misfortune, which they are the least sensible of themselves; for the whole Republick of Learning, is a great Sufferer by it. Besides, the captious Observations of some peevish Persons, who have Wit enough to find Fault, and not Goodness enough to cover one,

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has been a mighty hindrance to some Gentlemen's Undertakings : For cou'd a Man write without a Fault, he cannot write beyond Envy ; and either way, he is liable to be traduc'd : and tho' some Men may have Presence of Mind enough, not to be disturbed at these sorts of Reflections, yet doubtless they had rather have every body's good word, than not ; if they cou'd procure it by honourable means. However, this is a Grandeur of Soul, that not very many Men are bless'd with ; and those who are not, throw by their Pens,

Pens, not to give a handle to the Publick, of talking of them in every Coffee-House, in terms that they shou'd be out of Countenance if they heard ; and their Friends, that sometimes will light into such company, cannot but blush for them when they do.

The Comical History of Francion, which is now humbly offered to the Publick, was in very good esteem at home ; and was not thought unworthy the Pen of a considerable Person, a Country-Man of our own.

Howe

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How it was receiv'd, I will not presume to mention, because it was done before I was born : But its being out of Print, and the Subject diverting ; it came into a certain Bookseller's head, to put it into a more modern Dress, and pare of some of those Excrescences in the Diction, which are more natural to the gaiety of the French, than acceptable to us English : and this, 'tis hop'd, will not be objected against, by such as shall do us the Honour to compare them together. To make it more conformable to the intent
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of the Author, we have ventur'd to expatiate upon the morals and Apothegms ; nay, we have ventur'd to insert some of our own growth: Some Stories that have been long the Table-talk of this Age, were judg'd too familiarly known, not but I might have said vulgar, therefore we have put others in their stead; which have an equal measure of Salt and Mythology, with the additional Beauty of being more New.

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The whole is intended for a continued series of the Errors and Extravagances of unbridled Youth ; as well of one Sex, as the other : And the passing thro' so many Stages of Life and Folly ; has furnish'd the whole with variety of Incidents, from the Sucking-bottle to the Hoary-head : and there is almost no Profession, or Degree of Mankind, that has not his Part in this Comedy : And if the perusal of it shall give any Person the least Satisfaction, or help them to make a tedious Evening

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*Evening less insupportable, I am
highly satisfy'd : but if it pre-
vent any Gentleman from falling
into the usual Snares, that are
spread every where for heedless
Youth, and Men of Estates ;
Sublimi feriam Sidera Vertice.*

*The seventh, eighth, ninth,
Books, and part of the tenth,
were done by a young Gentleman,
who was persuaded to Under-
take them, but desires not to ap-
pear in it : so that I cannot in-
form the Reader of his Name,
without a Breach of Trust ;
which wou'd make me more un-
worthy*

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worthy of his Pardon, and
Partiality for what I did my
self. So, Reader, I take my
Leave of you in Horace's words,

—Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: Si non, his
utere mecum.

Vive & Vale.

W. A.

T H E



To face B. I.



B. II.



THE
COMICAL HISTORY
OF
FRANCION.

BOOK I.

WE have had but too many Tragical Histories of late, that only chill our Blood, and fill the Mind with images of horror : 'Tis more than time now, that we had something entirely merry, such as might force a Smile even from the most inveterate Spleen ; not but that it should

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2 *The Comical History* Book I.

carry with it some useful Morals too, that the Vicious may take warning, and the Misfortunes and Calamities that still attend wicked Courses, deter us all from Debaucheries. The Sober, Wise and Discreet will easily know how to reap advantage by it, seeing there is so much serious Matter sprinkled every where with the Facetious, and some Reprehensions (tho very short) that will touch the most Flagitious to the quick, unless they resolve to be obstinate. 'Tis a very considerable felicity to learn Experience by another's Expence; and instead of the morose Precept of a rigid supercilious Pedant, to have an agreeable Tutor, whose Lessons are so many Entertainments of Wisdom and Delight. The first Institution of Plays was to instruct the Vulgar in the height of their Recreations, and give them an impression of Virtue, even while they seem'd swallow'd up in Mirth and Gaiety. Our intentions are the same in this Piece; and as the Actors daily shew you upon the Theatre, we must be contented to describe all those Incidents that make it appear Natural: and since 'tis only design'd for Reading, we have made it a *Comical History* rather than a *Regular Comedy*; which thus we present to you.

When the Night was pretty far spent, a certain old Fellow (named *Valentine*) went out of a Castle in *Burgundy*, in a Night-Gown, a red Cap, and something under his Arm: Contrary to Custom, indeed, he had left his Spectacles behind him (which generally were cock'd upon his Nose, or tuck'd under his Girdle)

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Girdle) but it was because he was going about a business, where he was as unwilling to see any thing, as be seen himself by any body. 'Twas well for him Madam *Luna* had received a private Visit from *Endymion*; for the sight of his own shadow would have frightened him out of his Wits. Desiring to be alone, he bid the Servants that staid in the Castle draw up the Bridge, which accordingly they did, he being Steward there to a Person of Quality. Having laid down his Bundle, he walk'd a little about, but as nicely as if he went over Eggs, and was to be hanged if he broke any; believing all the World asleep, even the very Toads and Frogs, he went down into the Ditch, to do something there, which the old Gentleman had in his head. The Night before he had got a Tub convey'd thither, about the size of what we generally bathe in, and being come up to it, he undress'd himself to his Doublet, and tucking up his Shirt, he plung'd himself into the Water up to the Wast; in a minute's time he comes out again, and striking Fire, he lights a small Taper, with which he went very formally three times in Procession round the Tub, and then threw it in; besides this, he threw in a certain Powder he had in a Paper, still repeating several strange and odd Words, which he could by no means distinctly utter: for being almost starv'd with cold, he chatter'd like an old peevish Baboon; and yet Summer was near at hand too.

After this Mystery was over, he bath'd himself again, and very carefully wash'd him

self all over ; being come out of the Tub he wip'd himself dry, and put on his Clothes ; all his Motions and all his Actions discover'd a great deal of Alacrity and Satisfaction. As soon as he clamber'd out of the Ditch ; Well, said he, now the most difficult part of the Operation is over, I wish I could as easily discharge my Duty in the point of conjugal Concerns ; I have but two or three Conjurations more to the Intelligences of this World, and I have gone thro' all I was enjoin'd ; then I shall see if I am not capable of tasting those softer Blandishments, which other Men possess. Ah, my *Lauretta*, cried he, turning himself with some affected tender Looks towards the Castle, you shall reproach me no more with the tedious disappointed Nights, and tell me I am good for nothing but sleeping and snoaring. No, no, Child ; I won't lie like a Stock by your side ; you shall find me too many for you ; I'll force you to refuse my ardent Love, and gently pushing me from your Arms, cry, dearest Joy of my Life, and Life of my Love, no more now ; how shall I be charm'd with these obliging Expressions, instead of those snarling surly ones I have so long supported ?

Talking thus to himself all the way, he came to a Cops full of all manner of Trees ; then he display'd his Packet, and taking out a long black Cassack, he put it on over the rest of his Clothes ; as for his Head he covered it with a Riding-hood, and his Face with a Vizard of the same Manufacture, which was made fast to the Hood : In this Dress, as ridiculous

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ridiculous as if he had been to act upon a Mountebank's Stage, he recommended his necromantick Mysteries, stedfastly believing, that by the efficacy of their means he shou'd compass his mighty Designs.

He had a stick pointed with Iron, and with this he drew a Triangle, and in that again he drew a Circle: just as he was stepping into the middle of it, an universal trembling darted thro' every Vein; so great an apprehension he laboured under of the Devil's appearing to him. He wou'd have crost'd himself, but his worthy Tutor, in these hellish Superstitions, had absolutely forbid it; however he had taught him several uncouth cramp Words, to secure himself against all the Attacks of the infernal Spirits: But his inordinate desire of finishing this Undertaking, put him above all Consideration, so at last he kneel'd down in the Circle, turning his Face towards the West; and said, You powerful Demons who preside over Lasciviousness, and pollute our Thoughts with wanton Ideas whenever you please, nay, and give us the ability to fulfil them too, I conjure you by that supreme Authority on which you all depend, nay humbly implore you to be always affliting to me; but more particularly now furnish me with new Heat and Vigour, and make me as glorious a Champion in the Fields of Love as ever wielded Lance under his Banners: If you will kindly supply my Defects, and hearken to my Prayers, I will make you such a return as you shall be highly satisfied with my Gratitude. Having thus concluded his

Contract with the Devil, he several times invok'd *Asmodeus*, then held his Tongue, and patiently waited the Event. At some small distance from him he heard a terrible Noise like the rumbling of a Cart of Flints that were unloading, grievous howlings, and a rattling as if a thousand People had been thrashing for Acorns, or Wallnuts: Here was it that Horror chill'd his retreating Blood, and the desponding Spirits hardly maintain'd the Oeconomy of his Clay. I dare swear he more than once wished himself at home again, and that he had never been concern'd in so hazardous an Undertaking. In this Extremity the only thing he could have recourse to, was some silly ridiculous words, which he had learnt for his security in all such like Junctures. Oh! good Master Devil, cry'd he, that under the Figure of a great black Dog comes running up to me with thy Tail cockt, and thy Bristles on end, thy flaming Eyes as big as Saucers, and thy expanded Throat belching forth Clouds of Smoak thro' thy foaming Jaws; I know thou comest in quest of the Parson of our Parish, and think'st I am he; but I say thou art mistaken, go back again about thy business. Nothing can be more foolish and nonsensical than this; and yet in all the Catalogue of the Astronomers, Fortunetellers and Conjurers Phrases, there is not one that imports much more; so 'twas no wonder if the silly old Oafe thought there was *somewhat of Weight* and Mystery in them, which he cou'd more readily believe than comprehend: *Then spitting in*

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in his Hand, and sticking his little Finger in his Ear, with several other things that appertain to the Ceremony of this Affair, as he verily thought; and now that the most evil Spirits in Nature were rather under an Obligation to serve him in every particular, than to be capable of prejudicing him in any one; he had not waited long, but he discovered a thing like a Man about twenty Yards off, whom he now really took for the very Devil he had invok'd: *Valentine*, said the Apparition to him, fear nothing Man, I am your Friend, and will take care you shall enjoy what you desire most; make much of your self, and trouble your head about nothing, but prepare for a kind Reception hence forwards. This propitious Answer brought a sudden calm upon our Friend *Valentine*, whom the Spectre had at first not a little discomposed; but as that vanish'd, so vanish'd all his Terrors too. A certain Pilgrim (whose real Name was *Francion*) had enjoin'd him one thing more, which now he bethought himself of, therefore went immediately to a proper place to put it in execution.

He thought himself already embracing his charming *Lauretta*; and in the height of his Extasy, cou'd not forbear repeating a thousand pleasant things to himself. Coming up to an Elm, he clasp'd it in his Arms, as the Pilgrim had instructed him, and in that antick Posture mutter'd several Prayers: this done, he turned himself about to imbrace it backwards, saying all the while, I shall every way imbrace my Wife as easily as I do this

Elm now, since the Demon will have it so. But while he continued in this Posture, he felt something seize both his Hands ; and tho he struggled with all his might to get loose, yet he cou'd not possibly effect it, for they were presently tied fast, the old Fellow stretching out his Neck like a Crane all the while, to see who play'd him this scurvy Trick.

He was now in so terrible a Confusion, that for one only Person (who stole in amongst the Trees after having done his Business) *Valentine* stedfastly believ'd there were a hundred at least ; nay more, that they were all evil Spirits too, that wou'd make themselves Diversion by putting him to the most exquisite Tortures their ingenious Malice cou'd invent. He durst neither cry out, nor call any body to his Assistance, supposing all that wou'd signify nothing, and that only a Divinity it self cou'd deliver him out of their Clutches : Besides, 'twas more than probable, if that he shou'd make any Opposition or Complaint, the Devils wou'd but augment his Sufferings and Punishment ; take from him the use of his Tongue, or it may be transport him thence into some melancholy Wilderness the Lord knows where. If his Mind was in any agitation, his Body too was not idle ; for he trotted round the Tree like a Horse in a Mill, and made a long Journey of a little Ground : sometimes he made such Efforts to get loose, that one wou'd have thought he must have torn off his Arms, or the Tree up by the Roots.

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He has leisure enough now to repent of turning Conjurer ; often alas, he call'd to mind how the Curate used to inveigh against that Occupation, and assure his Parishioners, that whosoever gave themselves up to these diabolical Practices, must expect infallibly to St. *Laurence* it upon the Devil's Gridiron. But after many bitter Reflections upon the whole series of this so unlucky Attempt, he comforted himself with making large Vows to the Saints, not daring immediately to address himself to God Almighty, whom he had thus outrageously affronted.

The lovely *Laureta* was not sleeping while these things pass'd ; the good Pilgrim, *Francion*, was to pay her a visit that Night, by means of a Rope-Ladder she had fastned to a Window, promising herself from him to taste those indearing transports of Love which her own Husband was not capable of giving her the feeblest shadow of.

You must understand, that a little before this, some Thieves had intelligence, that there was a very considerable quantity of rich Furniture in the Castle, and resolved to rob it.

To facilitate the matter, they dress'd the youngest of their Gang (a pretty smock-fac'd fellow) in the habit of a Woman, giving him all necessary Instructions how to get into the Family, how to comport himself there, and what Remarks and Observations to make ; but above all, if possible, to get the Keys into his possession, that they might take or leave what they lik'd. This same Thief thus accoutré and instructed, under the

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Name of *Catherine*, had been a week or ten days before begging at the Castle, pretending to *Valentine* that her Father had been put to Death for some Crimes very unjustly laid to his Charge, and that she cou'd not tarry in her own Country, because her Father's misfortune cast a blemish upon her too. *Valentine* commiserating the feign'd Calamities of the pretended *Catherine*, and as well because she offered her Service without Wages, very readily took her into his House. Her extraordinary willingness to do any thing, and her modest Behaviour, had quickly procur'd her a great share in her Mistress's good Will, insomuch that she was entrusted with the whole concern of the Family; and they put to intire a Confidence in her, that she might take the Keys of any of the Apartments and keep them as long as she thought fit, so far were they from suspecting she wou'd embezeli any thing.

The day before this, going for Water to a Fountain without the Village, she met one of her Accomplices, who came there to know how the Land lay, the others remaining in an adjacent Town waiting a favourable opportunity for their Undertaking. She acquainted him, that if they would come that Night, she would help them into the Castle, and they might take away a very considerable Booty; for even under her Custody were many things of prodigious Value, telling them withal that she had a Rope-Ladder in readiness. The three Thieves came punctually at the time appointed, and being gotten down into the Ditch,

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Ditch, they perceived a Ladder of Ropes thrown out of the Window by the great Gate; one of them whistled softly, and was immediately answered after the same manner: All of them looking up perceiv'd a Woman at the Window, and took it for *Catherine*, notwithstanding this was not the place they had agreed on. One of the Gang had of late labour'd under some Regrets and Stings of Conscience, and so determin'd in himself, while yet he was safe, to give over his wicked way of living; but the whole Confederacy standing in great need of him (because he was a bold daring Man) wou'd never consent to part with him, how instantly soever he urg'd it to them: Nay more, they threaten'd him, that if he went from them before they had committed that Robbery, he shou'd never rest in quiet till they had murdered him. When he saw there was no good to be done that way, he proceeded farther to tell them, That as he desired no part of the Plunder, it was unreasonable he should be exposed to the peril; but they reproaching him still, that 'twas no concern for the Course of Life, but down right Cowardice made him take this Resolution, he found himself under a miserable necessity of mounting the Ladder the very first of all, for fear his Companions wou'd murder him else.

Being leap'd from the Window into a Chamber, he was mrightily surpriz'd to find himself tenderly imbrac'd by a Woman that came immediately up to him, and had nothing of

of the Air of *Catherine*; but this was Madam *Lauretta*, who mistook him for *Francion* in the dark: her Prudence had suggested to her to put out the Candle as soon as she saw him upon the Ladder.

Olivier being sensible, in part, of his good Fortune, thought his Companions coming in woud interrupt his Felicity; and to prevent any such Accident, he gently disengag'd himself from *Lauretta's* Arms, and ran to the Window, where he found already one of them upon the Ladder: he pull'd him up about half way, and then fasten'd the Rope to the Jamb of the Window. The Rogue at first suppos'd he had some particular Reason thus to expedite his getting up, and troubl'd his Head no farther about it; but finding a little while after that he was left there, he began to smell a Rat: However, he got up the rest of the Ladder himself to *Lauretta's* Window, but *Olivier* was beforehand with him there too, and had discreetly shut it; so that not daring to knock for fear of alarming the Family, and being taken, he judg'd his best way was to get down again. Having slid some way, he found the Rope much too short to reach the Ground; and what was a greater misfortune, in sliding on, he pass'd by a Window fortify'd with Iron spike Bars, and unluckily he hung on one of them by his Breeches; and in struggling to disengage himself, he was worst hamper'd upon the rest, so that it was impossible to get off.

Francion was resolv'd not to fail an Appointment made him by his Mistress, and being

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ing come towards the Castle, he saw *Catherine* on the other side throwing out a Rope-ladder, and took it to be *Lauretta*: He mounted in a Minute, and fell a kissing this same Servant with all the Eagerness of a passionate Lover. Who is this (says she to him?) Is it you, *Olivier*? Or is it any body else? What are you mad, to play the fool thus, at such a Juncture, when we should be minding the grand Affair? Prithee, let me go help our Comrades up; what do you think the Alteration of my Dress has wrought an Alteration in my Sex too?

Francion, that suspected his Mistake before, was now fully convinc'd of his Error. The Words he heard had neither the Accent nor the Import of what he expected from the charming Lips of his adorable *Lauretta*; and not giving himself the trouble to examine what they meant (as being assur'd there was nothing in them had the least relation to himself) he told *Catherine*, he knew she was a Servant; but that her Mistress had granted him the Honour and Happiness of passing that Night with her, and accordingly he was come to enjoy so great a Pitch of Satisfaction and Delight. *Catherine*, who was as fly a Devil as ever was of that Occupation, ponder'd in her Mind how she should get rid of him; for his being there, would infallibly break their Measures, and so frustrate their Designs. To conduct him to her Mistress's Chamber, she thought not expedient at all, tho' he press'd it very much; because while they were together, she might possibly be commanded

to keep guard in some other part of the Castle, than was consistent with the Plot they had laid, and that would baulk a glorious Opportunity. So she told him in short, *Lauretta* was very much indispos'd, and left Orders with her to acquaint him, she could not be seen that Night. *Francion*, extremely sorry for the Disappointment, was oblig'd to betake himself to the Ladder again. When he was got about half way, *Catherine* (that was of a base, cruel, and perfidious Principle) to be reveng'd of the Impediment he had brought to their Enterprize, shook the Cord backwards and forwards with all the force her Rage could inspire, in hopes to make him quit his hold, and hazard his Neck. The extraordinary Motions of the Rope, gave him but too just Grounds to apprehend some foul Play, and fearing otherwise to be bruise'd and batter'd against the Castle Wall, he slid a little lower down, and then jump'd from the Rope: but, for his greater Misery, he fell just into the Tub where *Valentine* had bathed himself, and cut a great hole in his Skull against the side of it, which threw him into a Swoon for a while. *Catherine*, hearing the noise he made in falling, was mightily pleas'd with his Misfortune; and imagining her Companions would not attempt any thing that Night, drew up her Ladder again.

The other Rogue, that was left in the Ditch, seeing *Olivier* took no notice of him; and for his other Comrade, he was so disadvantageously posted in the Air, that he could not help himself; had now no hopes left to make any

any thing of their Design: He did not question but 'twas likely to find the Spark hanging there the next Day; and to tarry by him, was only to run the risque of seeing himself tied up too in his company, tho after a more dangerous fashion.

A certain blind unaccountable Curiosity, for which there could be no Foundation in the World, tempted this Fellow to walk round the Ditch before he went away; and coming to the Tub where *Francion* was, he must needs peep to see what was in it: perceiving a Man there, he laid hold of his Arm, and pull'd him partly out of the Water. Hopes, or Desires at least of a Booty, made him examine his Pockets, where he found a Purse pretty full of Money, and a Ring with so glorious a Stone, that you might discern its Beauty and Lustre, notwithstanding the Disadvantage of so obscure a Night. This lucky Hit gave him some Comfort under all the Uneasiness of the other Disappointments; and not minding whether the Party he had robb'd were dead or alive, or by what Misfortune he was reduc'd to that Condition, he troop'd off, and took Fortune for his Guide.

Olivier, who had got a Prize of infinitely greater Value than what the other Thief had, was resolv'd to make the most of it, and satiate his eager Desires with boundless Joys. Lest the Admission of Light should make any Discovery, he shut all the Windows close. *Lauretta*, in the mean time, with an affected Gaiety, lay down upon the Bed, expecting her Lover, who began the Attack with such a Volly.

Volly of endearing Kisses, that there was no room left for Words on either side. When the heat of this firing was over, she, whom the fiercer Transports of Delight had, for some time, bereav'd of Speech, coming now to her self again, threw her wanton Arms about his Neck, and with a thousand melting Kisses from Eyes to Lips, from Lips to Cheeks, from Cheeks to Mouth, broke out in these passionate Expressions: Dearest, dear *Fran-cion* (said she) how much more charming is thy Conversation, than that decrepit, nauseous old Fellow's, whom my Friends constrained me to make my Husband? How amiable art thou to me, and how happy am I that you are so? So sweet a Chain as your Merits have impos'd upon me, I shall be always proud and pleas'd to bear. Then, renewing her Embraces more lusciously than before; You do not answer me, my Dear (cried she) with somewhat a languishing Voice; does my Love or my Passion displease? Either way I am wretched, yet will not wish my Passion less! *That were an Indignity to thy Worth and Honour.* Are the ardent Transports of my Wishes any Offence, or, is my Fondness a Crime? Oh! Who can have been made so happy, and not love to rage? Then pausing a little, she said: Well, I vow I was a Fool for putting out the Candle; I could apprehend nothing: The old Gentleman's gone out to work Impossibilities, and questions not but yours is a never failing Remedy.—I'll call *Catherine* for a Light, for I am very far from being of the same Sentiments with some Persons,

sions, who think that the matters of an Amour should be always transacted in the dark ; seeing the Party we adore, gives new Life to exhausted Nature, rekindles the dying Fire, and represents to us in Perfection all those endearing Charms, to which we owe the Violence of our Passions, and the Excess of all our Pleasures.— Besides, my dearest Love and Life, I want to see the Ring you promis'd me ; I am sure you have too much Complaisance for me (not to term it Affection) to let me so far out of your Thoughts, as to have forgot it : Speak, my Dear, and tell me truly, do—

Olivier now found he was pres'd too home, not to make an absolute Discovery of himself, since he was taken for *Francion* ; but fearing to incur *Lauretta's* Displeasure by the Disappointment, and in hopes to mollify her a little, he very humbly kneel'd down at her Feet, and said : Madam, I have the highest Resentment imaginable for this Mistake ; 'twas not my own seeking, nor what I could avoid, after the Tenderness of your Caresses, you have made me so happy, that I under-rate your Joys at the Price of my Life : But since I can make no other Atonement, pronounce my Doom, and you shall instantly be obey'd.

Lauretta presently found her Mistake, by the difference of the Voice she heard, from what she was us'd to. Then Rage, Shame, and Indignation, swell'd her Breast ; and had she not reflected that it was too late now to wish it otherways, it is more than probable,

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the Violence of her Concern had hurried her on to some fatal Extremity. But the most endearing Medicine to this unexpected Malady, was the Consideration that her beloved *Francion* himself, peradventure, could not have exhibited a more agreeable Dose, than what the other had done: However, putting on an Air of Dissatisfaction, she ask'd him very hastily what, and who he was? But he remaining still silent: Base and execrable Villain (cry'd she) what then you are one of *Francion's Servants*, and have made away with him to supply his Place. Madam (answer'd *Olivier*, neyer stirring all this while from his Knees) if there is any Belief in Man, I am an utter Stranger to both the Person and Name of that *Francion* you talk of; I shall readily discover to you who I am, if you will give me the Honour of your Word to credit what I relate; and if I tell you the least Untruth, punish me as you please. Begin then (said *Lauretta*) you have my Word; but don't be tedious.

This Adventure, Madam (said *Olivier*) was partly owing to a Servant of yours, whom you call *Catherine*, and suppose a Maid: But give me leave to disabuse you, she is nothing less, and has only put on that Habit more easily to have an Opportunity of letting Thieves into your Houfe, and robbing you. This was the Night appointed, and she was to throw out of the Window a Ladder of Ropes. The unhappy Errors of Youth deluded me from my Parents, and at last I initiated my self into this Gang; but being extremely dissatisfy'd

satisfy'd with the cursed Course of living, a little while ago I stedfastly resolved to give it over: However, meeting with the Ladder you had prepar'd for *Francion*, we took it for *Catherine's*, and they compelled me to mount first; but, by all that's good and sacred, Madam, I was so far from intending to proceed in the Robbery, that I resolved to discover the Design to the first Person I met, and thereby secure you at least, if not them: And for proof of what I say (Madam) take but the pains to look out of the Window, and you'll see another of them now hanging upon the Rope, which I drew part of the way up, and then made him fast. By this 'tis evident (Madam) that if I had intended to have perpetrated this villainous and infamous Undertaking, I should have treated my Comrade after another manner.

Lauretta being strangely surpriz'd at this Relation, and to gratify her Curiosity, put her Head out of the Window, where she saw that *Olivier* had told her nothing but the Truth, therefore believ'd him innocent: But being desirous to know how *Catherine* spent her time, she put *Olivier* behind the Bed, and call'd her to bring in a Candle. The sight of *Lauretta*'s charming Bosom roused more ardent Wishes in her, than could be expect'd from her Habit: Her Master's Absence, and her Mistress's seeming pleasant Disposition, added fresh Fewel to her wanton Desires; for *Lauretta*, the better to cover her Displeasure, with an affected Familiarity said to her, Well, Wench, what have you been doing,
what

what not undress'd yet? Why 'tis late, Girl, I vow (Madam, answer'd she) I lie in so lonesome a part of the House, that I dare not sleep for fear of Spirits and Thieves, and I know not what-all: therefore I very rarely undress my self, because I would not appear naked and undress'd, if surpriz'd by any such Accident. But Lord, Madam, how can you endure to be here alone? Since my Master is gone out, you had better let me tarry with you; I am sure I shall sleep more heartily and comfortably in one of these Chairs, than in my own Bed; besides, I shall be nearer at hand to attend you, in case you lack any thing. No, no, replied *Lauretta*, go back to your own Chamber, I don't want you; and now I have a Candle, shall not be easily frighted. *In the dark, indeed, when I wake on a sudden, my Imagination suggests to me, that the Room is full of tall huge black Men, and great Dogs; overgrown Monkeys, with long Horns; and flying Dragons, with prodigious Stings, and a thousand such like terrifying Phantoms.* Her Catherine casting a fly Look upon her Mistress, interrupted her, and said: Well, Madam, my Master is the most unkind Husband that ever was sure; I can't imagine how he could resolve to leave your Bed a Minute, much more a whole Night. What can he be doing? For my part (tho but a silly Girl in appearance) I find my self disposed to love you infinitely more tenderly than he does; or at least by this usage, seems to do. Hold your Tongue, you saucy Block-head, answer'd *Lauretta*, what's here to do now?

ow? You are a fine Hypocrite indeed at the ottom; you seem'd to be much otherwise at our first coming: well, there's no trusting my body, I protest.— And you don't believe me, then (replied *Catherine*) what if I should give you Demonstrarions that Nature as put me in a Capacity to supply your Vants in such an agreeable manner as you wish from *Valentine*, and he can't perform? Pretty Discourse for Girls, (answer'd *Lauretta*, in a Passion) get you gone, you Slut, you are the impudent'ſt Baggage that ever breath'd: get you out of my sight, I say; the Wench is drunk on my Conscience! Tis a miserable thing to stand in need of Servants, and yet there is hardly any doing without them neither.

Catherine, whose Blood began to boil, and could not be cool'd by a Frown, or a Denial, nor valuing much what her Mistress should think of her Freedom, came boldly up to her, and offer'd to kiss her; withal was going to justify the Character she had before given of herself, insolently presuming, that when that point was clear'd, it would be soon granted, her Anger would be converted to Affection, and that favourable Opportunity embrac'd of making each other happy. But *Lauretta*, who had some Discretion as well as loose Inclinations, flew into a violent Passion; and after some very injurious and scurilous Words, beat her out of the Room.

Olivier, in his Ambuscade, could not but hear all this; and when he came out, told *Lauretta*, that, by the Insolence of *Catherine's*

rine's Behaviour, she might now be satisfy'd of what he had intimated to her before of her Sex. *Lauretta* owned, that she was convinc'd of the Truth of what he had told her; but for the future would watch her so narrowly, that when she thought herself securest of her Game, the Rogues should be disappointed of their Booty, and she severely punish'd for her Perfidiousness. Think upon any Expedient, Madam (said *Olivier*) and depend upon the utmost of my Abilities to assist you in the doing it effectually. I'll go hunt out *Catherine* (replied *Lauretta*) do you come after me at a little distance; and when I call, bring me these Cords, and we'll secure her I'll engage. *Lauretta*, taking the Candle, went to her Maid's Chamber: here, take this Candle (said she) and go into the Hall; what's to be done there? (said *Catherine*) Don't you trouble your Head about that (answer'd *Lauretta*) when you are there, you'll see.

Being got into the Hall, *Lauretta* said to her, prithee open that Window there, and see what it is that makes such a to-do upon the Grate; which was the Thief, who, by accident, but for his Sins, was so secur'd there, that he could not break his Neck, if he would have hang'd himself.

Catherine, that knew nothing of her Confederate's Disaster, wantonly putting her Hand in her Mistress's Bosom, as it were to help herself upon a Chair, and from thence upon the Window, being as curious herself to know what was the matter, as *Lauretta* could

ould be ; and being got out to see, her Mistress secur'd her Hands, with which she held by the Bars, as if it were to prevent her slipping ; but making a Signal, *Olivier* came to her assistance, and pinion'd her to the Bars of the Window : I have not done with her yet (says *Lauretta*, laughing) we must be satisfy'd whether her Ware is so substantial as she pretended ; so pulling up Petticoats, Smock and all, she fasten'd them above her Wastre, and left her naked and exposed. At this Humour of *Lauretta's*, *Olivier* laugh'd so loud, that they both knew his Voice ; and one of them said in a piteous Tone, Ah ! for God's sake, draw me off this same Spit here, 'tis now almost Day, and you may easily gues at my Destiny, if I am taken in this condition. That's utterly impossible for me to do (answer'd *Olivier*) here is a strong Iron Fence between you and me : I approve your Desires of being out of the Air, for that is none of your Element, tho I am confident you'll die in it. What, treacherous Rascal (says *Catherine* to him) have you betray'd us then ? Could I tear out thy Heart, I'd eat it without Salt. We have taken care to prevent such Violences, your Hands are none of your own now (reply'd *Olivier*, in a jeering manner.) Let us leave them as they are (interrupted *Lauretta*) to curse and scold : when the Constable is stirring, he'll perchance alter their Chimes for them.

After this, *Lauretta* took *Olivier* up to her Chamber again, where being at leisure to view

view those Charms he had but tasted before, in the Fury of an amorous Transport he threw himself upon her enchanting Lips : She likewise seeing by his Garb and Deportment, that he was no unworthy Combatant, permitted him to arm ; and as he was an experienc'd Soldier in the Camps of Love, he soon found out by her dying Eyes where she lay most open to his Attack, and he ply'd her so warmly, that he won the Field, tho he sustain'd some loss. There is Ambition in Love as well as in War ; *Olivier*, no ways daunted at the Opposition, charg'd again, and was repuls'd, tho with somewhat of loss on his side, but more on his beautiful Antagonist's— So both sounded a Parley.

Laying down their Arms, they mutually embraced one another ; then *Olivier* (breaking the Silence) said : Fortune (my dearest charming Creature) has more than compensated all the Crosses of my Life, in this happy Encounter with you ; and nothing can subtract from my present Felicity, but your questioning my Sincerity. Indeed my Dear (reply'd *Lauretta*) you are highly indebted to Fortune for your Escape, and my going from the Window when I saw you mounting the Ladder ; for if I had staid till you came nearer to me, I had doubtless discover'd you were not the Man I waited for, then I assure you, you had met with a scurvy welcome ; whereas now I believe you have no great Cause to complain of your Entertainment. I doubt not (answer'd *Olivier*) but you would have treated me very ill, tho you could not do it worse than I deserv'd ; for there is a vast dispa-

Disparity between a Stranger who surprizes one after such a manner, and a Person we love and expect : But give me leave (dearest Creature) to assure you, that how far short soever I come of that happy Man you design'd this Night to oblige with the Felicities of your Embraces, I will dare to say I can vie with him, if not excel him, in a firm and affectionate Desire of serving you the remainder of my Life.

These obliging Expressions did not vanish into Air, without a suitable Return : Some small Interruptions they afford indeed on either hand, by Love's endearing Toys; not but that some Minutes were spent too in his most exquisite Joys, and consummated Delights.

But *Lauretta* perceiving thro' the Shutters of her Windows, that *Phœbus* began to gild the rosy Morn, found it was time to expect her Husband's return, therefore she advis'd *Olivier* to step into the Barn, and tarry there till the Draw-bridge was let down, then take his Opportunity to steal away. After a thousand tender Kisses, and as many Vows of perpetual Remembrance, he took his Leave of her, and laid himself down on the Hay-mow: *Lauretta* return'd to her Chamber, and lock'd herself in, leaving *Katharine* and her Associate to the Dispensations of Providence.

It being Sunday, three jolly Country-Fellows got up early to hear the first Mass, and then give Challenge to the best Gamesters of a neighbouring Village to play a Set at Cricket: But the Church not being open,

nor the Priest awake, to play away the time, they took a turn round the Castle, where they quickly spy'd the Thief suspended by the Rope, and supported by the Iron Spikes. What presented it self next to their view, was *Catharine*, as naked as ever she was born, from the Navel to the Knees. By what they saw of her Person and Dress, they all judged her to be an Hermaphrodite, which put them into such an Extasy of Laughter, that the Village rang again: This Alarm awaked the Curate, whose Curiosity was equal to his Surprise, and that so great, that he came running to them with so much haste, that he did not give himself the leisure to button his Doublet, but ran and buttoned, and buttoned and ran on. When he came up to them, they were so possess'd with their merry Fit, that a reasonable Man would have concluded them all stark staring mad. But the good Pastor, being intent upon their ridiculous Postures, did not as yet perceive what was the occasion of this extravagant Hilarity: He several times ask'd them what they meant, but they could not answer for laughing. At last, pulling one of them by the Sleeve, Pri-thee, *Peter* (says he) what's the matter here? The Fellow holding his sides as if he were ready to burst, began to make answer, but another Fit interrupted him: So he laugh'd, and begun to speak, and burst out a laughing again; but at last getting the Mastery of his merry Disposition, he only said: Good Sir, look but up yonder to that Window of the Castle, pointing with his Hand to where *Catharine* and

and her Comrade were secur'd. The Curate, casting his Eye that way, presently remark'd the Occasion of their Mirth; and with a little Smile, that did not subtract from the Gravity of his Character: You are a parcel of silly Coxcombs indeed (says he to them) to make such a Hurricane and a Din about a trifle. 'Tis a sign indeed you don't see much, since so small a matter provokes so inordinate a Wonder. I own, I can't but smile too, but 'tis at your Ignorance and Weakness; you don't know but that which you laugh at thus excessively, may really be an Object of your Pity. When Mr. *Valentine* is stirring, we shall know more of the matter; peradventure, there has some very unhappy Accident fallen out in their Family last Night.

By this time the Curate had made an end of his fatherly Reprimand, and a great many of the Townsmen were come up to them; who wondering at the Posture they found the Thief and *Katharine* in, enquir'd of them by what means they got there, and in that condition: But they not daring to confess the Truth, were equally puzzled what Answer to make, and ashame'd to see themselves expos'd before so many People: but being hard press'd by some of them, the Thief promis'd, if they would help him down, to confess the whole Matter of Fact to them. But the Curate interpos'd his Authority and Advice, and would not suffer them to be releas'd till the Castle-Gates were open, and they could acquaint *Valentine* with it. Some of the People walking round the

Castle, to see if they could find any body at the Window to give them notice of this Matter, were surpriz'd with a sad and languishing Voice, which tempted them to go down into the Ditch, where they found a Tub; and examining round about, they at last spy'd *Francion*, who, coming out of his Swoon, found himself so cold and weak, that he could not stand on his Legs, and therefore was constrain'd to throw himself down upon the Ground. The Country-Fellows, seeing in what a deplorable Condition he was, went to him and help'd him up; but one of them wiping the Blood off his Face, startled, and cry'd out: Bless us, Neighbours, this is my Lodger, that pious Pilgrim, that some time since came to my House. Dear Friend (quoth he, looking stedfastly upon him) what barbarous Rascals have us'd you thus inhumanly? Pray help me away somewhere, (reply'd *Francion*) I cannot satisfy you at present. With this they help'd him out of the Ditch; and as they were conveying him to his Lodging, they met his servant, who was much amaz'd and concern'd to see him in such a condition: And judging that under these Circumstances, the best piece of service he cou'd render his Master, was to get a Surgeon for him as soon as might be, he left the good People to carry him home, and went to the next Village, and brought one with him, just as he was undrest and going into Bed: having prob'd the Wound, it prov'd not very dangerous, and having drest it with proper Remedies,

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Remedies, the Surgeon assured him he wou'd make a speedy Cure of it.

While several People staid gaping and staring at this unexpected Metamorphosis of a Woman into a Man, others having had their Bellies full of the Spectacle went home and acquainted their Neighbours that there was something very well worth seeing at the Castle. The Cream of the Jest was, Women (who are naturally much more curious than Men, especially in matters of Merriment) wondering to see their Husbands all flock down to the Castle, wou'd needs make a Body and follow, to participate of the Wonder, or of the Diversion: But seeing what a figure *Catharine* made, they hid their Faces, and sculk'd away again with some speed, and a great deal of confusion: Others of them of a freer Temper, hid their Faces and titter'd, as if they had be-pist themselves. The more captious and morose swell'd with indignation, and imagining it a trick put upon them, went gruntling away: Was there no other day but, a Sunday to have your Frolics in, (said one of the gravest of them) you might have tarry'd I should think, till after Service at least. The World is surely near its end, for every Man now is an Antichrist. Don't walk so fast away Mother (said a pleasant Fellow to her) take t'other view of Mr. *Valentine's* Maid's Affairs. The Devil take her Affairs for me (reply'd the good Woman in a passion) you had rather have part your self Mother (reply'd the same Fellow) for all your haste. Part indeed, marry come up, (cry'd a merry

brisk Lass) no, no, what a part of such a bit, that's not worth wistling after : *She must have all or none.* Ay, ay, (says another Wag) no wonder *she trudges so fast away, she had rather feel those things than see them.* If I had the feeling of yours, Mr. Impudence, (reply'd she, turning back in a Rage) you should never see them again while your Eyes were open.

Many of these drolling Repartees were flurted out at one another ; but the Women made their party good : What with scolding, what with dinn, the Men were forc'd to quit the place, and own themselves out-done.

The Country fellows dispersing of themselves, in their Rambles, chanced to come to the Copse where *Valentine* was, and hearing a hideous outcry, made up to it, little suspecting it was him : 'Tis inconceivable how much they were astonish'd at the Maukin, so whimsically accouter'd, and fastned to a Tree : That with tossing and struggling in the Night, the Hood was gotten quite over his Face ; and he cou'd not perceive that it was Day-light : Tossing his Head back, in hopes the Hood wou'd fall off gave him such antick Airs, that the Fellows cou'd not forbear laughing ; and *Valentine* seeing nothing, but hearing several Voices, verily believ'd they were so many Devils, come to torment him. Immediately he had recourse to the Exorcisms *Francion* had taught him.

The Country Fellows knew him by his Voice, but not understanding what he meant by his Gibberish, nor his Gestures, they con-

concluded him distracted : So, ready to split their Sides with laughing, they all ran back to the Curate, to inform him of their new Discovery. He was hardly got into the Close, but seeing *Valentine* he call'd out to him, Sir, is it you (I pray) my worthy Friend, (good lack-aday) How came you here ?

Valentine knowing the Pastor's Voice, was under less apprehensions than before, believing ne'er a Devil of them all durst touch him, while he was by. Oh ! good Sir, (reply'd *Valentine*) the Devils, the Devils, and they have persecuted me worse than ever they did all the holy Martyrs : What (said the Curate to him again) did not you lie at home last Night ? Were you transported hither you know not how ? Is it not rather a Trick put upon you, by some rascally Fellows ? *Valentine* durst not make any reply. An unlucky thought coming into his Head, that the Devils cou'd counterfeit Voices as well as Shapes, and peradventure this was the Devil that had imitated their Curate, so he began his Conjurations : I defy thee, Satan (quoth *Valentine*) I know thou art not our Curate, I will have nothing to say to thee *Beelzebub*, thou only counterfeitest his Voice, I say, I defy thee. Defy me if you please, Mr. *Valentine*, (reply'd the Curate) - but you shall see I am your Curate ; so pulling the Hood from over his Face : Why what Mr. *Valentine* (continued he) running mad in your old Age ? What possesses you that we are Sprights ?

Being restored to the Light, *Valentine* return'd in some measure to his Senses again : By their Faces he knew them to be Neighbours, and by their readines to set him at Liberty, his Friends.

Having now obtain'd his Freedom, the Curate press'd it so home to him, that *Valentine* was forc'd to reveal the whole Mystery to him of *Francion's Instructions*, and what mov'd him to undertake it. Some waggish Boys by chance over-heard this Confession, and divulg'd it wherever they came ; insomuch that it continues to this very Day proverbial, to tell a Man he wants *Valentine's Bath*, when he can't get his Wife with Child.

When the Curate had zealously and severely reprimanded his Parishioner for his diabolical Undertaking, they all went with him to the Castle, to shew him there something as unaccountable as his late Garb and Posture were : But *Valentine* was as ignorant of the Affair, as any one that stood by cou'd be. A pleasant Fellow that by chance had mingled himself in the Herd, cry'd out, You make a sad posther here about conjecturing whence all this should proceed ; why look ye Gentlemen, I will read you the Riddle in a moment. That same Gossip, there, playing with the Rope, is one of Mrs. *Catharine's* Suitors, and attempting to get in to see her, she refus'd him entrance ; and to stop his Mouth at once, gave him ocular demonstration, that she was not for his purpose. See how sheepishly he looks, as if the disappointment of his Love had almost bereft him of his Senses.

Valen-

Valentine's Servants opening the Gates, gave the Company some hopes of a more ample account: But they were as far to seek as any body else.

They immediately releas'd the Thief and Catharine, and brought them before the Curate and *Valentine*: They put several interrogatories to them, but they were too crafty to make any answer; threatening Language had no more power over them, than Persuasions; all was vain. At length *Laurettæ* came down as demure as possible, and seem'd as much surpriz'd with the matter, as the most ignorant of them all; and slipping out from the Croud, she went to take her farewell of her endearing Combatant: so with as much Joy and Content as the shortness of the time would safely permit, they first seal'd their parting, as they began their Acquaintance; and she privately convey'd him out of the Castle.

The Justice (who made a pretty Penny by Informers) was quickly acquainted with part of the Story, and came thundering down to the Castle, call'd for Pen and Ink, and was for making their *Mittimus* out of hand, never asking any Questions; for 'twas his Fees he wanted, not the bringing Offenders to condign Punishment: But *Valentine*, who knew very well what Rascals those Justices are, wou'd not admit of so much as a little Finger of him into his Parse: So the Justice cou'd do nothing: *Valentine* wou'd not accuse them: The People that were by cou'd prove nothing, so no Information lay against them.

them. Mr. Justice disappointed of his Prey went out in a pet, the rest to Mass, and *Catherine* and the Thief were set at Liberty; but were followed by all the Boys and Girls, nay by some Men too, for three or four Miles together, where they were scoffed, jeered, and laugh'd at by Man, Woman, and Child; and indeed they had better been hang'd outright, than suffer so much and so lasting Ignominy.

Hence we may learn that when our Intentions are wicked in themselves, or the Means we use to compass them are unlawful, they never prosper, and are seldom unpunish'd. *Valentine*, for the leud curiosity of being young in spight of Nature, had recourse to infernal Arts, and made himself a Laughing-stock to more than knew him. The Thief, thro' cursed desire of unjustly acquiring what was another's right, had a double Punishment in publick Infamy, and personal Pain. *Lauretta* indeed has suffer'd nothing as yet, tho she made a little free with her Conscience, and Duty; but Justice falls the heavier, for being deferr'd. *Francion*'s Leudness created him Smart enough, tho his Resolution made him go thro' it with more constancy than the rest.

After *Francion* had been some time in a warm Bed, he came to himself again: His Man, during his repose, had run with the rest, a News-gathering; and acquainting him with all the Passages, put him into such a violent fit of Laughing, that he was unsensible of his Pain; but he could not fathom the intention

intention of the Thieves, nor by what Accident or Stratagem they were fastned so together ; yet he call'd to mind what Catharine said to him well enough when they were in the Chamber : But when his Man related the posture the Curate found poor Valentine in, he thought he should burst.

The Surgeon came in just as Dinner came up, and seeing the Servants brought Wine, he very gravely forbid him the drinking any. These are hard lines indeed, Mr. Surgeon (answer'd Francion) I had rather you had forbid me not only the nicest Bits that ever Luxury invented, but even Bread it self : I can digest nothing without it, and can live upon that alone. How can the practice of Physick interfere with the drinking of good Wine ? *Hippocrates*, the Pride and Glory of his Times, and Profession, not only admir'd Wine, but by his exquisite Skill improv'd Nature, and corrected Wine ; and 'tis to his gusto and industry we owe that heavenly Receipt of luscious Hipocras : A Friend of mine, Mr. Surgeon (continued he) was troubled with a sore Leg, and the Doctors wou'd let him drink no Wine for fear of causing an Inflammation in the part : What does me he, being an arch Wag, and one that lov'd his Bottle, but laying his Feet upon his Pillow, and his Head towards the bottom of his Bed, call'd for a glass of Wine, and drank it off heartily. For his Physitians told him the Wine wou'd descend to the part affected : Now argues my Spark, if it descend, it shall descend into my Head, that being the lower part

part of my Body in this situation ; and I run no risque of hurting my Legs : Now Mr. Surgeon, by a parity of Reason, my Wound being in the other extremity, I will stand upright while I drink, so the Wine descending will no ways obstruct my recovery. Having said this, *Francion* call'd for his Clothes, and got up.

The Surgeon willing to give some proofs of his Learning, contradicted him in all the hard Terms of the Galenical Cant, and had the Ignorance and Vanity to believe he discours'd well, because he was unintelligible; as if the intent of Language was to conceal our Thoughts, not explain them.

Francion told him in short, all he cou'd say should not prevent his rising, tho he wou'd follow his Advice, and drink no Wine that day however; for (continu'd he) I'm none of those base Spirits, that can't bridle their Appetites, and let Reason command : I love Wine as passionately as Man, but can deny my self that, or any thing else, when my Health requires it. That is uncommon indeed, Sir, (reply'd the Surgeon) my Soul, I'm sure, has not that Authority over my Body : And if all the World should advise me against Wine, and my very Life depended upon that Abstinence, I cou'd not forbear drinking. But pray, Sir, (continued he, cramming his Guts, as if he was providing against a Famine) you must endure a vast deal of Misery and Torture by that Fracture in your Head, the Contusion alone wou'd make another distract'd, and yet you are for your Jests and your Quibbles

Quibbles still. 'Tis a sign you don't know me, nor Mankind (reply'd *Francion*) the Faculties of my Soul exert themselves with so much Vigour, that no indisposition of Body whatever puts the least check to its due Regulation. Pardon me, Sir, (says the Surgeon interrupting him with a Smile) if from your Conversation, I am induc'd to credit a flying Report, that is here concerning your being a Conjurer; for without some supernatural Assurances you cou'd not bear with so little Concern, what makes me shiver to think of. They say too, but that's stuff, that your Art brought about those wonderful Transactions at *Valentine's* last Night, that you chang'd the Maid into a Man, and laid a Spell upon their Tongues that they could not speak; nay more, that you really are not hurt, only by Necromancy impose upon our Eye-sight: and this they more readily suspect, because there is no other visible Reason for such unaccountable Accidents.

This merry Conceit of the Surgeon made his Patient almost die with laughing; at length recovering himself: But pray, says he to him, do you know what is *Valentine's* Opinion of me? To be plain, reply'd the Surgeon, he says you are the devilishest Conjurer that ever was, and instead of being the better, he is infinitely a sufferer by your Prescriptions; for presuming upon your Charms, he summon'd the Enemy to Combat, enter'd the Lists, but could not wield his Weapons; which so irritated his Adversary, that he was forc'd to submit to very dishonourable Conditions

to pacify *Lauretta's* Wrath. Is there any danger, reply'd *Francion*, of my being a Sufferer by his Revenge or Malice? I omitted those particulars, said the Surgeon, because I thought your Art wou'd protect you against all his Attempts whatever: Tho, give me leave to assure you, it does not depend upon him, that you are not affronted and punished; nay, I'll lay you a good Wager he convenes all the lusty young Fellows of the Parish this very Night, and steals you out of your Bed, or endeavours it at least; but I suppose you don't fear them.

They were hardly risen from Table, when several of the Neighbours came out of Curiosity to the Inn, and ask'd to see the Pilgrim, but so loud as they over-heard them. At this *Francion* lock'd the Door, and they pretended they wanted a Trunk that was in his Room; afterwards that there was a Townsman extremely ill, and wanted the Surgeon; they hop'd he wou'd not be so obstinate and inhuman as to let a poor Creature perish for want of help; but 'twas all one, there was no admittance for them. As they were going to break open the door, *Francion* and his Man went out with a case of Pistols each in their Hands, and swore they would fire upon the first that offer'd any Insolence there.

The daftardly Fellows dislik'd the Proposition, and went sneaking away; immediately after came a Reinforcement of a much stronger Body, but with no better Success than their Neighbours. *Francion* was mightily con-

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concern'd at this posture of his Affairs, and resolv'd to evacuate the Garrison as soon as possible. So discharging his Lodgings, he acquainted his Landlord with his Designs, and beg'd he would furnish him with a small Cart that stood in the Yard, and carry him to some other Town where he might be more at ease. The Man being an honest sort of a Country Fellow, fasten'd a couple of Hoops cross the Cart to bear up a Covering, put his Goods at the bottom of it, threw in a Truss of clean Straw, and told *Francion* they were ready. Our poor Pilgrim got in, and made his Nest as easy as he could ; they went out at a back Gate, his Man follow'd on Horseback : and thus they cross'd the Country without being discover'd by any body.

Some of the Country Fellows coming to the Inn, and finding neither *Francion* nor his Man there, gave it out that they were certainly Conjurers, for they were all vanish'd away.

As they were travelling on, *Francion* talk'd sometimes with the Fellow that drove him, sometimes to his Man that rid by, to whom he said, When I call to mind the Accidents of this Day, I am so highly pleas'd with the lively Image of the vicissitude of sublunary things, that I cannot but laugh within my self, and yet I am five Pounds and a fine Ring the worse for it too ; and I can't tell how I lost them neither, unless those that carried me home to my Inn this Morning, pick'd my Pocket. But Patience is a Salve for every Sore ; and, thank God, I have more of that than

than Gold or Silver. But to reflect a little on the instability of Fortune : Some days since I had all the sumptuous Apparel of a flaming Beau, now see only the coarser covering of a penitential Pilgrim. I us'd to lie under the magnificent Fret-works of gilded Alcoves, last Night in a dismal Ditch ; my Couches were always cover'd with stately Sattins, this Morning I found my self in a Tub of loathsom Water ; lately I had my Coaches and six Horses, my Velvet Seats, and whole Glasses, now think it a Felicity to wallow in a little Straw, and peep thro' a hole of a tatter'd old Blanket, liker to a *New-gate* Bird, than a Nobleman.

His Man gave him all the Consolation his poor Capacity cou'd furnish him with : I blush, Sir, my self (reply'd the Fellow) to see a Person of your Quality in such poor Equipage ; 'tis the Infamy of the Criminals to be carted, but if I had been worthy to advise, you shou'd have had a more honourable Voiture.

The Day beginning to languish upon them, *Frantion* bid the Car-boy put on ; fearing in the dark they might miss their way, and be as uncomfortably lodged that Night, as the Night before : However, the Boy assuring him that they had not above a Mile and a half to go, he was pretty well satisfy'd : yet they had not advanc'd above two or three hundred Yards, when the Wheel broke down, and they were oblig'd to tarry at a Wheel-right's, in a small Village just by ; but the Night drawing on apace, and the Fellow working

working but slowly, put *Francion* out of hopes of reaching the Town that Night in any tolerable time ; so he resolved to take up his Quarters there.

Having inquired out the best Inn in the Place, which was but scurvily accommodated neither, they got a Supper, but not one to overload their Stomachs ; then ask'd for their Beds : I have but two (answer'd the Man of the House) and they are taken up. As for my Men (answer'd *Francion*) they shall lie with the Horses, but I must have a Bed for my self, cost what it will. There is a Gentleman, Sir, that lies alone (reply'd the Host) I'll go and ask if he'll make you room in his. He went up Stairs, at these words ; and returning again to *Francion*, he told him the Gentleman was very ready to share his Bed with him.

The Landlord lighted him up Stairs, and as soon as he came into the Chamber, addressing himself to the Gentleman in Bed, Sir, (says *Francion*) nothing but the misfortune of a deep wound in my Head, cou'd make me ask a Favour of you, that might be inconvenient to you, I wou'd rather make the Earth my Pillow, and the Skies my Curtains, than incommod you ; and notwithstanding my Torment and Indisposition, will do it still, if you are not extremely free to let me take part of your Bed. Pray, Sir, not a word of inconveniency (return'd the Gentleman) it is impossible your Company should bring any thing like it to me ; and if it were so, I shou'd readily bear it to do you any manner of Service ;

vice; nay, I wou'd get up and leave you the whole Bed, Sir, if I did not apprehend you might think I did it out of Contempt.

Francion summon'd all his Eloquence to make a suitable answer to the Gentleman's Civility, and gave him to understand that however he appear'd, there were few better bred at Court than he was.

The Gentleman told his Bed-fellow, that he remark'd something in the Air of his Face, that bespoke him a Gentleman, that created a Value and Esteem for him, and that Esteem urg'd him to make him an offer of his Service. *Francion* (who was justly so call'd, from the frankness of his Nature) answered him without Flattery, that he thought himself extremely indebted to him for the honour of his Expressions; but must assure him withal, that there is nothing wherein we are more deceiv'd than in the appearances of Men and Things.

I cannot be mistaken, Sir, (reply'd the Gentleman) and the more I enjoy your Conversation, the more I shall be confirm'd in the Characters I read in your Countenance. Formerly I was acquainted with a young Gentleman that was mightily like you, and he was one of the best Parts that ever I met with; which gives me a Curiosity to know who you are, Sir, from what Pilgrimage you return; and what Rascals have abus'd you thus. The History of my Life, (answer'd *Francion*) is too tedious to be related at present, for I had rather sleep than talk: However, in return to your Civilities, I will give you an account

account of my last Exploit; and tho' things of this Nature were better buried in oblivion than divulg'd, yet I'll particularize it to you, because your goodness assures me I cannot repose my Secrets in a safer Breast.

In a word, Sir, (continued he) my Name is *Francion*, and being some time since at *Paris*, not as you see me, but in all the Pomp and Vanity of a vain and extravagant Youth, walking along the Street, I met the most charming Creature my Eyes ever beheld: Love made my Blood boil in every Vein, and my Heart beat quicker in my Breast than the Cantor of a Watch, my Eye-balls glow'd with unusual Rays, and sparkled like the Evening Star: She was my Pole from which I could not tend; wherever she went, I followed, like the Shadow, till at last she dropt me, by slipping into a Goldsmith's Shop: I had no sooner lost her, but my bleeding Heart forc'd me to turn back again, and have t'other sight of her; so that I resolv'd to go into the same Shop and cheapen something, for an opportunity of beholding her. Coming in, and saluting her, I desir'd the Master to shew me the finest Diamond he had: but he was busy in shewing my charming Angel a Pearl Necklace, and cou'd not serve me immediately; which was more pleasing to me than if he had made me a Present of one, for it gave me leisure to admire those powerful Radiations of her Eyes, those Glories that made his best-water'd Diamonds look like Pebbles, Lips that made his Rubies turn pale with envy, and Teeth whiter than

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the Pearl she bought. When he had done with her, he came to me with what I ask'd him for ; while we stood upon the Price, I address't my self to the Lady, desiring to see her Purchase : The other Woman that was with her had it in her hand, and very courteously held it out to me ; I return'd it again with a Compliment, and the Woman giving it the young-Lady, said, Here, Mrs Bride, take your Spouse's Present, and let us go, 'tis late.

From hence I gathered this lovely Blossom was going to be pull'd, and laid upon *Hymen's Altar*. She had with her an old decrepit Fellow that paid for all, and I thought it was her Father ; but was mightily surpriz'd when the Goldsmith told me after they were gone, that they were to be married. He is a very proper Bedfellow, Master, cries he, for such a brisk, airy, sprightly young Creature. I said nothing but smiled, and turning about, whisper'd one of my Footmen to dog them.

The Goldsmith knew nothing what, or who they were then, but assur'd me he wou'd enquire of a Friend of hers that recommended them to the Shop. Having bought a small Ring, I bespoke a Seal with my Coat of Arms, and went to my Lodging, there I found my Servant with as perfect Instructions as I could wish ; he understood the old Man's Name was *Valentine*, by a Gentleman's saluting him in the Street as he pass'd along. The next day, (and I had hardly patience to wait so long) I sail'd before the house backwards and forwards ; but at last had the felicity to

see

see my dear Charmer at the Door : I saluted her with such a languishing look, as plainly enough convinced her of the Empire she had over my Soul.

From thence I went to fetch my Seal, and the Goldsmith confirm'd me in what I had learn'd of my own Servant before ; adding withal, that *Valentine* was Steward to a Person of great Quality, one *Alidan*, that his Mistress's Name was *Lauretta* ; but for her Family, he cou'd give me no account at all of it : But those are particulars not worth a Lover's while ; I only wanted something that would be of moment to me, if ever I met an opportunity of boarding her. Fortune was not propitious of a long time ; but tired with being cruel, or constant in my misfortune, she veer'd about to my advantage. One Evening I found her at the Door alone, and pretending to have forgotten my Directions, saluting her very submissively, I desired to know whether Mr—(the first Name that came into my Head) did not live thereabouts ; she answered me very courteously, she knew no such Person ; I seem'd very much surpriz'd at it : Indeed, fair Lady, he told me 'twas somewhere hereabouts, but I do not justly remember where. Tarrying a little by my Charming Angel, after I had made an end of speaking, and feasting my Eyes with the transporting Beauties of hers ; she suspected part of my business, and top'd a Discourse upon me. You live your self hereabouts, Sir, I believe, for I see you frequently pass by. Taking Heart at this new handle

of

of Conversation, Madam, replied I to her, I live quite at t'other end of the Town, but your alluring Beauties bring me here to pay my Homage where my Heart and Reason tells me it is absolutely due. I have not Vanity enough, replied she with an obliging Smile, to believe Nature has been so indulgent to me, as to make me capable of drawing a Person of your Distinction so far out of his way ; and by her ingenious Turns, shew'd me that tho' her Humility might be Hypocrisie, yet her Wit was Standard. *I would not let her undervalue her self too much, and still found more Arguments to extol her Endowments from her own disparaging her self.*

I found that this was an entertainment that suited well with her Humour, and indeed she was thorow-pac'd at it : She was sensible I was not to learn at this sort of Duelling, and attack'd me very warily ; parried me smartly, and almost foyl'd me, I'll assure you.

The civil Assurance and Gallantry she shew'd in her Conversation, discover'd something infinitely above the Vulgar, and charm'd me extremely ; 'twas like so much Oil thrown upon a raging Fire. I was no ways concern'd at her being married, which was presently after : For so impotent and withered a sapless Trunk as he, cou'd not create the least jealous Idea of a possibility of making her otherwise than he found her ; and she seem'd to understand the World too well, not to have cast away so heavy and scandalous a load as a Maiden-head at her Years, and in our Country. My greatest

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Consolation was, that since *Lauretta* was Beautiful and Young, she might probably be not angry to entertain a familiarity with one who was to make good these Deficiencies, that otherwise would destroy the Peace of the whole Family. The strongest Men that are, find it a difficult matter to lift so many amorous Burdens as some Women impose; but my Friend *Valentine*, I imagin'd, would sink under the very first; therefore I thought it an act of Charity to them both, to offer my Relief and Assistance, and flattered my self with the agreeable imagination that my constancy wou'd recommend me to *Lauretta* before all Mankind.

But while my labouring Fancy fed deliciously on these agreeable Hopes, an unexpected accident blasted every forward Bud of coming Joy. The Ceremonies of the Wedding being over, *Valentine* and all his Family left *Paris* on a sudden for good and all. 'Twas long before I cou'd learn where he was retir'd; at length by several Enquiries, I understood it was about twelve Miles from hence. The loss of my *Lauretta* was the loss of my Repose, an almost of my Life. I knew not what Course to steer, nor methods to take; at last my distracted Soul dismantled my Ambition, but retrench'd me with Love; I threw away all Thoughts of pushing my Fortune at Court, and undertook a Pilgrimage to those delicious Plains where *Lauretta's* Beauty crowns her more than the *Idalian* Queen. Some few Days since I came to the Village where *Valentine* lives; and disguising my self in this Habit
at

at a Town at some distance, ordered my Servants to attend me there, only taking this one with me that is here now.

I told every body that spoke to me, that I came from the Lady of *Montserat*; which, by the by, was an horrid untruth, for I was going to *Lauretta*: several People begged Beads of me, which I distributed very munificently; for I did not come unprovided of those necessary Trinkets to satisfy their Superstition, and give me an entrance into their Families. At last I came to the Castle, and was very courteously entertain'd by *Valentine*; I oblig'd him to accept of a Chaplet, and begg'd leave to present another to his Lady, which he readily granted, and I gave it the charming *Lauretta*, while he was by.

Phæbus was now baiting his Horses at the half-way House, and I went to take my leave, but he ask'd me to tarry Dinner, which I would not so soon have accepted of, but I knew he was a sour, ill-natur'd Fellow, and peradventure would have insinuated, I might have some acts of Devotion to perform, and therefore wou'd not pres' me to tarry. (*Moderter Terms for telling a Man they are glad of his room.*) This I apprehended, therefore gratefully accepted his kind offer. Want of Conversation made him ask me many Questions; and tho' they were not material, yet they help'd Dinner down, and I had my Lyes as ready as my Chaplets, [one Blunder would have betrayed me quite, and then I had been undone indeed.]

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Dinner being over, I alter'd the conversation from trivial Topicks to those of Divinity : I spoke reverently of the profoundnes of the Mysteries of Religion ; the glorious, nay, unspeakable Felicities of a well-grounded Hope, the necessity of Penances, the beauty of Charity, the power of Miracles, and Authority of the Church ; I gain'd so far upon them, that they were looking in the Almanack to see where they cou'd crowd me in among the petty Saints. Having this opinion of me, *Valentine* ventured to leave me alone with his Wife, and went where the occasion of his Function called him. These moments were too precious to be trifled away ; so I presently went up to *Lauretta* (who cou'd hardly believe 'twas I in that Disguise) and with the same decorum as before told her, That Charity had made me presume to address my self to her in the behalf of one that languished in her Fetters ; and, unless from her Hands, cou'd receive no redress to the greatest anxieties Man ever laboured under. *Francion* is the Person, Madam, continued I to her, in whose behalf I appear, and whose Advocate I most willingly am, especially to the so charming *Lauretta* ; from you he humbly begs to know what he must do to convince you of his Passion and Sincerity, and what methods you would have him take to have the happiness of seeing you, without incurring your Displeasure. I don't wonder, indeed, you have taken so much Pains, reply'd *Lauretta*, since 'tis your own Cause you plead. Being in a Pilgrim's Habit, answer'd

I, I am but a Pilgrim, and that Pilgrim is an humble Supplicant for *Francion*; after this I assured her of the violence of my Passion, what wretched uneasy Hours I had pass'd in her absence, what Miseries I had laboured under since her leaving *Paris*, such as would have sunk me to the last degree of Despair, if the hopes of seeing her once more had not kept my bleeding Heart alive; and at last that it was purely to have the happiness of kissing her Hand, that made me take such a Journey and such a Habit.

[She (that never wanted for an ingenious turn of words) very gaily said, Since you protest you came here only to see me, and I have granted you that, you would be a perjured wretch if you ever importuned me for any thing farther. You employ your Wit, replied I to her in somewhat a languishing tone, to supplant my Felicity and wrest my Words beyond their genuine Meaning; but I am irrecoverably lost in the Abyss of Despair, if you won't promise me a speedy Relief.] The malicious Creature affecting to be affronted at my pressing the Affair to her, got up and assured me she would acquaint *Valentine* who I was, and what brought me there: I told her nothing cou'd make me shrink; for after the loss of her Good-will, Death was not to be feared nor Honour valued.

Before we parted, I remarked some obliging glances flashing upon her Eyes, a gentle calm posses'd her Brows, and at times she seem'd disordered too. This gave new life to my expiring hope, and new Flames to my raging

raging Passion ; and to be sincere with you, it prov'd as I conjectured. But not to tire you with frivolous Circumstances, in a word, I triumphed over her that had so long triumphed over me ; and she was as fiduous as I cou'd be, in finding out conveniences of rendring each other happy.

She had prepossest her Husband very much in my favour, both as to my profound Knowledge and exemplary Piety ; insomuch, that having absented my self some few days from his House, he came to make me a Visit, and took the freedom to lay open his most important Secrets before me ; in a word, he confess'd his impotency to me, and that his Age was ungrateful in the more retired Affairs of the Family.

I would not seem to understand him at first, but reduced him to the necessity of explaining himself before I could advise. You have seen various Countries, Sir, says he, you have added the benefit of Letters to a pregnant Nature, and to all have joined Experience and Judgment ; could you not prescribe something to supply the decay of the radical moisture, to blow up the dying Embers of the animal Spirits, and recruit Nature with fresh vigour. 'Tis not out of any carnal Desires of my own that I would be young again ; but for the private satisfaction of my Wife ; as for my self, I am very well pleas'd as I am.

I paused with a great deal of Gravity, as if I were deliberating and maturely weighing what was most proper in his Case ; at last I

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told him, Sir, there is not one Specific in all Physick that can relieve you ; however by Necromancy, I did not question but I could exalt the Spirits, and defæcate Humanity, and that would answer all his Expectations. As he was no nice man in Religion, he immediately promis'd to follow what Courses I should order, [*If I judged I had insight enough in that Science to assist him.*] And to possess him with a belief that I was a perfect Master in it; I shewed him some odd things of Legerdemain, which he thought stupendious.

Then *Francion* gave him a detail of the particulars he enjoyned *Valentine*, how *Lauretta* and he had made an assignation to inoculate upon his stock, while he was busied with his foolish Ceremonies, and superstitious Absurdities. His Man acted the Devil's part, and bound *Valentine* to a Tree, to secure him from returning that Night ; then having helped his Master up the Ladder, went home again ; so was not there to secure him when he fell in the Tub : He told him likewise what befel the Thief, and *Lauretta*'s Man of a Maid, *Catherine*. What related to *Olivier*, he could say nothing of, being an absolute stranger to his secret History : But for what he had knowledge of, he obliged his Bed-fellow, with an exact Relation, even to the most minute incidents.

From these Accounts and Adventures you may gather his Conditions, which were irregular, his Inclinations leud and debauch'd, his Heart without either fear of God or Man; no excesses in Nature which he was not ready

dy to commit : He stifled all the principles of Morality ; and tho endowed with very good parts which he had improved by Art, yet Virtue could make no impression on him ; however he was impos'd upon by fictitious Charms ; and tho he had paid the price and suffered pain, nay, in some measure, infamy too ; yet he did not gratify the lubricity of his Desires ; no, not so much as with the Cloud of his Expectations ; which may serve as a Wreck to prevent others from those dissolute Courses, and shew them that those that take their leave of Virtue, must bid adieu likewise to Felicity.



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THE
COMICAL HISTORY
OF
FRANCION.

BOOK II.



RANCION being very much fatigu'd with the Calamities of his last Adventures, begg'd of his Bed-fellow to ask him no farther Questions that Night. While he was sleeping like a Top, the Gentleman was ready to die with Laughing; so many tickling Ideas *Francion's* Stories had brought back into his Mind. But reflecting

reflecting on his Condition, he stopt his Mouth, and only laugh'd to himself. *Francion* no sooner told him his Name, but he knew him and remembred a thousand mad Frolicks they had had together in their Youth; however he resolved not to discover himself as yet. [Revolving these transactions to himself the Gentleman dropt asleep too.]

There happenned to lie in the same Room, an old Woman, who being weary with beating it upon the Hoof, had gone to Bed long before any Company came in: Having had her first Sleep out, she was throughly awake by that time *Francion* had brought his Story towards the conclusion; and understanding, from his Discourse, that he was desperately in Love with *Lauretta* (whom no body knew so perfectly as she did) she had a wondrous Curiosity to know who he was; so waiting till he was dead asleep, she struck a Light, and crept gently to that side of the Bed from whence she judged the Voice came; undrawing the Curtains, and pulling down the Sheet that covered his Face, she was in a great perplexity than before; for she fancied she knew him.

The powerful Impression of *Lauretta's* Charms so disordered *Francion*, [at this very juncture] that muttering two or three words confusedly to himself, he bolted out of Bed: The old Woman, frighted out of her Wits, sat herself down in a Chair, and put the Candle upon an old Chest just by: Roving about the Room, at last he stumbled upon her,

and hugging her close, cried out, Oh my dear Lauretta!

The Gentleman that wak'd at the noise of striking Fire, could not forbear laughing at this renounter; as for the old Woman she kiss'd Francion, and caress'd him as passionately as he could do her; highly pleased with a civility that had not been offered her in almost a whole Century.

But Francion's Bed-fellow interrupted her felicity, and [catching him by the thin Lap-pet of his Shirt] pulled him to Bed again: What, Sir, says he to him, is your Divine Lauretta such another as this? Why this is Deformity it self, Man. Francion only rubb'd his Eyes, and turned about, saying to the Gentleman, for Heaven's sake, Sir, let me alone; prithee look up a little, replied t'other, and see what you have been making Love to: What have I done, answered Francion, starting up an end in his Bed? Yes, Sir, said the old Woman, you did hug me, and kiss me too, dearly, that you did, [and with that she laughed and made a discovery of too rotten Stumps, lifting themselves out of her inglorious Gums, like two broken Pillars in a demolished Castle]

Francion having look'd upon her as attentively as his heavy Peepers wou'd permit; don't be proud, says he, of what has pass'd, I only took you for a Close-stool, and was going to use you as such: But Sir, is it possible, said he to his Bed-fellow, that I should offer to caress such an old Pug in a Pinner? Oh Sir! replied the Gentleman, don't let that

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that make you uneasy. Her Eyes were only Jack-a-lanthorns, that drew you into a Ditch; 'twas well I was by, to prevent your farther misfortunes.

In the interim the old Woman took up her Candle, and came up to their Bed-side; you would not have treated me so scurvily, says she to *Francion*, if you had not forgotten that I am your old Acquaintance *Agatha*, that have helped you to many a good bit at *Paris*. Oh, oh, Is it you then, reply'd *Francion*? Now I call you to mind, by token 'tis not a Month since I got cured of a Civility you helped me to at *Jenny's*; indeed Sir, (replied the old Woman) that was no fault of mine; for she swore to me she was as sound as a Roach.

The Gentleman interrupting their Confabulation, begg'd *Francion* to tell him what he was dreaming of when he started out of his Bed, and thought he was with *Lauretta*; but *Francion* very earnestly intreated him to let him sleep a little, and in the Morning he would tell him the most diverting Dream that ever was. So *Agatha* put out her Candle, and went to Bed again, and in the Morning they all got up much about the same time.

The Gentleman understanding that *Francion* came in a Cart thither, offered him a better Voiture, and persuaded him to send that back; which he readily consented to; so he dismiss'd his Cart, and desir'd the Fellow not to tell any body, where he had set him down.

Having all breakfasted together, the Gentleman took *Agatha* aside, and ask'd her where she was travelling to, she told him to the fair *Lauretta*, to negotiate some Favours in behalf of a young Teller of the Exchequer, that was deeply in Love with her. What, you follow this Trade (says the Gentleman) in hopes to get a Penny? True Sir (replied she) but if another person would offer you a better Gratuity than your Teller, would you engage to serve him (added the Gentleman.) Not denying it, it was constru'd a Consent to his Proposition; then (continued he) pray let me prevail with you to bring *Lauretta* to my House, to see her dear *Francion*; how passionately she admires him, you will easily discover from her own Discourse: If you can bring this about, I'll make your Fortune at once; we'll be as merry as the Day's long; but take care not to tell her who I am. The old Woman charm'd with this Bounty, swore she would clip and coin, and bear false Witness for him; then going back to *Francion*, well (says she to to him) your Mistress is the peevishest ill-natured Jilt upon Earth. She would get your Throat cut to have your Cravat, she's so mercenary a Devil. I am much of your Mind (replied *Francion*) for hearing me say once I had a fine Ring, she beg'd it of me, and after I had given it her, she always receiv'd me more kindly than afore. I heard you relating your Adventure (added *Agatha*) you said 'twas a Maid threw you off the Ladder, why, 'twas certainly done by her Mistress's Advice; nay,

it may be she helped her too ; you see 'twas all a Lye, that you could not be admitted that Night : She made a Difficulty only to enhaunce her Price : She could have let you into the Castle without a Ladder if she had a mind to it. But the Draw-bridge was up (replied *Francion*) and how could I then get in but by a Ladder ? Come, come, you love her (cried *Agatha*) I see that well enough, and won't believe any thing ill of her : You think her such an Angel, that she can have no Fault : Nay, you fancy, it may be, that she is as good a Maid as she came into the World ; because *Valentine's* Age does not promise any violent and furious Storms upon the Fortress of Pudicity. But I'll set you in the right Light, Sir, (continued the old Woman) and give you an account of her Life and Conversation. For it rains so there is no stirring, and a merry Story will make the Time les tedious.

The Gentleman came up to them, and said he would readily give attention ; for he questioned not but her Stories would be very diverting : so sitting all down together, she began her Narration as follows.

I shall make no scruple, Gentlemen, to acquaint you with all the amorous Follies of my Youth : You know the World, and are not so morose and precise as to be angry with a Woman that follows the instinct of a wise Nature. My Father's Necessities forced me into Service, when I was about fifteen Years old ; the first Mistress I had would pass for a Gentlewoman, tho' her Husband was but a hangr.

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hanger on upon the Law. In good Troth she was the worst temper'd Woman that ever Water wet ; the Gallies were a mercy to Matrimony with her. As soon as ever she was drest, out she scampered a Gosfliping with one Neighbour or t'other ; if my Master came never so hungry home from the Court, it was all one, she'd get nothing ready for him : She had cramm'd her own Gutts herself, and thought every body's Belly else was full. The poor Man durst not open his Mouth to desire some Dinner, and tho' it was real Busines he waited upon, she'd often revile him and call him Sot, and that he spent his Time and Money both at hedge-Taverns, and neglected his Clients and Family too. Then he'd quietly take his Cloke, and go out and dine some where else. But all this aggravated my Mistress ; she had him always dog'd, and when her Gossips came (whom she always sent for, when he went out) Ay, Neighbours, you see what an unkind Husband I have ; I can't please him neither at Bed nor Board : He's gone whiffling out after his Trig-ger-mates. I have none of his Company ; he wastes all his Substance abroad, and takes no Care of me, or my poor Children. She continued this Scene so long, that several of his Friends chid him about it.

You may suppose I pass'd my Time not much better, and I could not do it worse : Nothing I did, pleased her ; and if she fancied I had put a Pin wrong, she'd immediately run another into my Arms, or Thighs. I was once ordered to make a Bacon-froise, and

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and because one end of the Bacon was a little Rusty, she catched it up out of the Dish, and dab'd it all in my Face. Her Discourse at home was always about my Master's ill Usage to her, or our Ignorance and Stupidity ; not but some of the Gang had as good a faculty at Railing as she had ; and when these People met, every Servant was represented as a Devil incarnate. However, Gentlemen, when we Servants met together and compar'd Notes, we were not behind-hand with our Mistresses for finding faults ; tho we had this advantage, that ours were but trivial Failings, common InfirmitieS ; but theirs were gross Enormities, abominable Sins. Back-biting and Railing is the greatest satisfaction possible to one that is sensibly affronted.

But now I'll tell you why I left my Mistress : she was mighty extravagant in Clothes, and was never better pleased than when she put on new ones. This Vanity made her run counter to her very self in other Things ; for tho she was as proud as she was vain, and as ill-natured as she could be proud, yet she'd flatter and fawn, cringe and cajole my Master at any time for a Gown or a Petticoat, or a Hood, or any thing else she wanted.

Going along the Streets one day, she saw a glorious Pearl-Necklace, and was down-right sick for it ; she began to wheedle my Master as soon as he came home, and was so sweet upon him, as if she would have stop'd his Breath with Kisses ; but something had put

put him extreamly out of Humour, and he threw still from her Arms, as she affected to shew the most Passion, and use the most obliging Expressions. This cold return to her fond Caresses, put her into a violent Rage : The Halcyon Minutes were soon succeeded by a prodigious Hurricane ; there was nothing so infamous but she reproach'd him with it, from his Birth to his Busines : But as she was running on against Country People, my Master took her up short, and told her, there was greater account to be made of the Sincerity and Integrity of plain-dealing Country People, than Tricking, Cheating, Lying, Stock-jobbing Tradesmen ; and particulariz'd some eminent Frauds and Villanies, [as selling Goods to Men under Age, lending them Money upon horrible Extortions, and all those Knaveryes] whereby her Father, and others, made vast Fortunes out of young Gentlemen of Estates, when they came first to Town. This bitter Truth Miss could not digest, and looking upon him with all the Scorn and Venom imaginable, You base dirty Fellow (said she to him again) how dare you have the Impudence to revile a Man that was so sparing and industrious to take together that Plenty thou now enjoyest ? No Tradesman can be so infamous a Rascal as Attornies are. You may make it your brags to your drunken Comrades, that it's your great Busines keeps you so topping in the World ; but know, unworthy and unthankful Wretch, that had it not been for my Father's Money (for all you can speak so contemptibly of
him)

him) you had rotted in a Goal long ago. But this is insupportable : I protest now, to hear my poor Father abus'd by a pitiful Villain that lives by his Bread — and here a violent flood of Tears supplied the Defect of her Voice, as if she would try to drown him, since she could not stun him : But finding she was a better Scold than a Hypocrite, she charg'd again with her Tongue ; and leaving off Generals (as he had done before) she descended to several Instances that carried all the blackness of his Profession in acting, and of her inveteracy in divulging ; and in a violent Fury flung out of the House. 'Twas my province to follow her, as a Shadow never far from her : She went to a Relation of hers, where inveighing against her Husband's Covetousness and Craftiness, the slavery of her Submission, and the haughty imperiousness of his Commands ; and in a word, saying every thing that was ill of him, she protested she wou'd not live with him any longer.

Her Relation, that knew all the Tricks and Cheats of the Court, advis'd her to proceed immediately against him : he undertook it for her ; and being an intimate Friend of the Judge's, she got a Bill of Divorce.

My Mistres continued with her Relation, and was visited by the flamingest Beaus of the Town : One of them, I observed, leering every now and then upon me, when my Mistress's Head was turn'd ; and as I was lighting him down Stairs, he went to kiss me ; but I hit him a slap on the Chops, which he

he seem'd to resent very much ; and the next day, to make up the breach, he gave me a handful of Money, which prevail'd strangely with me to wish the Gentleman well ; not that I intended ever to grant him any thing else, I assure you.

I had no suspicion of my good Fortune, when meeting a certain Servant at the Market, she told me I might now make my self for ever, if I would but go and live with him. You must allow me (Genteels continued she) to be a little vain at this Information, and that I cou'd not but fancy my self more amiable than my Mistress, since so worthy a Person deserted her Service to come over to me.

Well, well, Gentlemen, you laugh at this now, as if it were not possible that a ruined spot of Ground had formerly been a magnificent Garden. There is no body left indeed to give you any account of me, but my self ; they are all gone to take up Quarters for me in t'other World. *Perreta*, that was the earliest in my Acquaintance, and the familiarest too (poor Soul) she went the very first : 'Twas she that inform'd me at the Market of what my prosperous Planets seem'd to determine in my behalf ; and fed with these golden Hopes and Invitations to come to her, I took the first opportunity of leaving my Mistress, which was as soon as I came home : For wrapt up in pleasing thoughts of my growing Grandeur, I had not minded what Fish I bought, and it proved bad ; so that after an hours Wrangling and Brawling, and half a hundred

hundred Pinches and Nipps, she took me at my Word, and order'd me to be gone.

Having pack'd up my Things, I went to *Perreta*; her fair Promises had made me think my self already in Heaven; but that you may see, Gentlemen, how silly I was in those Days, I ask'd my kind Friend, why she did not embrace this offer herself, since it was so easy and so advantageous too? Why Child (answer'd she) because I have a more particular value for you than for my self, and with that she smil'd upon me. I find (continued she) you must come to my School a-little: Did not I tell you he loves you, is not that enough? Old Folks are tough; he is for a nice Bit; and with these, and such like Arguments, she defeated my Modesty, after she had vanquished my Fears.

Mr. *de la Fountaine* came there that very day (it seems this was the Gentleman's Name I had the honour to charm) and he was resolved not to go away till he had accomplish'd his Design of debauching me. When *Perreta* had assured him that she had disposed me to a Compliance with his Desires, he came into the Room where I was, and seem'd mightily pleas'd: So gratifying his Bawd, he put me into a Coach, and carried me to a pretty Box he had not far out of Town.

During my abode there, I was made amends at Night for the fatigues of the Day; and the pleasures of being his Wife, was compensation enough for the drudgeries of a Servant. I began now to repent I had not tasted those Delights sooner; and for my extreme

tremie Affliction, my Lover fell sick ; this was a severe Lent to me, tho I lay with him every Night. He told me he lov'd me so entirely, that but touching me reliev'd his Pains ; but if it abated his Malady, it inflam'd mine. Remedies became necessary to languishing Nature, and since my Master's Shop was unprovided with proper ones, I applied my self to his Servant [who had Vanity enough to ride in his Master's Boot.] I found quickly from his Usage, that Quality and fine Clothes don't add Force and Vigor ; and that a Leathern Jacket may give a Woman more Pleasure and Delight in the Affairs of *Venus*, than an imbrodered Velvet Coat.

Some time after, Mr. de la Fountaine recovered his Health, and paid off all his Love Scores : His Man too had his part when Fortune oblig'd us with a fair opportunity : Thus I was seldom fallow, and if never fruitful, 'twas not want of Manuring.—

What you laugh *Francion*, (said she, interrupting her Story) because I speak in proper Terms : You know the World too well to value a Woman for Blushing. I laugh out of Pleasure (answered *Francion*) not dislike : But prithee let us know something of my *Lauretta*.

Every thing in order (replied *Agatha*) you are so impatient. The Foot-man, by degrees, supplanted his Master ; the equality of our Conditions made our Conversation more familiar, and I e'en gave my self up entirely to him at last.

In a little time after, I found out that my Master had received some Propositions of Marriage, which I knew cou'd not but turn to my detriment ; I resolved to be beforehand with him, and give him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*. I acquainted my Friend *Marsault*, our Footman, with my Intentions, who was as ready to engage in the Affair as my self. We knew our Master had receiv'd the Day before an hundred Pound, which, for want of a more convenient place, he had lock'd up in a Cupboard only.

Fortune now smil'd upon our Designs ; my Master was invited out to Supper about three or four Miles off ; his Back was no sooner turn'd, but *Marsault* and I hal'd the Cupboard into the middle of the Room, and pulling off the Hinges behind, we took out all the Money in one lump, made it fast again, and set it in its place : For our farther convenience it was most of it in Gold, so that a small Box would hold it well enough.

About nine at Night we went to rub off at the Garden-door ; and *Marsault* was got out, when I heard my Master thundering at the Gate. I came running back to the House again, for fear of being catch'd ; and, in my Surprize, had lock'd the Door upon *Marsault* : and apprehending he should find the Money upon me, I stole down in the Night, and buried it in the back Yard. The next day my Master looking for something or other in his Cupboard, miss'd his Money. The House rung in a Minute, but being told that the Footman had not been at home all Night,

Night, and was not in the way presently after he went out to Supper, he concluded he was the Thief. I presumed he waited somewhere thereabouts for me, and durst not come home again ; but I could not meet him so soon as he desired ; for being now not suspected, I would not stir without my Wages. So I told my Master that I was inform'd he was about marrying, then I must be shamefully kick'd out of doors ; and to prevent that, I would positively be gone, and that very suddenly.

Mr. *de la Fountaine* made some cold Opposition to my Desires of leaving him ; but at last consented, and glad he was that I had broke the Ice to him my self. One Night I dug up my Money, and the next Morning early I went away for *Paris*. When I thought upon my immense Treasure, what with my Master's Bounty, and my own Industry, I concluded I could never want. *Perretta* receiv'd me very kindly into her House, and told me how my Money would turn to good account. You must buy you some fine Clothes (said she to me) some fashionable Heads, silk Stockings, lac'd Shoes, and a furbelo'd Scarf, and pass for a Country-Lady of a good Family, and a competent Fortune. I was mightily pleas'd with my Fine-ry, and the fond Carefies of the gaudy Sparks ; but the returns they made were not answerable to the Expences we were at ; so that in a little while I had nothing to live on but my Person and my Wit. The Court too going out of Town, Trade grew dull, and we were reduc'd

reduc'd to struggle with some considerable Necessities.

We were set together one Night comforting one the other under the Pressures of a common Calamity, when a Disturbance rising in the Street, we went to the Door to see what was the matter. On a sudden a Man running for his bare Life, threw a Velvet Cloak into her Arms, lined thro' with Shagg, never saying one word : I suppos'd they knew one another, for *Perreta* had as universal Acquaintance as ever any Bawd in the Kingdom had, from topping Jilts to the humble Pick-pockets.

It came in a lucky Minute to our Hands, and we presently pull'd it to pieces, that it should not be known and challeng'd when we carry'd it to the Broker's. With this we hoped to be flush again ; but, alas, next day somebody knock'd at the Door ; and as the Maid was opening it to see who they were, three lusty Fellows rush'd in upon her, and asked for the Mistress of the House : She was no sooner come down, but one of them, with stern Countenance, ask'd for the Cloak he left with her the last Night. *Perreta* told him, that as she had no Acquaintance with either of them, she could not imagine how they should offer to leave any thing in her charge. Her denying it occasion'd a great many high Words, and as I was coming down to see what was the matter, I presently discovered that one of them was my old Friend *Marsault* : so I stole back again, and hid my self. The Bickerings grew so bad between them, that

that the Constable came in to keep the Peace, as he pretended, but it was to have his Snacks; and tho' he knew them all to be House-breakers and Pick-pockets, and that they had most assuredly stole the Cloke they demanded, yet he took their parts, and told *Perreta* she must refund.

The Friendship of a Constable and Justice of the Peace is as serviceable to a Bawd, as a Coach and Horses to a Physician. This *Perreta* knew, and therefore, not to raise the Contest too high, confess'd she had the Cloke; but the straitness of her Condition had tempted her to sell it: however, if the Gentlemen would be pleas'd to accept of an Entertainment, she would very freely spend upon them all the Money she got for it. As these sort of Cattle have daily Occasions for mutual Assistance, they accepted the Proffer, and establish'd a Friendship together.

We sent far and near for what would corroborate Nature, and provoke Mirth; and, Supper ended, they all reel'd home. The next day *Marsault* came again with five more of his Gang, but much better dress'd than before. Coming up to me in particular: you need not be so shy, Child, cry'd he to me; I know you well enough, 'tis in vain to think to put upon me. I never intended it in the least, replied I; but I was unwilling to make my self known to you, because of the other Gentlemen that were with you. Hereupon, he asked me how I had dispos'd of the Money we had robb'd our Master of? But I had my Lye ready for that too, and told him what a general

general Search my Master made thro'out the whole Family, and at last finding it in my Trunk, he took it away, and turn'd me out of doors ; alledging, for former Kindnesses, he would not punish me. As to my present Condition, he might easily judge the Trade I follow'd by the House I liv'd in,

We renew'd our antient Amours, and he gave me a short account of his Transactions, which I don't trouble you with, Gentlemen. Oh, by all means, you must, replied *Francion* ; if they don't relate to your own self, 'twill be an Embellishment to your Relations. You are so civil, Gentlemen, I can't deny you any thing, replied *Agatha* ; and since you are so patient an Audience, I very willingly entertain you with my poor Chat. Finding himself very uneasy under the Dispensation of Masters, *Marsault* told me he fell into company with a Countryman of his, a stout hardy Lad, and he advis'd him to look out sharp, for a Livelihood might be got by Day or Night. And to encourage him, he assured him, that a great many fine Sparks about Town had no other Patrimony, than some Peoples Follies, and their own Impudence : They distinguish'd themselves from others by scarlet Clokes, their Hats button'd up, and a Feather. Their main Occupation in the Day-time, was to pretend to quarrel in the Streets ; while they made a bustle, the Gang pick'd Pockets, and stole Swords and Clokes, or any thing that they could make a Penny of. A-Nights too they had their private Practices to keep their Hands in use, as well

well as to help the Pot boil. Some were Guinea-droppers, others had false Dice, and bubbled People at play; and they had so strict an Alliance with one another, and so good an Intelligence with the Magistrates, that they never were punish'd. I ask'd him then if they were not afraid they should be hang'd at last? That's the least of our Thoughts, answer'd he; if one of the Gang is so lucky to die in his Shoes, we go unconcernedly to the Gallows with him, to keep him in countenance, and make the thing familiar to our selves. I proceeded to ask him what sort of People it was that their Gang consisted of? They are most of them, said he, Noblemen's Footmen, and extravagant Apprentices: But what is more extraordinary yet (tho you will hardly believe it) there are some Noblemen themselves that consort with us, and rake up and down as we do; will stop Persons of Quality, especially those they fancy brave, on purpose to try their Mettle; not but they'll steal Clokes too, and are proud of the Purchase, because they got it with Sword in hand.

I was very much shock'd indeed to think that Gentlemen of Families could have so deprav'd an Appetite in their Diversions, or take a pride in those Villanies, that nothing but the last degree of Necessity could tempt others to.

Ever since *Perreta* has been very serviceable to that Fraternity, and got something her self too, that carried on the Affairs of the Family. The Constable wink'd at all our Proceedings, and tho the Neighbours

solicited him to dislodge us ; yet his Advantage was so considerable in our pretty ways of living, that he would never endeavour it.

We play'd a thousand Tricks every day, Gentlemen, since we sign'd this new Association ; we acted by concert, and still got somewhat that helped to defray the continued Expences we were at. I'll trouble you with but one, and that, I dare engage, will give you some satisfaction in lieu of your Patience. By accident *Marsault* lodg'd in the House with an *English* Gentleman, and hearing him frequently saying he did not see so many fine Ladies in *France* as there were in *England*. *Marsault* made answer, that Beauty was too valuable a Jewel to be expos'd to the Vulgar. He asked him immediately if he knew any of them ? Sir, says *Marsault*, I'll shew you the finest Woman you ever saw, I believe ; but she is kept by a Person of Quality, and with that he brought him thro' the Street where I liv'd. We order'd it so, that he made many jants without seeing me, and being pre-judged in my favour, by the large Encomiums he had heard of me, his Patience added to his Curiosity, and the Difficulties he met with inflam'd his Desires ; but at last, in the dusk of the Evening, we agreed I should be at the Door. What between the time of the Night, and his own Preoccupation, he thought me more charming than it may be I was ; for Love and dark Places are equal Friends to Women. He asked *Marsault*, if he might not have the Honour to visit me in his company. Oh, Sir, says *Marsault*, that Diff-

culty I can't surmount ; for she is under so many Eyes, that I have not the liberty of seeing her my self (tho a near Relation) but when some or other is by : For the Lord that keeps her is very munificent, but very jealous too, and by continued Friendship, he has gain'd so entire a Possession of her Affection, that (tho I know you are a Gentleman of infinite Worth and Merit) you will find it no easy matter to dispossess him of her Heart. All this only made the *Englishman* more earnest in his Importunities, and according to Instructions, I waited at the Door while *Marsault* pass'd by ; and, pretending a little business with me, I cast a few amorous Glances at him, to inflame him the more; and, as he was just pass'd me, I said aloud, that he should hear me : Dear Cousin, what mighty fine Gentleman's that ? He's too handsome for a *Frenchman*. He greedily swallow'd the fatal Poison, and was even ravish'd with Joy at what I said. But *Marsault* cunningly blew up the Fire, and told him afresh what he was witness to before; adding withal, that I shew'd a wonderful liking to his Person, and that she had of late stood at the Window every day about that time she observ'd he used to pass by, to feed her Eyes with the sight of so accomplish'd a Gentleman. This is a happy Foundation, Sir, for your hopes to build upon (continued *Marsault*, with an affected Gravity) and you may command me, you know, Sir, if my Interest can any ways advance your Felicity. While the Gentleman was careressing *Marsault*,

sault, and promising what he would do for him, to shew his grateful Resentments of all his Civilities, but more particularly this ; in comes my Landlord, with a sour Look, and addressing himself to *Marsault*, Sir, said he to him, I know you are an honest Gentleman, and a Man of Family ; but I can tarry no longer for my Money, therefore pray pay me immediately, or I'll take out a Writ. With this, the crafty Fellow (that was in the mian one of the Gang) turn'd short, and went out of the room. *Marsault* acquainted his English Friend how the matter was, and that he was disappointed of some Money he expected every Post out of the Country : and—Sir, says the hot Englishman, don't let that make you uneasy, I would not lose one opportunity of seeing my charming Angel for twice that Sum ; and putting his Hand in his Pocket, gave it him all in Gold. *Marsault* thank'd him very kindly, and renew'd his Protestations of leaving no Stone unturn'd to ingratiate him in my Affections ; so begging his pardon for leaving him, he said he would hasten after his Landlord, to give him his Money before he got to the Office.

When he was come back again, he made my Spark believe he had call'd at my Lodgings in his way, and had so far wrought upon me, that I was very willing to admit of his Acquaintance. Nay, in some measure, seem'd desirous of it ; but withal added, it would be mighty well taken, if he should make me a small Present of a Diamond Bodkin, or some such Trifle, because I was naturally a

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little covetous. He went immediately, and brought a very good one, and gave it Marfault to present to me, with his tenderest Affections and passionate Fidelity. He commended his Generosity, and promis'd I should wear it the first time he saw me, which he would endeavour to effect as soon as possible could be. While he was in this State of Expectation, he had a mind to make me the Compliment of a Serenade, because, you must know, he could scratch a Lute a little. So at Night out comes my Spark, and with a melodious Voice, under my Window, warbles me this sweet new Ditty, to a Tune he had just learn'd.

*'Tis in vain all my Art
To defend a poor Heart,
Love vows he'll give me no Quarter.
And the rigorous Fair
Whose Fetters I wear,
Is as hard as a Turk or a Tartar.*

I thought I should have split at this Dogrel. Twice a day he sent to let me know he would pass by my Door when I would give him the Honour to see me there, which sometimes I appointed and kept; other times I either told him I could not that Day, or fail'd if I promis'd I would. I had often heard, that Lovers must be dieted; Satiety cools Affection. The Gentleman spoke but very little French, and did not understand much, so our Conversation was but cross Purposes: however, that was not what I aim'd

aim'd at. *Marsault* was Interpreter between us, and to adjust Matters, he plainly told me, that fine accomplish'd Stranger was very deeply in Love with me. I made answer to *Marsault* (and turning to my Spark) said, I did not know any Crime so black as Ingratitude; and since I lay under such Obligations to so deserving a Person, I should be proud of an opportunity to oblige him according to my small Capacity.

Upon this *Perreta* came bouncing to the Stair-head, and, in a peevish manner, cry'd, Who is it you are prating with? Come up I say : I am only talking to my Cousin, reply'd I : Cuosin me no Cousins, cries she ; still louder than before, come up I say. At this plotted Summons, I chang'd Colour, and look'd concern'd, as if I stood in great awe ; and casting a dying look to my real Lover, I took my leave of my imaginary Cousin. *Marsault* told him, as they were at Supper together, that the old Gentlewoman that bawl'd out so to her, was the Guardian, and that she had continual Presents from the Noble Man to keep a strick Watch over her ; but as the Women in that Country were mercenary, he believ'd Money wou'd lull the Dragon asleep, and then he might enjoy the Golden Fleece. His Passion was too prevalent to be baulk'd for a small sum ; and being in company with us the next Day, *Perreta* took an opportunity to tell *Marsault*, that if she cou'd raise about thirty Pound, she had an offer of the finest Furniture that cou'd be ; she was really ashamed to tell him

She cou'd not do it, for my Lord wou'd doubtless assist her ; but since she had a design of serving the *English Gentleman*, she wou'd endeavour, by degrees, to break off with the Noble-man. I gave attention to their Discourse, the better to act my part in this Comedy, little minding what my Lover said, tho' I took care to fan his wanton Flames by some gracious Smiles, and permitting him to kiss my Hand; I said with a short Sigh, Yes, Madam, this Money is a devilish thing, and ogl'd my Spark all the while ; he took the hint, and turning hastily about, told the Bawd, she might command him if there was any thing for her Service. She answered with a staid and modest Air, that she durst not be so free with him ; as for the Lady's Cousin, they had been long Acquaintance : Besides, thirty Pounds is a great deal of Money. The *Englishman* thinking this a fair opportunity of presenting her with Money, in a mighty Passion cry'd, A Trifle, Madam, with me, you shall let me shew my Respects for you : We understood by the sequel what he really meant ; for down Stairs he scamper'd, and, in a trice, came back again with the Money, which he forc'd us to accept of. While *Perreta* was locking it up, he whisper'd *Marsault* in the Ear, and recommended his Amours to his care, who taking the opportunity of the *Englishman's* Discourfing with me, went up to *Perreta*, and after some pretended Business together, *Marsault* came back to us, and assur'd him, that his Generosity had so far gain'd

gain'd my Guardian, that she wou'd for once betray her Trust, to return so signal a Friendship as he had done her ; and the Assig-nation was made the next Night.

The happy Hour being come, there was my Gallant glittering with beaten Gold ; for tho it was prohibited, yet, as a Stranger, he was not compriz'd under the penalty of that Act : And he had Vanity enough to desire to distinguish himself by something very uncommon, and very expensive. When he came to Bed to me, he seem'd one Mass of Perfume, so extravagantly he had equip'd himself with every thing that cou'd gratify the Smell, hoping to excel, if possible, the luscious Embraces of my wealthy Nobleman. I that was only us'd to those stinking sweaty Fellows, found a sudden Joy possess e-very faculty of my Soul ; and tho I was advis'd by *Perreta* and *Marsault* to be coy and nice, and not permit him the last Fa-vour until he had mollify'd me with some other Present ; yet he was so handsome, so fair, and had so fine a Skin, I was as much in Love with him, I think verily, as he was with me, and wou'd not baulk my own Fancy, if I cou'd have resolv'd to baulk his.

But our old Friend the Constable (being made perfect in the Cue we had allotted him) came bouncing at the Door ; I, in a pretended Fright and Conternation, got out of Bed in my Shift and hid my self behind the Curtain : When they told my Gallant they must carry me away to Prison,

he catch'd up his Sword, when one of the Attendants told him very gravely, if he offer'd to draw upon the King's Magistrates, in the Execution of their Office, it wou'd be of more unhappy Consequence than he imagin'd. The Gentleman considering with himself, that those sort of Officers are now where so great Rascals as in *France* (they being as ravenous Tyrants over the common People, as their King is over all his Dominions) thought a little Money wou'd be worth more than Justice, and so distributed pretty plentifully amongst them, who left us the peaceable Fruition of our selves the remaining part of the Night.

This was the first Interruption he met with, but not the last, nor the most terrible one; for after he had recollect'd his Spirits that were in a tumult with the surprize, and began to take some reprisals of Delight from me, for the Money they had drain'd from him, some body rapt at the Door again; *Perreta* open'd immediately, and in comes one of *Marsault's* Gang, very finely Drest, and three more that seem'd to pay a great deal of Deference to him. I that knew the Design, made the *Englishman* believe it was my Lord, who was come late to Town, or else had been drinking at the Tavern. He is a wonderful brutal Man, continued I, dear Sir, get behind the Bed for a minute. This bullying Fellow, that personated a Lord to the Life, ask'd *Perreta* where I was? A Bed, an't like your Honour, replied she; she did not think your Lordship wou'd come to Day, besides,

besides she has a pain in her Head. Where's my Page, (said the Bully) has not he been here then? I sent him before me, and order'd my Supper to be brought hither: For the King kept me so long with him in his Closet, that I cou'd not possibly come sooner. Indeed, my Lord, we saw him not, replied *Peretta*: A young Dog, cries the Bully, he's at play, but I'll make him mind his Duty better; in the mean time the rest of the Gang laid a Cloth, and brought up several Dishes, as if there had been a stately Supper; the Servants scour'd up Stairs and down Stairs; the Plates rattled, several sorts of the noblest Wines called for, and every thing that sounded great.

The sham Lord having exercised his Grinders a little, and wash'd the Dust down his Throat; My Dear, cries he aloud to me, are you asleep? Shan't we solace our selves to Night? I drew back the Curtain, and rubbing my Eyes as if I had wak'd but that very instant, What you please, my Lord, answered I: You must rise, cries *Peretta*, who came chafing into the Room, come and eat a bit; you han't supp'd, and your Indisposition is nothing but Vapours; I got up, slipt on a Petticoat and Night-Gown, and pay'd my Duty to my pretended Keeper: He kindly saluted me, and setting me in a Chair by him, who help'd dress you, says he? I see no body come out of the Chamber. Indeed, my Lord, there was no living Soul with me, answered I, but my desires of seeing you, made me more diligent in Dressing..

Surely, Child, I heard some body's Voice besides yours.—I won't be impos'd upon, Madam, (cries he in a stern gruff manner) bring me the Lights here (continued he to his Attendants) and flinging open the Curtains, discover'd the poor *English-man* crammed up in a Corner. Ah ha, Mistress Bitchington, are these your Tricks? (cries he with a Tone that bespoke both his Rage and Contempt) I must languish at your Feet a whole Year and more; you are damnable nice, cursed virtuous, abominable chaste indeed! My Back's no sooner turn'd, but you can admit a louzy Rascal to participate of those Favours that cost me Ages of Miseries, and a Mint of Money. What Indignity is this to a Person of my Rank, continued he? But you shall repent it every Vein of your Heart. I'll send for my Furniture to Morrow, and strip you naked, and turn you into the Street. At this bouncing, *Perretta* and I sneak'd away, as if we had been terribly frightened.

Then turning to the *Englishman*, And you, Mr. Dog, I'll teach you what it is to debauch young Women: Here, one of you seize him, he shall be hanged to Morrow, if there were ne'er another Man alive. Sir, I am a Gentleman, (answered the *Englishman*) being no ways startled at the French Fellow's *Rodomontados*, and will give you Satisfaction. Satisfaction (cry'd the vaporizing sham Lord, with a scornful Air) how dare you have the Impudence to challenge me? If thou wert not born to be hang'd, it wou'd be

be too great an Honour for thee to die by my Hands. Yes, I'd turn away my Scullion, if he shou'd undervalue my Service so far, as to fight such a Scoundrel as thou art: The *Englishman* was peering every where for his Clothes thinking it might create some better Notions in 'em, to see how magnificently he drest: But he might look long enough, we had convey'd them all away: My Lord bluster'd out of the Room, and left his sham Gentleman of the Horse, to take care of the *English Gallant*: Who apprehending himself now in some real danger, look'd more narrowly than ever, for his Breeches, to offer his Keeper a Spell of Money for the ransom of his Liberty. But finding all gone, he pull'd a mighty fine Bracelet of Pearls from his Arm, and offer'd it to his Guardian, to let him go. Your merit, Sir, (reply'd the sly Toad) and the extreme danger you are in from my Lord's Rage, moves me more to forward your Escape, than the value of any Present you can make me: My Lord will vent all his passion upon me, and tho I have the Honour to be better with him, than any one of his Domesticks, yet I am not sure he will not turn me away for it: But Sir, (continu'd he) as you tender your Life, leave the Kingdom to Morrow: For my Lord's Authority is so great all over *France*, that you wou'd be hang'd wherever you were taken, only upon his Letter: And as for your Clothes, Sir, I wou'd advise you, not to put them on, if you had 'em, because some of the Footmen
that

that have been Witneses to the disorders,
will suspect you, and stop you.

Thus the *English* Gentleman was glad to put on an old pair of tatter'd Breeches that hung over his Heels, and scowr to his own Lodgings, as expeditiously as if he had had a parcel of Bayliffs after him.

Every one had their just Dividend of the Spoil, but the greatest share was allotted me. By such Shifts as these, we got an honest Maintainance: We manag'd our Affairs so discreetly, that the Magistrates were never troubled with us; our Caution, and Diligence, put a Veil upon the Enormities of all our Actions; and I know not why they might not be term'd Virtues, till they were prov'd otherways.

Fortune being tir'd with shewing me her Face, at last turn'd her back upon me: The first Work of her unkindness was when Mr. *de la Fountaine* (whom I mentioned formerly) met *Marsault* as he was coming to our House, and knew him again; as ill Luck wou'd have it too, I was at the Window: he spy'd me, and making Inquiry of the Neighbours, whom he knew, how I lived, and what I was, he concluded I was no other than what he suspected; and telling them that I really had been his Servant, notwithstanding the Figure I made there, I cou'd never stir a broad, but one scoffed at me, t'other flouted; one pull'd off his Hat, in a ridicule, the other said, your most obedient Servant, my Lady Chamber-Maid: But *la Fountaine*, seiz'd *Marsault*, and charged him with the Robbery,

Robbery, but cou'd not carry him off ; for some of the Fraternity came to his Assistance, forc'd their Way thro' the Crowd, and rescu'd him from Justice : *And in their Retreat, stole two Clokes into the Bargain, from some gaping Coxcombs, that wou'd be prying where they had nothing to do.*

Marsault escap'd this bout well enough ; but he was not so fortunate ten Days afterwards. For having robb'd a topping Merchant, the Watch took him, and secur'd him : His Tryal was determin'd in two Days, and he sent in Chains to weigh his Body, at the expence of his Neck.

This Scandal reflected upon Perreta and Me, because he Frequented our House, and we suspected some Trouble, or other in a little while, besides it began to be Ebbing Water with us too : The Constable came there one Day to receive his Contribution, but was disappointed ; for there were three Gentlemen with me, compleat Rakes, and as he came in, after his usual Method, they made him no answer, but flung him down Stairs. He imagining it was a plot, swore he wou'd make us decamp ; we were sensible he wou'd endeavour it, and resolv'd to punish his Malice before he cou'd wreak it upon our Family. This Fellow's Name was *Lucrine*, and not improperly, for he was the griping-est cut-Throat Devil, that God let live : There was another of the same Function that liv'd at some distance from us, but a jolly Lad he was, and a very great Well-wisher to the Mathematicks ; his Name was *Mori-*

zet : As he us'd to visit us sometimes, we made our humble Remonstrances to *Lucrine*, of the Hardships we lay under, by double Taxes levied at Pleasure : He espousing our Quarrel, threatned what he wou'd do to *Morizet* if he catch'd him in his Precincts : To justify our selves in this Accusation, we sent for *Morizet*, as if we had had occasion of his Service, and lockt the other up in a Closet. There happened to be four Gentlemen with me, when *Morizet* came in, and he taking upon him, ask'd, them what they did there ? The Sparks answer'd him very roundly, they wou'd not give him an account ; and I added, You are not Officer of this Ward, *Lucrine* affirms it : *Lucrine*'s a lying Rascal (reply'd *Morizet*) a drunken Block-head ; he teach me my Duty ! At this out rushes *Lucrine*, in a terrible Rage, and takes his Brother Constable two or three plaguy Sowfes athwart the Mazard ; *Morizet* catches up one of the Gentlemens Canes, and so to't they went, Helter Skelter ; the Blood that trickled down their Faces made the Tears run as fast down our Cheeks ; so heartily we laught at the furious Scuffle ; they bit, and kick'd, and scratch'd, and so pummeled one another, that they had hardly an Eye left, to peep out of, and the rest of their Faces had all the Colours of the Rainbow in 'em ; There wanted a third Constable to keep the Peace between these two, who were mightily incens'd against each other, and resolved to be revenged upon one another, for our Laughing, and their own Bleeding. But the Gentlemen

lemen that were by, took that Office upon themselves, and one of 'em stepping in, Cry'd out with an imperious Tone : You Impudent Sawcy Rascals, how dare you make this Disturbance in a civil House, and when I am by ? and with that lays hold on *Lucrine's* Hand (whom the Plot was lay'd against) still as he wip'd the Blood from his Mouth, to justify himself, the other batter'd on, and made it flow quicker ; he cou'd make but little opposition because he was held, so got the worst of the Lay : Look you my Masters (says another of the Gentlemen, when he had let *Lucrine* be sufficiently beaten) if you provoke us any longer with your Impertinence we'll thrash you both to Mummy, Come, come, (I say) get up, embrace one another, and kiss and be Friends.

With this, they left off, somewhat ashamed of the Rencounter, but with a great deal of Rancour and Malice in their Hearts. One of the Gentlemen bid his Servant, see and get something to eat, and drink, and make merry with, and reconcile the Combatants : What we had in the House they dispens'd with, and having made an Amulet, it was usher'd in with a great Pomp, and Magnificence, Come, Sirs, (says the same Gentleman) fall too, fall too, or we shall fall foul upon you both, and with that, thrusts his Hand into the Dish : *Morizet* made no scruple, and eat heartily : But *Lucrine*, of a more soure splenetick Humour, wou'd not touch a Bit, so the same Gentleman as invited them to eat, lays hold of him by the Throat, and

and made him gape, than cramm'd it down, and daub'd it all over his Eyes and Beard, nay, some of it fell down his Collar ; but at last he eat contentedly enough, or seem'd so to do. Then they bid the Servant fill *Morizet* a Glass of Wine, to begin *Lucrine's* Health, and he readily drank it, saying, Brother Constable, we must forget and forgive. When it came to *Lucrine's* turn to pledge him, he made a Difficulty of it, but being afraid, he ventur'd, tho his Hand shak'd so violently, he spilt half upon his Clothes : They did not press him much afterwards to drink ; however, *Morizet* did it for him, and made an end of the Bottles.

They were now for taking their Leaves ; but having torn their Cravats, and being ashamed to walk the Streets in that Pickle, they entreated the Gentlemen to let one of their Servants step to their Wives for clean Linen ; but they alledging it was too far, all they could obtain, was to fetch a Sem-stress, whom they had order'd to bring only extraordinary fine ones, and to ask three times as much as they were worth too : They grumbled at the price, and chose rather to go without, than fling away so much Money ; and wrapping themselves up in their Cloakes, sneaked off, tho *Morizet* had so much Presence of Mind as to tie his Handkerchief about his Neck, and that look'd somewhat like a Band.

The next day the Gentlemen took Coach, and went to their Houses, and prevail'd with 'em to bear them company to ours, and promising

mising at their own Expence to make a thro' Reconciliation between all Parties ; and being afraid of them besides, they came together. Pretending to go somewhere to be merry, they drove us all to the Playhouse, and having given notice to the Actors of the bloody Battle between the two Constables, they had the Mortification to see themselves the Laughing-stock of the whole Town ; for they had put into their Farce, a new Scene of all their Adventures the Day before. This publick exposing of them, made them horn-mad ; and, putting up their private Feud and Animosity, they united their Malice to be reveng'd upon us : which we being very apprehensive of, took the Opportunity of that Night, and rubb'd off.

After this, we took up our Quarters in a pitiful House in the Suburbs, and with aking Hearts lamented the Alteration of our Condition ; for we had saved but very little, tho we got considerably. This melancholy Prospect of our Affairs, broke *Ferreta's Heart* ; but before she was spiritualiz'd, she must needs shew her parental Affection to me, in some wholesome Lessons that might be of use to me when she was in her Grave : And I assure you, Gentlemen, they have stood me since in good stead. She was so far from Superstition, that she made Conscience of nothing ; Scruples and Remorses were Words she understood not, and found by others they were only Loads upon the Spirits. With such like Maxims as these, she set out for t'other World. I bury'd her very privately
to

to save Money, as well as that I understood from her Doctrine, that nothing is more foolish than sumptuous Burials.

I fell into some new Acquaintance, that furnish'd me now and then with a little Law-work; but the loss of my good Mother, and several Accidents that happen'd to me, from such as knew but too much of my private History, made me take up the Resolution to leave *Paris*, and set up at *Rouen*. I had still Charms enough to make me desirable; but as I was at every body's Service, Comers and Goers, I got something that stuck by me, the Devil ken him Thanks for't, and the same Blessing attend them that brought it first from *Naples*, to ruin merry-dispos'd Christians, and make the Surgeons Fortunes. The greatest Happiness that attended me under this Tribulation, was, that I met with one, who having been my Customer, cured me for a small matter. But no more of that.

I found my self so miserably broken by this Distemper, that I was obliged to use Art to keep my self in Countenance; Oils, Pomatum, Washes, Perfumes. Every thing now constituted a part of my Beauty, and all was little enough to make me go down. Then I studied all the genteel Airs of the Coquets, the dying Eyes, and the smiling Lips, the negligent Loll in an Elbow-Chair, more conveniently to discover my naked Bosom; the easy Loll of the Petticoats, to shew my Foot and Leg, and all those inveigling Arts that supply decaying Youth. In a little time I met with a Cull, a substantial Man; he took

took me home to him, and confess'd, that tho he had met with several handsomer than I was, yet none ever pleas'd him so well. But the Goddess of Discord interrupted my Felicity: the Gentleman was mightily angry to see how I embezzled his Goods, and squander'd away his Money; so turn'd me again a-drift.

Not having forgot my old Trade as yet, I set up that again, and refus'd no body, but what was empty-handed. A certain Milk-sop of a Fellow, that was going to make one of two, according to the Yoke of Custom, was directed to me by a Well-wisher to *Cupid's Bear-Gardens*: He wanted to know how to handle his Arms in the Exercise of Love, and coming to me one *Sunday*, after Dinner, to take a Lesson: He understood I was gone to Church, unwilling to lose precious Time, he came to me there; but hearing the Priest inveigh bitterly against Fornication and Adultery, Chambering and Wantonnes, and wind up his Discourse with the Repentance of *Mary Magdalen*, he was afraid I would not persist in my Occupation. Sermon ended, he came up to me, and told me his Apprehensions. Upon my word, Sir, (answered I) I mind not what a bald-pated Monk says; I'm not to learn that every body must live by their Trade: his is to rail against ill Company, and prevent Quarrels; mine is to assuage the Fevers of Mens Blood; and I'll be bold to say, I am as charitable in my Function as he, or any of his Cloister are in theirs: Shew me one of them all will preach a Sermon, and bring a Man over so cheap

cheap, and so soon as I. He was pretty well satisfy'd with this Answer, being an ignorant silly Fellow, of the same kidney with our Fore-fathers, when Men wore Muckenders. In a word, I instructed him the best I could, and I found him an apt Scholar indeed ; for he got something from me that was not in the Bargain : but much good may it do him, and his Bride too, for I understood in a Weeks time, she found Matriniony as dangerous as Fornication. As my Charms grew common, and my Embraces vulgar, Lovers fled from the falling Mansion, and I became odious, and soon after necessitous : But being still desirous to be serviceable to Mankind, and willing to live, I left off prostituting my self, because no body would use me, and turn'd Penitent. A round Pinner and a grave Garb was suitable enough to my Years, but more to my Designs. I got acquainted with young Women, carried them Letters, contrived Meetings, got the single ones Husbands, and the married Women Gallants ; so made a shift to live.

Now open your Ears, Francion, for I am come to the Particulars of your charming Lauretta.

Walking out one Evening in the Fields, a Man pass'd by me, somewhat in haste : he had a Bundle under his Cloke, which he seem'd to carry very tenderly. He had not gone three Yards, but I heard a Cry like that of a very young Child. No body being near, I was sure it must be the Man that had it ; so running up to him, where are you carrying that Child ? (said I to him) Hard by, Mother

ther (reply'd the Man) to get a Nurse for it. Pray let me see it (says I in haste to him.) 'Tis a merry-begotten Bairn (replies the Man) but has good Friends, I assure you. While I was dallying with this Child, he stept aside, as to do something ; and laying down his Cloke ; I little suspected he would give me the slip, but so he did, and I was forc'd to take the Child for my Curiosity. Being come home with it, I found it 'twas a Girl, and wonderfully handsome, as Bastards generally are.

I was acquainted with a Nurse in the Town that had a great deal of Milk, and she undertook to bring up my Child with her own, for an inconsiderable matter. When she had wean'd it, I took it home, and call'd it *Lau-retta*. I was at no Expence at all in her Education, for the Misses of the Town would continually have her in their Houses, some one while, and some another ; and if she was no Burden to me, she was of Advantage to them that had her, for she was so very beautiful, that every body would kiss the sweet Babe ; and it often occasioned Gentlemen to hedge in a Conversation with the Person that carry'd it about, which led them all home together : the rest you may imagine.

As she came to have a little Knowledge and Understanding, every body strove who should learn her the prettiest ways of comporting herself in company ; others made her get pretty cut-short Compliments by heart ; and the subtle Baggage would do any thing
she

she saw done before her. Being now grown a great Girl, I was apprehensive she might play away foolishly that precious Jewel, upon which I built the Expectations of both our Fortunes. She had too many Charms for so poor a City as *Rouen* to purchase: so I return'd to *Paris* again, the noblest Market for such Ware. We were neither of us in the high Mode, but the particularness of our Dress made us remarkable, and it became *Lauretta* exceedingly. When I took my Rounds with her to shew her, one extoll'd her sparkling Eyes, another fell into Raptures at her swelling Breasts; one commended her Complexion, this her curling flaxen Hair; every one in general admir'd her. If I perceiv'd any Man so fond as to follow us; come, Child, we'll go home now (said I aloud) that they might not fear to lose their Labours by the Pursuit: and then I staid a little at the Door, that they might have a fuller View of her, and know my House again.

I thought it now time to turn over a new Leaf with her, and give her some more essential Documents, to make her sail steddy thro' the boisterous Ocean of this World.

Several gay flutterings Things came hankering after her; but I singl'd out one *Valderan*, because he was much the richest, and our Neighbour besides, which facilitated our Commerce: He had importun'd me several times to accept a Visit from him; and at last, pretending to be in a mighty good Humour, I asked him to walk in; and after some

some common Chat, he desir'd me to do him the Honour to let him bring his Supper, and eat it at my House ; a Boon that is rarely denied by those of our Profession at least. In the mean time, I charg'd *Lauretta* to be sparing of her Speech, and if she met his Eyes fix'd upon her, she should look down and blush ; and when I gave him an Opportunity of being alone with her, she must take his Ring off his Finger, or contrive to tear her Gown when she pretended to run from him. If he would force a Kiss from her, in endeavouring to struggle with him, she must pull off a Lappet of her Pinner ; for in honour he was oblig'd to make good the Losses sustain'd by his Passion, and her Virtue. And to let you see how ready she was of Apprehension, one day as they were ramping together, he catch'd hold of her, and she, striving to get from him, threw her self down, and cry'd out extremely. I apprehended a Rape, but was glad to find it only an Accident. I asked her what was the matter ? Oh ! Aunt (cries she) I have broke my Leg, I have broke my Leg. *Valderan* seem'd highly touch'd at the Misfortune ; and putting his Hand, unwillingly, into his Pocket, pull'd out ten Pistoles, and begg'd me to accept of that in part ; and for the Surgeon's Bill, he would defray that too. I desir'd him for the future, not to be so rough with the Child, and that he would excuse us, for she must go to Bed, and it would not be decent for him to be by. So off he troop'd, and *Lauretta* crying out still, I am

am undone; Oh! what shall I do, Aunt; Oh my Leg, my poor Leg. When I had waited on him down, I was surpriz'd to find her walking about the room: she burst out a-laughing, and ask'd me if she was not a good Hypocrite. Why, says I, are you not hurt? No more than you (answer'd she) but he had kiss'd me long enough for nothing, tho now we have made something of it. Excellently well done (says I) you'll live, I see, *Lauretta*, in any King's Dominions. The whole matter was represented as but a violent Sprain, when *Valderan* came; and time made us all easy, for the Surgeon and we went halves.

There happen'd to be a Beau *Exchequer-Man*, named *Chastel*, who had some Acquaintance with our Maid, as she had mention'd it to me. I instructed her to hint to him that we were not extraordinary well to pass in the World, and that she believ'd his Money would make him an easy Entrance into the Family. She did accordingly, and he made us several Presents of Value, which won our Hearts entirely. I found he was of a cheerful gay Temper, and could not brook those raging Transports of Love, which your softer Geniusses make their Felicity of. As it substracted from his Tranquility, he thought it a Pain, not a Pleasure; nay, he could not endure to ask twice for any Favour.

This *Chastel* had cheated the King of such considerable Sums of Money to make our Fortunes, that in Honour, Gratitude and Conscience, we were oblig'd to study a Return

turn suitable to his own Inclinations; and *Lauretta*, who began to find an unusual Titulation about her, was far from being against it.

While the happy Lover lay melting in Delights, and the yielding young Virgin was almost no longer such, the amorous Rival, as Fate would have it, entertain'd them with a Crash of Musick; and, to let you see how far his Vanity carry'd him, *Valderan* made one of them call him by his Name aloud, that we might know to whom we stood indebted for the Serenade. This prevented my Rest (for I am a great Admirer of Musick.) The Maid and I went down into the Parlour, and as I knew well enough 'twas none of him that sung, I bid the Maid banter him a little. When the Song was ended, she open'd the Window, and *Valderan*, supposing it to be *Lauretta*, came up; but finding it was not, ask'd where she was. More than time indeed (answer'd the Maid) she shall lie awake to hear your nasty Cat-calls; you may play your Fingers off, I shan't wake her. She lies backwards now, I assure you, and don't desire you should disturb her, or any body else; you may think on her, but she does not think on you. Come, Sweet-heart (says *Valderan*) I know you do but joke with me; there is nothing so charming or so powerful as Musick; 'tis what we give the Gods when we implore Mercies, and what we give them too, when we return Thanks for all our Blessings. Very pretty, indeed (answer'd the Maid) you take my Mistress

for God-Almighty ; but I assure you, she is very good Flesh and Blood, and a perfect Woman, I believe. Well, if my fair Mistress. (replied *Valderan*) were as ill-natur'd as you are, I should have a great many wretched Hours to pass away in the Horrors and Miseries of a lasting Discontent : but I believe she has a better Opinion of me and my Musick too. That's like your Breeding, indeed (answer'd the Maid very pertly) to think my Mistress must fall in love with you, because you have hir'd a Fellow to sing ; who a-pescods can't do that as well as you ?

When *Valderan* saw there was nothing to be got from this bantering saucy Slut but Injuries and Confusion, he march'd off with his Musicians, and I went up to see my Niece dissolv'd in Pleasure, and in the circling Arms of her delighted Lover. I would not tell her before him, who gave the Serenade, lest it should raise any jealous Suspicions in him : however, the next day I did ; and weighing the many cursed Inconveniences that attended that Occupation I had set her up in, I told her now 'twas high time to think of disposing of herself after such a manner, as might make a reasonable Provision for us both the remainder of our days : That I thought *Valderan*'s Passion might be manag'd to excuse our Designs, and as I believ'd him vastly rich, we could not ride in a securer Haven. The first Opportunity *Lauretta* had of being alone with him, she told him she had an extraordinary Respect for his Merit, and was not insensible of his Love ; she could

be the happiest Woman in the World with him, and that no ebb of Fortune could make her very miserable, while she was secure of his Affection. *Valderan*, transported with these Wheedles (which she affected to utter with an Air of Tenderness and Sincerity) call'd for a Pen and Ink immediately, and writ a Contract, and gave it her; hoping, upon the Credit of this, to obtain some signal Favours. But I told her, very roundly, Paper-Matters were of little Moment; I must have her marry'd in publick, and that she should insist upon that Article; or at least, if he was not inclin'd to dispose of himself as yet, she must be sure to get a good Settlement, and then let him fall too and welcome; but without that Grace, he must not be permitted to draw his Knife at her Table. We had gain'd our Point of him, and brought him to consent, and while we were judiciously consulting how to steer our course, and manage matters, we saw our Gallant dragg'd thro' the Streets by a parcel of Bailiffs; and I believe he is in Prison still: Thus our Cake was Dough, and we burnt the Contract, as signifying nothing.

But as Possession destroys Passion, and continually seeing the Object, familiarizes it to us, and takes off the edge of Admirations, our Exchequer-Man grew fatid with Love's delicious Banquets; and as he did not relish them now with that Gusto as formerly, his Visits were seldomer, and his Presents less. This constrain'd me to open my doors to a great many fine Gentlemen, whom I made

sensible of my Exigencies: some reliev'd me, others not, but they were entertain'd accordingly; for as she had naturally a great deal of Wit, so I had bred her up to a great deal of Malice, especially to niggardly Gallants; and it was a Maxim in our Family, that no Man is so handsome, no Compliment so well turn'd, as a handful of Broad-pieces. Sometimes, when they were at Cards, she would snatch up some of their Money in jest, but keep it in earnest; and this she did after so engaging a manner, that they could never find in their Hearts to be angry. Sometimes a pragmatical Fellow would be for putting his Hand in her Bosom, more out of Vanity to view his Ring, than any wanton Design; then she laid fast hold of it, and said, this is an impudent daring Hand indeed; what, forrage in an Enemy's Country! you are a fair Prisoner of War, and must pay your ransom. Then, pulling off the Ring, would say: well, Sir, I'll keep this Hostage till your Officer sends to redeem it; as for the Prisoner, I set him at liberty, but if he comes amroding again in my Territories before the Ransom's satisfy'd, the Hostage is forfeited. If it was of any value, she return'd it for a pair of Gloves, or so; if a Trifle, she modestly and discreetly kept it. I found her very religiously dispos'd to value no Man for his outside, and she imparted her greatest Favours but to few; for every Man is not discreet, that may have Money enough; nay, some Men think they are not oblig'd to have any consideration for a Woman's Character

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in the World, when they have paid a Price for their Pleasures. Such People were not for our turn, because a *Liuretta* had a little Reputation to manage, and would have dash'd all our forward Hopes, if we had lain under the censure of being publick.

A Person of eminent Quality spy'd her at her Window (where I used to set her to decoy straggling Eyes, and wanton Hearts) and thought her the most charming Creature that ever was. When *Alidan* (for so this Lord was call'd) had enquir'd after her, and found it was the same *Lauretta* whom he had heard so advantageously talk'd of at Court, he was more inflam'd than ever; and fearing lest I should be unwilling to sell him so precious a Jewel outright, he resolved to rob me of it, for have it he would. He had us so punctually dogg'd, and had inform'd himself of my most intimate Companions, that one Evening I went out upon a little Busines, and presently after came a Gentleman's Coach to our door: He enquir'd for *Lauretta*, and said he came from me; that I had met Madam this, and the Marquis of that, and she must come to them, by the same Token the Marquis sent her that Ring, which was a stately Ruby. The Pledge was sufficient to tempt her out at any time; but as nothing is worse than ill Luck, the Girl happen'd to be rigg'd, and so without any Hesitation went into the Coach with the Spark. When she came to *Alidan's* House, she met with a Reception answerable to his Quality and Passion; and tho' she

would not but seem to resent the Indignity of such a Stranger, and fly from him when he offer'd any Familiarity to her, yet Gold, that powerful Deity, betray'd her scornful Virtue ; and indeed the Principle of Interest and Advantage was so deeply rooted in her, that no time will ever wear it out.

Two or three Days after I stumbled upon an Acquaintance of mine, that assur'd me where my Niece was, and gave me Directions to *Alidan's House*. When I came there, and was admitted to the Speech of him, I begg'd his pardon for my Boldness, but was positively assur'd, that he had order'd a Niece of mine to be stole away, and desir'd to know the Truth : He denied it peremptorily. My Lord (says I to him) you need not disown it, for I don't intend to take her from you ; she's in better hands than with me, but I came to assure your Honour, that there was no occasion for Fraud or Force ; I would gladly have presented her to you, if I had been thought worthy to have known your Mind.

The frankness of my Speech made him confess he had her ; and presenting me with a Purse of Gold, which satisfy'd me very well, he took me up to *Laureta's Apartment*. Every thing was mighty noble, and I bless'd my Stars that had brought my Foundling to so much good Fortune. She would fain excuse her flight, but I told her in a word, she was happier there than at home : and since Fate had befriended her, I hoped she would give no occasion of dissatisfaction

faction to so generous and so deserving a Person as his Lordship was.

This gave me the liberty of *Alidan's House*, and when he kept her in private Lodgings in the Country, I was admitted to visit her always. Ah! if I had but as many hundred Pounds as I have introduc'd young Fellows to her, while her Master and humble Servant thought no body could rob his Cabinet, since he always carried the Key about him.

We are soon cloy'd with one and the same dish, yet Variety makes it go down deliciously afterwards again. *Alidan* would not quite discard her, and yet found his Passion decline; but to have it in his power to taste again of what was once agreeable to his Appetite, he bethought himself, and propos'd her to his Steward with considerable Advantages, as well in relation to his faithful Services, as his taking *Lauretta* to Wife. *Valentine* and she are come to live here hard-by; I am going to her to present a Petition in the behalf of an *Exchequer-Man*, who will do more in one day's time with *Lauretta*, than *Francion* shall in three Months. He saw her at Church when she was married, and finding the Burthen of her Desires too heavy for old *Valentine's* Shoulders, like a charitable good Christian he piously propos'd to ease him of part, and will be here in two days at farthest.

Are you satisfy'd now, *Francion*? this is all I know of your *Lauretta*. Is your Passion as vehement now as 'twas? I am more in Love with her now (reply'd *Francion*) than ever; and if I had not so lately committed

some Impudence there, I would go back with you to the Castle, and obtain more by my Integrity and Affection, than your *Exchequer-Man* with all his profuse Treasure. What do you think a fine buxom, gay, sprightly, charming young Creature, will tie up her Satisfaction in Bags, and hoard her Felicity in the Corner of a Trunk? No, no, *Agatha*, she has tasted too much of the World, not to please herself as a Woman. But Gold, my Boy, Gold (reply'd *Agatha*) there's heavenly Harmony in the very sound: what is more grateful to the Eyes than Gold? What is a greater Cordial than Gold? She that yields to a Man's Money (reply'd *Francion*) withdraws her Heart when his Purse is empty. And tho Want may sometimes supplant Virtue, yet Wantonness will ever tempt us to forget our Duty, in favour of Nature. So, *Agatha*, do your worl; as soon as I am recover'd, I will wait upon my beloved *Lau-retta*; and don't question in the least but I shall receive all the transporting Delights from her softer Arms, her snowy Breasts, her rosy Cheeks, her melting Lips, new diffusive Joys from every Charm, that my Heart can't desire more.

With this *Agatha* took her Leave of them, and mounting her Cart, travelled on to the Castle where her Niece dwelt; not that she intended to be so bad as her word to *Francion*, but to forward his Affairs without his knowledge; and only baulk the *Exchequer-Man*.

This execrable sort of People have no other Consideration than Gain, who pays best, and makes

makes them hope for more, shall always have them at their beck ; yet they rarely live tolerably well, seldom contented, but never happy : Their Lives are but one continued Series of Scandal and Misery, but they are so little sensible of their Condition, that they can be merry too : but alas their Joys are like painted Jewels, without light or heat, and owe their appearances to Shadows only.. Nothing like those permanent Felicities which Virtue gives birth to, and Death it self can't rob us of.

Agatha has here used a very licentious way of talking, but the life of the Comedy requir'd that she should speak like one of her Function. This can make no leud Impression upon any Man, for Vice, drawn in its own natural Colours, is infamous and abominable ; 'tis the false Varnish that gloses it over, makes so many deluded by it. And from hence we may see that what some People esteem Pleasure and Delight, is but a violent Motion of deprav'd Nature, a Brutality that our own Folly foments, and what every good and wise Man will loath and despise..



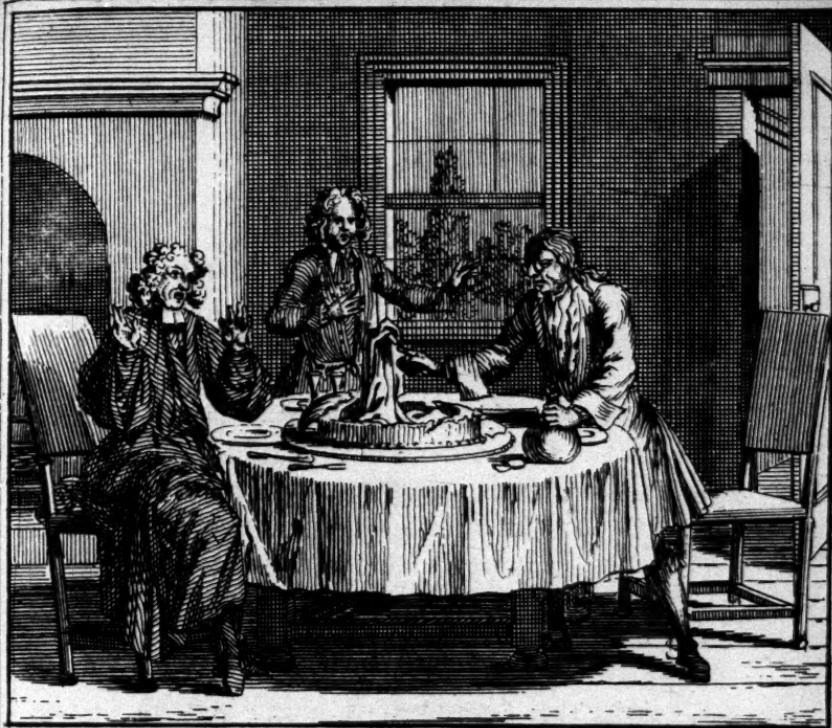
THE
COMICAL HISTORY
OF
FRANCION

BOOK III.



HIS detestable old Woman being gone, and leaving the Company extremely diverted with her merry Tales, a Coach came to the Inn, which it seems the Gentleman had sent for by break of day from his own House. It holding up after dinner, he prevail'd with the Pilgrim to go with him. You must do me the Honour (says

to face B, III,



B, IV.



(says he) to accept part of my House, where I am sure you shall have as good attendance, and no less a welcome, than you can meet at the strange Village you are going to. I think my self very happy (continued he) to fall thus accidentally into a Gentleman's Company, whose Conversation I prize above all the World. I was returning home somewhat late last night from a jolly Widow's, where I supp'd (her name is *Helen*) and leaping a Ditch, my Horse broke his Leg, and that oblig'd me to take up here; but I would not for fifty better Horses, have miss'd this opportunity of your Acquaintance.

Francion return'd his Compliments with all imaginable Civility, and concluded with assuring him, there was not one drop of Blood in his Veins that should not freely be sacrific'd to serve him. The Gentleman told him, at that Instant, he exacted no other Testimony of his Good-will, than the relation of his Dream the last Night. The Coach bowl'd sweetly o'er the verdant Plains, and *Francion* thus began.

Since a Person of your incomparable Sense, can possibly be pleas'd with the incoherent Ravings of a disturbed Mind, I'll tell you, Sir, the most extraordinary ones that ever you heard; with this voluntary Restriction, that whenever any particular proves too impertinent for you, I will desist upon the least Intimation of it. You would talk for ever, Sir (says the *Burgundian Gentleman*) if you waited for my dislike to put a period to your Discourses: you can say nothing but what is extreme-

extremely fine and diverting, and tho what you dreamt might be not only irregular, but unreasonable, yet I'll be very attentive to you, that, if possible, I may pick out the meaning of it. I will no longer defer your Satisfaction, Sir (reply'd *Francion*) tho I'm sure it would puzzle *Artimedorus* himself.

Having concluded my Story, and wish'd you a good Night, I let my Thoughts rove upon a thousand fantastical Objects: I built Castles in the Air, both for my Love and Fortune, those incompatible Arbiters of the Felicities of my Life. Sleep stole unawares upon me, while I was swallow'd up in this Distraction of Thoughts: immediately I fancied I was in the middle of a lonesome Plain, where I met an old Man with huge Ears, and a Padlock upon his Mouth, which could be open'd no other way than by turning the several Rings (that were all mark'd with several single Letters) till they made out these words, *It is Time*. Supposing he could make me understand him by Signs, I ask'd him the reason why he must not speak? Having put some Hearing-trumpets to his Ears, to receive with greater force the sound of my Voice, with his Hand he shew'd me a little Wood, as telling me I must go there for an Answer. Coming near it, I heard a continu'd pratling, and thought with my self that they talk'd enough for themselves and the old Fellow too. In the middle of all there were six Trees, that, instead of Leaves, were cover'd with small Tongues, loosely tied to the Branches with golden Wires; insomuch that

a fresh Gale of Wind that blew at that time upon them, made them twattle very confusedly, tho sometimes I could hear them distinctly complain and rail: But a great Giant, that lay basking under their Shade, finding they discours'd his most important Secrets to me, got up in a fury, and drawing his Scimiter, cut them all down, and hack'd them to pieces; yet they had so much Life remaining in them, as to stir about, and endeavour'd to speak. But he had greater reason to be in a Passion, when, walking on a little farther, he observ'd me leaning upon a Rock, and reading an Inscription, where was set down all the Villanies of his Life: he ran up to cleave asunder this witness of his Abominations, but was so angry that his Blade could make no Impression, that he immediately kill'd himself with it; and there came such a horrid Stench from his Carcass, that I made all the haste I could possibly to away from it.

After this I found my self (I know not how) in Heaven; but you are not ignorant, Sir, of the little connexion there is in Dreams. Never did any Man's Brain labour with so fantastical an Imagination: pray, Sir, don't laugh; for you'll make me do so too, and that will make my Head ach. Every moment you interrupt your Story, Sir, is Death to me, (answer'd the Gentleman) I'll bite off my Lips, rather than laugh: well, you were in Heaven, Sir, was it fine being there?

A pretty Question indeed (answer'd *Fran-*
cion) how can it be otherwise, since 'tis the
Seat of Light, and Collection of all the most
beautiful Souls.

I saw the Stars glittering over-head, and
under-foot, to give a more glorious Light
thro'out the whole Cavity: they were all
made fast with Buckles of Gold, and I saw
some charming Ladies (whom I took to be
Goddeses) undo each of them one, and
fasten it to a silver Wand, to light them
along as they went to the Moon's Apartment;
for the Sun being now out of the way, it was
horribly dark. I fancied at first, that the
Custom of using the State after this manner,
gave occasion to Men in their Observations
to believe they mov'd.

I follow'd the Goddeses, and one of them
turning back, saw me, and shew'd me to her
Companions, who came all to me with so
much Civility and Courtesy, that I was quite
out of countenance: But these malicious
things soon gave over their kind Reception,
and studying what exquisite Tortures they
should put me to, the least of them extended
her Body to so prodigious a greatness, that
her Head touch'd the very Vault of the Hea-
ven; and then she gave me such a kick, that
I tumbled almost half a score times round
the whole World in a Moment, and was
only stopp'd by a rut that the Chariot-wheels
of the Sun had made; and one of his Grooms
being by, help'd me up again. This Person
prov'd to me he formerly belong'd to the
King's Stables, which made me imagine, that
in

Book III. of FRANCION. III

in the other World Men had the same Occupations as here. Speaking very familiarly to him, I desired he should shew me some of the Rarities of the place : he carried me to a great crystal Bason, full of an albugineous Liquor. I ask'd him what that was ? And he told me it was the stuff that Man was made of, and that I was the same. An infinite number of little winged Boys, no bigger than my Thumb, were continually Huttering over it, till they could dip a small twig in it, and then they flew away I knew not whither. My Guide understanding more than I expected, told me these were Genius's, that, when Women were asleep, blew Souls into their Wombs the eighteenth Day after due Copulation ; and that the Child they had superintendence of, was more or less generous and wise, proportionable to the quantity of this matter they took up. But pray (says I to him) how comes it then that there is so vast a difference between Men, seeing their Souls are all compos'd of the same matter ? You must know (answer'd he) that this is nothing but the Excrement of the Gods, who are always a jarring, and what comes from them is impregnated with the same qualities : you see how the Liquor in the Bason is in a perpetual Ebullition. When the Souls are incorporated, they are in greater Disorder still ; what with the disproportion of the Organs, and the variety of Constitutions, one has too much Phlegm, t'other too much Choler, &c. This is pleasant, indeed (answer'd I) but why can't they continue to make Men so that

that they may live in Peace, and Quietness, together? But you was saying that the Gods quarrel'd amongst themselves: By your leave Master that's a blasphemous lye, (continued I,) and with that, I hit him a Box on the Ear. The fellow catch'd me by the Throat, and plung'd me over Head, and Ears, in the Basin, where I cou'd not swallow less than fifty thousand Souls, so that I ought to be a wonderful Man now. It is like Asses Milk, for its Sweetness and was rather a condens'd smoke, than Liquor, for when I came out my Clothes were not wet in the least.

Being not as yet satisfy'd, my Curiosity urg'd me farther to see something more: The first that presented it self to my sight, was a great many Persons tugging at a Rope, tell the Sweat run down. Who are those, Flocks there (said I) to one like an Anchorite, and what are they about? They are Gods (quoth he) and they are keeping the Sphere of the World in its due Motion; you will see others of them, by and by, supply their places, when they are weary'd; but take a step further here, and you'll see somewhat more remarkable. Turning as he order'd me, I remark'd through a part of the Skies, that was transparent, some Women, striking the Circles with their Hands, and made them spin round like the Flyer of a Jack.

A sudden Whim came into my Head, to go down to the Earth again: And enquiring the way of the Hermit, he bid me with both my Hands, lay hold of the Rope which the
Gods

Gods had, and so I slipt down, but took care not to fall into an opening through which the Rope went ; but by I know not what means I hover'd in the Air, as if I had had Wings, and was mightily pleas'd with this new sort of Diversion, till at last I was quite tired.

At length I found my self by two Ditches not large but full of Water ; and there were two young Men naked, plunging themselves in 'em, often saying, they were over Head and Ears in delight. Being desirous to taste of so much satisfaction, I slipt off my Clothes in a trice, and spying out a Ditch whose Waters were far clearer than the others, I went to bathe my self too, but I fell down a vast precipice, as soon as ever I set my Foot on it ; for it was nothing but a large peice of Glass, and it all cut my Legs to boot.

However, I did not hurt my self in falling : The place was cover'd all over with delicate firm young breasts, fastned together in pairs, like Bowls ; I took great delight in rowling my self over 'em. And being supinely lay'd, a fair Lady came and kneel'd down by me ; having a Vessel in her Hand, and Tunnel, which she put in my Mouth, telling me she wou'd make me drink the most delicious Liquor that ever was tasted : I open'd my Throat as wide as the singing Man that swallow'd a Rat instead of a Hop-Seed ; and she getting up a little, piss'd above a *Winchester Quart* full in my mouth, and made me gulp it every drop down. I started up
to

to be reveng'd of her, and but just gave her one Blow, and she fell all to pieces ; here lay her Head, there were her Legs, in another place lay her Arms, and no two parts together ; but what was more wonderful, every Member immediately afterwards discharg'd its own function ; the Legs walk'd about, the Arms struck me, the Tongue revil'd me, the Mouth grinn'd at me.

The fear of coming to trouble, for the Death of this Woman, made me beat my Brains to bring her to Life again. For remarking every one of her Limbs, did its respective duty ; I concluded they wanted nothing but placing, to recover her. Having gathered up several Parts of her, and put 'em in order, I was so charm'd with her Belly, that I cou'd not forbear sacrificing to *Venus*, in hopes to expiate my former roughness to her ; but as I was beginning the endearing Ceremony, her Tongue, (which I had not put on as yet) cry'd out, those are not our breasts, which made me look out for the right, which having found, and put in order, her Head, and Arms came of their own accord, and settled themselves in their natural position : Now the Mouth kiss'd me, and the Arms hugg'd me passionately, and all ended in melting Raptures and transporting Joys.

This Woman made me get up immediately, and let me into a stately Hall, adorn'd with all the amorous variety of dallying *Cupids*. Here twenty fine Women, stark naked, their loose Hair hanging over their shoulders, in wanton Waves came up to me, and slapping one

one another's Buttocks made a sort of harmony to which they danc'd. By degrees they hem'd me in, and all of them fell upon me, and I being unable to help my self, and unwilling to smart any more, retreated into a Close, that was hard by, and strew'd with Rose-Leaves, a Foot deep; we all tumbled over one another, till they had quite buried me, under the Roses: when I had scrambled my way thro' for fear of being stifled, they were all vanish'd, and I met no body but an old Beldam, like *Agatha*, who said come, come Child, kiss me, I am handsomer a thousand times, than those impudent Sluts you look after. I was ashame'd to see such an ugly Creature speak to me, and I push't her from me; with that, she said, remember this *Francion*, another time, when you wou'd kiss me you shan't. Looking more attentively I perceiv'd it was my ador'd *Lauretta*: Dearest Charmer (said I to her) I ask a Million of Pardons, you were so chang'd that I cou'd not possibly suspect it was you; and going up to salute her, she vanish'd away in my Embrace. At this I heard an excessive fit of Laughter, and turning about, I saw the twenty other Lasses that had been with me afore, you must e'en take up with us, (said they to me) now *Lauretta*'s gone: Agreed (said I to them again) if there is ever a Maid amongst you, I will wrestle a fall with her in the Bed of Roses: Then they laught ten times louder, than before; which put me out of countenance; but the youngest of 'em taking pity of me, said, come along with me,

I'll

I'll shew you our Maiden-Heads : So they took me into a little Temple ; and upon the Altar there was the Statue of Cupid, and all round it were little Bottles full of matter, neither properly to be term'd solid nor liq'ud, 'twas of a florid Colour, with whitish Veins. Pray shew me *Lauretta's*, (said I to one of them) here it is (says she to me) with her Name upon it ; but not the happy Man's that got it. How came that about (answer'd I) you must understand (says another of them, very precisely) when they are lost before Marriage, the Persons are not set down, to prevent sometimes shame, and always danger : Nature provoking us in the heat of Youth to lavish away that Treasure, before we have judgment enough to make a worthy Choice. From thence they led me unto another Temple, where there was *Vulcan* with a pair of Brow-Antlers twenty Foot high, at least ; every Stone in the Walls had some of these trophys fix'd upon it ; at last out rushes *Valentine* with a goodly pair indeed, tipt with Silver, and coming furiously upon me, gave me a horrible wound in the belly. I ran presently to the Rosy Cabinet, and there examin'd my entrails, but forgot the exact length of them, I did not feel any pain, but the same Woman that pist in my Mouth, came to me, with a Needle, and Thread, and sow'd up the Wound so neatly, that there was no cicatrix to be seen. She offer'd then to shew me *Lauretta*, and I came to embrace her, I found, to my great surprize, and concern, it was a cold stone, yet her Eyes
moy'd

mov'd, and her Mouth smil'd, and said, welcome my dear *Francion*, I am not angry with you now : But the Woman remarking my perplexity, told me, it was all in vain, for *Lauretta* was lockt up in a Crystal-Cafe. Upon my earnest solicitation, she touch'd the pedestal of it, with a little gold Wand she had ; and the Cafe divided it self immediately and *Lauretta* came out, and we were in the strictest embraces our Loves cou'd dictate, at that moment you wak'd me from the putrid Arms of Age and Deformity.

I am sorry (said the Gentleman to *Francion*) that I shou'd be so unfortunate as to interrupt your joys ; for doubtless the reality is much inferior to the vision of delight : The faculties of the Soul, being all intent upon that one action, not distracted with various accidents, and objects. Yet I cannot but envy you too. Had I such Dreams I shou'd but seldom desire to wake. But the comicallest part of your Dream, Sir, (continued the *Burgundian*) was the Sun's Groom ducking you in the Bason of Souls : I have taken notice of your Spittle, this Morning it looks odly, and I presume it is some of that Matter you swallow'd. Very merrily imagin'd indeed (answer'd *Francion*) but as to the explication of the Dream. There is more difficulty in it than I suspected (answered the Gentleman) however to keep my word with a Person, that has so extraordinarily oblig'd me by a diverting Relation, I will do my utmost. Your old Man is an emblem of Prudence, that whatever he may hear

hear tells nothing of it again, and ne'er speaks but when 'tis requisite, as the motto imports. The Tongues are back-biters, malicious people, always sowing Lyes, and infamous reports between Man and Man. Your Giant is a powerful Prince, but an ill one too, his rage proceeds from the consciousness of his Crimes, the Stench is that Scorn and Hatred which wicked Kings leave behind 'em, when their Heads are so low, that we need not fear their hands. Your insight into the Heavens, is a pure ridicule upon some sort of Philosophers, Astrologers, and Fortune-tellers. The Glass you broke, shews you the real fragility of carnal sensualities, notwithstanding their transparent lustre, and that they not only disappoint us, but damage us. The Womans pissing in your Mouth, shews you that all those delights and injoyments that the Sex Flatter us with, from their familiarity, is as fordid, as 'tis salacious. Her falling to Pieces, bespeaks the Fickleness of their inclinations, which are alienated from us, as soon as offer'd to us. The Head, and Arms, coming voluntarily, to be united to the Body, argues the influence, the lower parts of a Woman, have over her reason and her power: The naked Woman and all their actions are a lively representation of the foolish pleasures of the flesh, of the unbridled impiudence of Women, that have prostituted themselves, and cast off the Ornament of Vertue, and Decency. As *Valentine* did not hurt you, so his malice may be real, but will be ineffectual. The passages that happen'd between

between you and *Lauretta*, are a strong presumption to me, that tho' some Woman or other may endeavour to befriend you with *Lauretta*, yet you will never make any thing of it. The irregularities of our Lives and the mighty prevailing blandishments of the flesh, the flatulent Vanities of Ambition, or the Lust of Wine, creates so many disorders in our Minds, that Sleep is but a repetition of the enormities of the day ; the guilty impression lies deep upon the deluded Soul, and by indulging our deprav'd Appetites we make our Nights and Days equally criminal.

After Supper, the Gentleman wou'd oblige *Francion* to go to bed, and opening his wound, he drest it with a particular Balsam of his own, and having put him into the Bed : Now you may repose your self, (said the Gentleman to *Francion*) and keep your word with me, for I am very impatient till I hear your whole Life. After the civilities I have receiv'd Sir, (answer'd *Francion*) 'tis the least thing I can do to make such a return ; and 'tis my happiness too, that nothing but words shou'd be claim'd for so many weighty obligations. The Gentleman sitting down by the Bed-side, *Francion* began his Narration.

Sir, since we have time enough, I will particularize something of our Family to introduce my own account. My Father's Name was *la Porte*, as renown'd for his personal Vertues, as his noble Ancestours. He was early in his Prince's service, and signaliz'd himself in a great many actions ; but finding

ing his advancement answer'd neither his expectations nor his merits, he left the Court, and retir'd to a Concern he had in *Britany*: His Mother dying about that time, left him very much pester'd, with a croſs, knavish Father-in-law; who wou'd part with nothing but what the Law forc't from him; and as he was bred up in it he had the advantage over a Man of Arms, an utter Stranger to the Villanies, and Abuses of the Courts, which they have the impudence to call the Practice. A Bribe determin'd the Cause, but against my Father, and he was forc'd to prefer a Bill. But the Expences, and Delays, of this abominable Court, made him more angry, than before; so that after he had vented his rage against his Lawyers, and told them all that Malice dreſt with Truth, cou'd bring into a Mans Mouth, (tho' not the hundredth part of what they deserv'd) he went straight to his Adversary, and told him that they had to do with such bare-fac'd Rogues, that they wou'd hang up the Cause as long as either had got a Groat; so desir'd he wou'd appoint any Person of his Acquaintance, and he wou'd willingly stand to his award: By the comparing of their Papers together they found out how they were scandalously impos'd upon; and desiring a little time to consider, he entreated my Father to accept of a Dinner, it being past Noon, and having some Miles home: It happen'd very lucky for both, that my Father took a liking to one of the Gentleman's Daughters whom he had by a former Wife; and after Dinner, as they were taking

king a Bottle together, and running over their Matters, and some Difficulties arose, my Father made a proposition to settle the whole in the other Gentleman's Family, by marrying his Daughter, and taking it with her for a Fortune, tho' twas a Debt in it self, and settling it upon her for a Jointure, since they cou'd not more readily come to any amicable Agreement. That Evening all things were reconcil'd, and made up; Discharges drawn and Minutes taken for the Articles of Marriage: Thus one accidental Day put an end to a Suit that had continued many Years, with a great deal of Vexation, and Expence.

In a Twelvemonths time, they crown'd their conjugal Affections, but it prov'd a little Girl, and the Year after saluted 'em in the same phrase; I was not born till five Years after, and what was remarkable, 'twas on Twelfth-day, and my Mother happened to be Queen; while the Glass spun merrily about, she complain'd of some certain shootings, that her condition rendred not wonderful to the Company or Family: This being a new subject for passing the Glass about, every thing succeeded so well, that without the assistance of any Midwife, she was presently deliver'd of me: Being born under so auspicious an accident, I have ever since continu'd an humble Vassal to the juicy God.

But there is one Accident that happen'd to me just after I was wean'd, and brought home, so whimsical, I must beg leave to mention it. No Compliments, or Excuses, pray, Sir, (interrupted the Gentleman) you can say no-

thing but what I shall gladly listen to. In my Youth (continued *Francion*) I was a great admirer of Pap, and hardly ever wou'd eat any thing else : One Day the Nurse was gone down in haste, and left the Sauce-pan and Spoon by the Fireside, when a great Ape, that one of our Neighbours had, leapt into the Window, and took up every thing very handily, came to my Bed-side, and wou'd feed me, as he had remark'd other Children had been serv'd : But he spread it all over my Face; for being afraid of him, I turn'd my Head away, and would not eat : when he had splatter'd about all the Pap, he took my Clothes, and endeavour'd to dress me, but he put my Legs thro' the Arms of my Coat, and ty'd my Petticoat about my Neck. I roar'd out, but 'twas all one, our Folks were gone to Church, and my Nurse trespass'd upon my quietness. This four-footed dry Nurse, having play'd his Pranks, jumpt into the Window, from thence into a Tree, and so shear'd off. The Maid having dispatch'd her little Affairs, return'd to me again ; but mightily frighted at the posture she found me in ; a thousand times she crost herself, and wou'd have pray'd, but was not resolv'd enough to go thro' with one ejaculation ; and knowing that no Creature had come into the House, much less into the Nursery, she sincerely believ'd it was the Devil, and washing me clean, and dressing me as I shou'd be, she threw a pail full of Holy-water about the Room, and my Clothes. My Mother was told the Story, and she inform'd my Father of it, who laugh'd at 'em both : But one

one of the Foot-men who follow'd her up stairs, for reasons that may be guess'd, assur'd my Father that he saw me in that pickle : This puzzel'd him a little, and what made him almost suspect there was something in it, a night or two afterwards, there was a great disturbance in our Kitchin, the Dishes were clatter'd about, the Plates thrown all about, some earthen ware broke to pieces, with such a Noise, as frighted the Servants that lay nearest to it. But what was more remarkable, we found our Hall Table cover'd over with gilt Counters, as if some Body had been telling over Money, or casting up Accounts. What surpriz'd most of the Family, and made 'em apprehend the House was haunted, prov'd the only thing that clear'd the doubt, and discover'd it was our Neighbour's Monkey ; for talking of the accident, and shewing the pieces were left upon the Table, from one to another, they were at last known, and all the mighty Distraction in the Family very quietly compos'd. But several of the Domesticks were so possest of its being for certain the Devil, they wou'd not carry one of the Counters about 'em, for fear they shou'd be demanded at night again. You live, Sir, in the Country, and therefore can be no stranger to the Stupidity of the Country Fellows ; every thing that their ignorance can't comprehend, is marvellous at least, and often diabolical.

I shall not tempt your Patience with the little, tho many Waggeries, I committed when but a Child. How I learnt in a few

Months all the Latin our Parson had to set up with, besides what he had improv'd upon his Stock, and some time that he had been in our Parish: so I leave you to judge whether I was not an apt Scholar, or he a shallow Master.

Hearing my Father and some other Gentlemen talk mightily of the University, where Persons of all Ages, and the most glorious Ranks, follow'd their Studies, I was desirous to go there too. My Father was very indulgent to me, and encourag'd my Inclinations for Letters, as having too dearly experienc'd how precariously Men depend at Court, and how slowly good Men rise in an Army, unless they have some modish Vices to help the Ballance of their Courage and Conduct. He knew a beautiful Wife, gave the first Regiment to *de Humiers*, and he that cou'd quietly put his Horns in his Pocket, advanc'd himself to be a Marshal of *France*: But as there were no Colleges about us that he had any great opinion of, he took the opportunity of some Affairs, calling him to *Paris*, and carry'd me with him, and put me into such Hands as were recommended to him.

I quickly found my Error; for that felicity I propos'd to my self, was no part of it my Lot; I had exchang'd my Freedom for Bondage, and an indulgent Father and Mother, for a sour Pedant; a plentiful Table, for Hunger and Nastiness; the easy gentle reproofs of a mild Curate, for the Tyranny, and Barbarity, of a haughty, dogmatalical Coxcomb, that was more terrible, and proud with

with his Ferula and Birch, than ever any Monarch was of his Imperial Sway.

The Monitor of our Chamber, was a pragmatical Fellow ; and to impose upon People, went by the Name of *Hortenfius*, as if he had been somewhat by descent, or was somewhat by acquisition ; but the Pride of his Temper was less insupportable, than the parsimony of his Table : For tho' we paid great Rates for our Board, we had all been starv'd, but for the assistance of our Friends. He gave us an Overseer to provide our Breakfasts for us, and our After-noonings, but he was instructed to go out of the way with the Key, just about the time we were to be serv'd ; thus we were put off till Dinner, or Supper, and then we cou'd not recompense our hungry Bellies for the disappointment, because our Meat was portion'd all out in messes, and we had no allowance for the loss we sustain'd : Roots, Sallad, Mustard, and Vinegar he cou'd not be reconcil'd to : They made People eat too heartily. Besides he had a great Veneration for some peculiar sentences, that he had diligently collected out of what he had read, such as *Ne quid Nimis : Pingui Minerva : Jejunus Studebit, &c.* and every thing, that excus'd the scantiness of our allowance, or reproach'd the greatness of our Appetites. At Dinner-time we always held a Discourse in the favour of Abstinence, how the Antients liv'd ; that Generals roasted their own Potatoes, that Scholars were to study, not eat and drink like Cormorants. Yet while he read these salubrious Lectures to

us, who were no less than ten, to a shoulder of Lamb ; the cautious Pedant had a Pullet, with Eggs, for himself. If we had made any fault in our Exercise he wou'd punish us advantageously for himself ; for if the Fault was great we forfeited our Dinner, if less heinous, our Supper was substracted, and so he serv'd us all along, that he never provided for six reasonable Children what was competent, yet we were ten or a dozen always at Table : However I was not so greedy of Victuals, but I found spare Money for Romances, and Novels : I was in love with every Damsel I read of, and waited upon every Hero into the Lists, I participated in all their Triumphs ; and to let you see how early Vanity shoots in Mankind, I was always on the contrary side to the Man that was vanquisht. I never had so much real satisfaction in any Book since, as in those Days of ignorance. For now one knows not where to meet with a good Book, tho there are so many Millions of Books. Philosophy is falacious, History partial, the Law crabbed, Politicks knavish.

These Romances whetted my Courage, and I wanted to be a Knight Errant ; my Head was full of nothing but Swords, Spears, Shields chequer'd with Emeralds and Rubies, Ladies forc'd from their Lovers Arms, and hurry'd into enchanted Castles : whole Forests pull'd up by the Roots, and thrown at a single Man, who avoided 'em as dexterously, as they came with impetuosity.

This

This sort of application made me a very arch Wagg ; and I had now acquir'd the Nick-name of the Flail : For I went about in the dark Nights, and stood at the corner of a Street, and with a Bulls-pizel flap'd every one that came by. Clean Linen gave me the Cholick, and whole Clothes were my aversion. My Pedant's frowns I derided, and valu'd the Rod no more than if my Buttocks had been Brass ; I affronted every Body that past the Street ; and was in hopes my Master wou'd be tir'd with the Complaints against me, and send me home : But alas he got so considerably by our Board, that he wou'd never allow one of us fit to leave the College. He had taken the opportunity of commanding one Day before us all a Hare-Pasty that was sent him out of the Country, expatiated for a great while upon the excellencies of good Huswifry, and that there was no place so remote in the Kingdom but that a good Cook, cou'd send a Pye from it sweet to *Paris*. This was to egg us on that liv'd in the Country, to mind our Parents, at the seasons of the year to send him such presents. He was so pleas'd with the thoughts of his Pasty, that the very Water came in his Mouth, at the luscious Discourse ; and this gave me as eager a desire to play him a trick. As he seem'd fond of his nice bit, I over-heard him order it to be lock'd up in his Study ; which, thro' Covetousness, he had in some manner let run to ruin. Another arch dog and I, that were inseparable Cronies, and as true as Steel to one another, unripp'd the Hangings;

ings; and I being the least, squeez'd my self in between the Joices: I rummag'd about a long while, but at last met my delicate Booty. I tasted the crust, but it was insipid, being made for lasting, not eating; besides, the whole was too big to carry off: therefore, after a little deliberation, we open'd the Lid, and took out the Meat; and I cramm'd some foul Linen of my Master's, that I met with in my search, into the crust, and cover'd it close, so retreated. We eat till we were ready to burst, for it was too good to be thrown away, and to keep it by us, might betray us; for we knew not a hole in the House would escape the Inquisition, nay, he would have open'd our very Stomachs, if he durst.

The next day *Hortensius*, out of vanity, sent his Butler to invite a Brother of the Birch to breakfast on the Pasty; but with all insinuated that he must bring a Bottle of rare Wine with him, because the Hare was very high season'd: The old Fellow came in a Minute, with his Bottle under his Gown; the Pasty was usher'd in with necessary appurtenances; and wiping his Knife with some formality, and some halte, plunges it into the top: Ay! you keep your Knives well, *Hortensius* (says he) they cut of themselves I protest, and the Crust is most excellently short, it gives way as if it were afraid of being cut. *Hortensius* held his sides, and had almost fallen down with Laughter, to see the old Glutton so eager, that he cou'd not perceive that it had been opened before.

So

So taking up the lid ; now let us see what's here to laugh at, and being not able to discern, he put in his Finger ; Good, Good, this is tender indeed ! then out he pulls his Spectacles, and finding only dirty Clothes here, he thought *Hortensius* play'd him this Trick to upbraid his Gluttony, and that he laught all the while at the expectation of the Pedant's anger, for being so disappointed. But *Hortensius* that was more nearly concerned in the loss since 'twas all gone ; was so confounded he cou'd not tell what to do. The other in a rage snatch'd up his Wine, and hasted home : He cou'd not suspect his Servant concern'd in this Robbery, for he divided all he had with him ; and without reflecting on the disparity of their Conditions, us'd him as a Friend, not as a Footman ; we call him *Hortensius's Carving-Knife*, for he proportion'd out our Messes, and snipt a good bit from every one, which Oeconomy help'd out the next days Dinner, at the expence of our murmuring Bellies. As this Man's integrity cou'd not be suspected, it lay all at our Doors : And rather than not punish the Thief, he resolv'd to punish us all ; but it was less out of justice, than lucre ; for he had din'd privately himself just before School was done, and then went into his Study. When we come from Church the Steward was out of the way, designedly too ; so we were defrauded of our halfpenny Rolls : At Dinner-time we were seated at a bare Cloth, unless being dirty makes the Epithet impro-

per ; for it was as black as a Dish-Clout ; Napkins were never us'd, because the licking our Fingers was a considerable part of our Meals, but asking still for some Dinner, and gaping about till it came, we were all surpriz'd to see a Pasty brought in to us. My Comrade and I smelt a Rat, but said nothing. One of 'em quite famish'd, fell upon it and opening the Lid, seeing it was only Crust, in a rage threw it at the Fellow's Head, and made his escape to a Friend's House, but being all of us ready to starve, we sent out to the Cooks and replenish'd Nature.

Not being accustom'd to the private ceremonies of bribing our Pedant's Mercy, and Covetousness, I had not pay'd my New-Years Offering ; and my Father had forgot it too, when he sent up my Quarteridge ; so I was affronted at every turn ; while the others were caref's'd and cajol'd, but seldom had a bit of meat more than I had. To provoke this rascally Pedagogue the more, I left my Rogueries, and apply'd my self close to my Book. This put him out of Patience, and rather than not have his Revenge, he accus'd me several times of things unjustly, only to give me the Lash. At last my Money came, and I presented it after the infamous manner, that those Pédants had introduc'd : for to get something more than their due ; it was made a custom to fill a large Glass with Sweet-meats, and lay their Money upon it. I put, amongst others, a Lemon in my Glass, and my Quarteridge in the cavity of it ; and so,

so, with a feigned Concern, presenting it to him, said: *You are sensible, Sir, my Friends live a great way off; and since the Carrier is not come up with my Money, I humbly bring you this Free-will Offering, in earnest of five Pounds you shall be sure of in eight or ten days.* Either a conscious Shame for his Injustice to one that could so generously forgive, and make Presents too, or the soothing expectation of Money I promis'd him, melted his flinty Breast. With a grave Smile he poured back some of the Sugar-plumbs into my Hands, and gave the Lemon to a Favourite, little imagining it was really golden Fruit. When his back was turn'd, I ran to the Boy, and asked if he would change his Lemon for my Plumbs, which he was very willing to do, not much admiring four things. I posted back to my Master, and asked if he pleased to eat a piece of my Lemon, and cutting it in two, the Gold fell out; which he very eagerly snatches up, and said, This is then for me, that's a brave Boy; but, Sirrah, no more of these waggish Tricks, you might have lost all your Money by this Jeſt.

The savage disposition of our covetous Pedant was ever since a little less dangerous for me to encounter; but I had not the opportunity of being much the better for this alteration. My Father ſent for me down to him, to the wedding of two Sisters, who were both to be married in one day. How glorious a Change was this! My Liberty enters!

ters ! My Skin full of good Cheer ! My Friends gay and easy ! And my Company invited by my Neighbours ! This was a Paradise to me : but after I had been a little fatigued with these Diversions, I began to disapprove of so voluptuous a Life, and begg'd leave to return to my Studies. I shall not tempt your Patience with the Follies of these Years, you have had but too tedious a relation of those sort of tricks already. You injure my Patience, Sir (replied the Gentleman) while you suspect it tired with so many pleasing Passages, where youth shews the same subtlety in its undertakings, as Statesmen and Generals do, tho in another Sphere. But, Sir, (answer'd *Francion*) I would now step up to something worth your Attention, and acquaint you with matters that import a great deal of more of Solidity and Reflection.

But designing a compleat draught of a Man's Life, we could not, without an absurdity, pass by those Waggeries incident to Children of Spirit and Birth ; they have their Morals too, which, if seriously weighed, give us a just Idea of unpractis'd Nature. The Character of *Francion's* Father represents an honest brave Man, willing to serve his Country, but unable to push his Fortunes by Baseness, Flattery and Villany. In the most retired Condition, he has none but generous Thoughts, Virtue is his Delight, Ceremony his Pain, but Injustice his Abomination. You have here a short, but severe Satyr upon the
illegal

illegal Practices of the Courts of Judicature, the Abuses of the Laws which were made for our redress ; here is besides, the sordid Tempers of a School-Master, and the archness of his Scholars : The Vanity and foolish Pride of those that wou'd pass upon the World for what they are not. In the sequel of this History, *Francion* informs us how ridiculous *Hortensius* made himself ; and had a secret Pleasure in lashing baseness, because, in the main, he was one of honourable Principles. However, he was not so intent upon the Thread of his Discourse, but that he turn'd his Eyes about the Chamber from time to time, and having taken particular notice of a Picture at the farther end, he threw back the Curtain—Do you want any thing, Sir ? says the Gentleman to him, only a Servant, replied *Francion*, to reach me yonders Picture, at this distance I cannot tell what to make of it. If that is all, Sir, answer'd the Gentleman, I'll fetch it my self, and with that rose up and took down the Picture, which was an Oval no larger than a Crown-piece. I am sorry I gave you the trouble, Sir, said *Francion*, taking it from him, and after, he had look'd earnestly upon it ; Do you lay those Ambushes, Sir, for your Guests ? Who wou'd not hazard his Neck for so charming a booty as this ? Every body is not so sensible as you are of the Powers of Love, answered the Gentleman, I look upon it often without concern, tho not without admiration ; and have all the pleasures of the most exquisite Beauty in the Person of my Widow

I mention'd to you: for tho she is but a fifth-rate Beauty, I can frame an Idea of so incomparable a Face, such sparkling Eyes, so fine a Skin, that my Imagination furnishes me in her with the collected Charms of every Fair, and I have none of those solicitous Anxieties that make other Lovers pay too great a price almost for any Enjoyment: For it is most certain that very delight that blooms in Guilt, will knit in Sorrow, may ripen in Misery, and fall in Perdition.



THE



THE
COMICAL HISTORY
OF
FRANCION

BOOK IV.

I SHALL find leisure to morrow, says *Francion*, to take a more exact view of this Picture: at present I must acquit my self of my Promise to you; and since you will not permit me to pass by some frivolous incidents of my immature Years, I must continue my Story with the particulars of my Studies. To amuse our

our Master, I had my Claffick Authors pil'd up before me, while I was very intent upon some Romances ; and burning with an ardent Desire of atchieving something, I knew not how to express my Concern, to find my Capacity was so opposite to my Will.

You may easily believe I was better satisfied with my own Books than our Master's Lectures ; for he was the most consummate Dunce that ever crept into a Desk : He taught us nothing but the elaborate Superfluities of Learning ; the Bane of School-boys, and the Reproach of Pedants. We were perverted, not instructed ; and disgusted at Knowledge, not made desirous of it. 'Tis a shame there is none but Blockheads almost in the University to educate young Gentlemen ; and how are Parents impos'd upon, when they send up their Children to such Tutors as these, that have neither Sense nor Manners, but cover a profound Stupidity with a collected parcel of bits and rags of several Authors ! Purity of Language, sublimeness of Stile, propriety of Phrase, neatness of Similies, exactness of Argumentation, choice of Words, justness of Examples, and every thing that constitutes the Beauty and Harmony of a Pièce, they cannot make you remark, because they are ignorant of it themselves. As for the moral Principles that the Soul should be seasoned with ; you are equally disappointed in that grand Affair too : and yet this is the life of Learning, and the basis of Virtue ; for without it a Man cannot be honourable or honest. Their niggardly Allowance

lowance at Table makes Boys learn to steal ; and Lying is the Daughter of Theft. So scandalous a Habit, that no Reproach is equal to it amongst Gentlemen. In a word, pay but your Boarding punctually, send them up a Pig or a Turkey, a Collar of Brawn, or a fat Goose ; if your Son will be contented to starve, he may be guilty of any Vice, how nefarious soever, provided they don't diminish their Master's Profits.

But amongst the rest of our Regent's imaginary Endowments, he had a great opinion of his Poetry : and we had our parts allotted us in a Tragedy of his own composing, and an original it was. We were all Gods and great Princes, and the Decorations of the Stage were inimitable : for a Fountain, there was a Barrel, which run into a Pail ; and to prevent its running over, it had no bottom, but stood upon the top of a Cistern. The Trees he had begg'd leave to cut down out of a Wood, and their Branches were most of them cover'd with a painted Cloth, that represented the Clouds. *Apollo's High Priest* was dress'd like a Cordelier saying Mass. The whole was of one piece, the disposition of the Acts, the main Plot, and the by-Plots, were so like one the other, that any Man might swear they had but one Poet, and no Supervisor. He introduc'd *Jupiter* complaining his Head ach'd, and begging for God's sake they would make him some Caudle. *Pallas* came in knitting Stockings, because he said it was more exegetical ; Spinning alone would not have bespoke her so good a Housewife ;

wife; and every personage in the Play was proportionable: tho if he had left out *Pallas*, and pretended *Jupiter* had been in Labour at that time, he might have cited some Authors to back his Conception; but he scorn'd every thing that was not excentric.

You must give me leave to describe to you the Catastrophe of our Tragedy, for it was a very Farce. As it happen'd, I being barbarously murder'd, was to ascend like a Fury to torment the Man that did it; and the Regent, who had put on one of the spare Suits, the better to instruct every one in the management of their Robes and Turbants, and set themselves off with uncommon Graces and Airs, finding that my Murderer boggled and hesitated, and put a stop to the Acting, came from behind the Scenes in a rage, and pull'd him off; then advancing to me to tell me the Accident, I pretended I knew him not, being muzzled up my self, and taking him by the Throat, run my Torch in his Face, burnt his Chops, and let the Rosin and Pitch, as it melted, flare off upon his Clothes. At this rate I hunted him about the Stage, till either suffocated with the Smoak, or apprehending I intended farther Mischief, he fell down in a Swoon. This ridiculous piece of Malice made the Audience ready to split with laughing; for, knowing him, they presum'd it was done to revenge some hard Task, or severe Whipping: but he paid me as well for it afterwards. This Accident concluded our Tragedy and our Farce too, and gave me the Applause of having acted my part the most

most natural of any. So I had some Glory to make amends for my Smart; but my poor Backside look'd as if it had been scarify'd, not whipp'd.

I lived with *Hortensius*, for my part, at the old rate; but he used us more scurvily than ever, and the Winter being excessive cold, we were forced to burn the shelves of our Studies, the Straw from under our Beds, nay, our very Copy-books; for he would not allow us any Fire. One day, going his rounds, he would needs visit my Library; and finding abundance of Novels and merry Stories, he pack'd them all in his Gown, and carried them away with him; telling me, as he left the Chamber, that they perverted my Inclinations, and tended to the depraving of good Manners. But some of them wrought my Revenge in as ample a manner as I could wish; for what with the tender Impression they made upon *Hortensius*, and the Lawyer's Daughter that paid me my Allowance, he grew as foolishly enamour'd, as I was fond of being a Knight Errant: for *Cupid* is no more afraid of a Ferula, than a Sceptre. As nothing makes a more remarkable Alteration for the better than Love, so our Pedant began to spruce up himself: whereas he never chang'd Linen but the first day of the Month, he came now to once Fornight; he curl'd his Whiskers with the handle of a Ladle, and the Porter being a Botcher, had two days labour to heal the Breaches of his old Casock, and bring over the schismatical parts of his Gown to somewhat like a primitive Unity.

He

He never saw his Face but in a Pail of Water, and now was so extravagant as to purchase a two-penny Looking-glass : but what caused him some uneasy hours was, he could not contrive to see whether his posture in reading became him or not ; for as he cast his Eyes upon the Book, he could not see himself ; and if he look'd in the Glass, he found his Eyes off his Book. He was as assiduous in correcting the Accomplishments of his Mind, as those of his Body ; and perus'd my Books, to learn by-heart some engaging Expressions, which, alas, were new to him, tho fifty Years obsolete : but he thought them *Ciceronian* by their antiquity, and wonderful elegant, because they were uncommon. Making a Visit to the Lawyer, who was not then within, he met his Daughter, and taking the courage to go up to her, he thus bespoke her in a studied Phrase : *Madam*, said he to her (with all the fantastical Gesticulations of a conceited Orator) *my Misfortune is my Felicity, yet in my Happiness I find my Ruin : I lose your Father's Conversation, but am bless'd with yours ; and while I enjoy that, the mellifluous Accents of your harmonious Speech, take my Reason by Storm, and put my Liberty to the Sword.* The young Lady (whose Name was *Fremond*) did not want for a ready Wit, but was horribly puzzled with this Dialect, and making him no Answer. *Your silence, Madam* (continued he) *speaks more emphatically, than the best order'd Words can do ; and your incomparable Beauties, like the resplendent Sun, give Life, and Death, and Resurrection : if on the Altar*

Altar of your Goodness you would let me immolate my transporting Affections, and pay my raging Adorations at your vertuous Shrine, I should very dogmatically sign my self your tremendous Vassal, concatenated to the extremest succession of Time; or, as the Mantuan Swain so sweetly sings, Semper honos, nomenq; tuum laudelq; manebunt. And a hundred more of these extravagant Expressions had he compiled together, to convince the World, (or at least all that hear him) that the Foppery of Letters and Languages, is the most ridiculous Impertinence of any that Man Mankind is exposed to.

I was making a Visit to her one Evening, and a young Lawyer came in, a Spark of hers, (for she was as right as ever struck) and after the usual Ceremonies, finding I belong'd to the College, he ask'd me if I did not remember an old Maxim, *That the most dangerous wild Beast was a Back-biter, and the most dangerous tame Beast was a Flatterer.* I told him yes, very well, for it was out of Plutarch: but with due deference to so great a Man, that did not hold true now; for a Pedant was worse. 'Tis very true indeed, (says the Gentleman) and I have found it so as well as you, Sir; and since you seem to understand the matter (continued the Lawyer) pray what is your distinction of a Pedant? That Appellation, Sir (replied I) was impos'd upon them by royal Authority; for the Vice-Chancellor of the University, with the Doctors, and others of the topping Men, coming to pay their Devoirs to his Majesty,

Majesty, and being introduc'd according to the usual Formalities, he began his harangue with your most august and sacred Majesty's dutiful Daughter, the University, has commanded us, her respectful and laborious Officers, to beg your Majesty's Blessing upon her; with reiterated Assurances of her filial Obedience, and that nothing can make her deviate from the Interest and Honour of so indulgent a Parent.— The King, turning about to one of the Lords in waiting, said: In good truth, my Lord, my Daughter is a very draggle-tail'd Hussy, and so dismiss'd them: then order'd his Coaches to go out and take the Air, for the Presence. Chamber was so abominable dirty, it could not be endur'd. Since which time, Sir, the modern Philosophers have conferr'd upon them the denomination of Pedants, because they came a-foot to Court, which none but meer Scoundrels do. The reason you give, Sir, (returned the Lawyer) is just enough and whimsical too: But pray what is your Regent? Is he no better sort of a Man than the rest? Oblige us with his Character.

I was glad of an opportunity of vending my Malice, that I thought they would have died with laughing. But how can you be so great a Tyrant, Cousin (continued I to *Fremond*) to take so much Satisfaction in the Frailties of your Admirer? For you must give me leave to tell you, that he is over Head and Ears in love with you, and is always asking me how you do, and presenting his affectionate Service to you the next time I see you. My

Cousin having acquainted the Lawyer with what execrable Bombast he had perplex'd her Intellects the last time he was there, desired me to carry on the Humour, and assure *Hortensius*, that she thought him the most accomplish'd Gentleman, and profoundest Scholar of the University.

Having a fair occasion that Evening to speak to *Hortensius* in particular, I discharg'd my Duty, and added so much to my Message, that I made him resolve upon paying her a Visit the next day, and declaring his Passion and Pretences; I gave her notice of it, and she was prepared for his Reception. The straitness of her Father's Circumstances made him willing to entertain any body, in hopes at last some fat Bull might drop into her Nets. Being come into their Parlour, he bow'd and advanced, and then bowing again to the very Ground, with his Cap under his left Arm, and a Handkerchief in his right Hand, he wiped his Mouth, coughed, and thus accosted her: *The wonderful Miracles of your marvellous Beauty* (most prodigiously divine Madam) *have so wrought upon my stubborn Inclinations, that I am become a Proselyte to Love; and tho Experience and Reason did long justify my opposing the Power and Artillery, and turn a deaf Ear to the deluding Overtures of the winged blind Divinity; yet your prodigious Eyes make me not only rebel against the Dictates of my Knowledge, but be a willing Deserter from the Ensigns of Discretion, to the magnificent Standards of Love: and now I most humbly adore those fatal Darts, which in my days*

days of Ignorance I blasphemed ; and at the foot of the Altar of your transcendent Excelencies, I implore your gracious acceptance of my faithful Services. The indelible Character of your eximious Charms are more lastingly impress'd on my tortured Heart, than any Inscription of the Grecian Antiquities, which have continued legible so many Olympiads. Here he paus'd and bow'd, expecting an Answer. *Fremond*, in very easy natural Terms, told him, that she never expected so great an Honour, as to make a Conquest over so wise learned and judicious a Person as he was ; and only presum'd he had feign'd a Passion to have a more ample Field for his Rhetorick. Oh charming cruel Goddess (replied *Hortensius* but cruel Charmer too) the Radiation of your glorious Luminaries, dazzle my Understanding. Your Perfections are beyond the Horizon of our Conceptions, and your Virtues move in so supreme an Orb, that the Astrolabe of human Wisdom can make no discoveries of so wonderfully distant a Region ; but if your exalted Soul is not susceptible of Compassion, Pity and Mercy, I must be forced to liken you to *Nero*, that blood-thirsty, barbarous, cruel Tyrant of Rome that could dance and sport, and play upon his Harp, whilst that glorious Queen of the Universe, was, by his own Hands, consuming with an inextinguishable Fire. But I had much rather compare you to the Head of the famous *Achilles's Launce* ; for that (illustrious Angel) would always cure the deepest Wounds it gave. You invert the Order of inscr.

table Nature, and are agent that should be passive ; but if you would kindly submit your alabaster Neck to *Hymen's velvet Yoke*, I should be proud to draw with you *in secula seculorum*. Yokes, Sir (replied *Fremond*) bear too servile an importation for so generous a Spirit as yours ; and the utmost of my Ambition, would be the Honour of your Slave. Here the Pedant launch'd out into so wide a Sea of Tropes, and Figures, of cramp Words, and incomprehensible Bombast, so countercomposed with *Greek*, that you may easily imagine, Sir, (says *Francion*) that my Cousin did not comprehend one Sylable of what he said.

But to carry on the whim, she return'd him hearty Acknowledgments, and promis'd to come and see the College in a very little while, with only a Gentlewoman or two of her Acquaintance. The day being fix'd for the Visit, he was resolved to be prodigal, and have a sumptuous Banquet of Sweet-meats, to welcome this powerful Queen of his Affections. But apprehending I might not be invited, I thought it was good to be sure. I had a wonderful liquorish hankering after a Bottle of *Hypocras* and *Muscat-wine*, that was in his Study : so coming impudently into the Chamber, I look'd over his Shoulder, and found he was reading the *Turkish History*. That's a fine Book, I believe, Sir (said I :) Ay, Sirrah (says he) and here is something worth observation, and which I never met with before ; but we may live and learn.— No body that approaches the

Room of the Grand Seignior, dare turn their Back upon the puissant Monarch ; and tho' an Ambassador of *France* itself, he must go backward out of his Presence. Remember this, and enter it in your Common-Place-book. I'll do that presently, Sir (said I) and run into his Study. What do you want there (cries he?) Only to write it down, for fear I forget it ; besides, I would see a Line of your *Dupin's Ovid*. 'Tis in the Corner (says he) on the lower shelf. I wanted only the Bottle of *Hypocras*, but it was too big to put in my Breeches, and I was forced to tie it to my Waste with my Garter, all the while mumbling to my self as if I had been reading : However, fearing to be cast away so near the Port, I had recourse to his *Mahometan* Obedience, and told him, as I came out of the Study, that I would inculcate his Precepts, by practising them ; and supposing him to be the Sultan, I would be the *French* Ambassador : and so making some waggish Cringes, I went backwards out of his Chamber, and he smiled at me, little suspecting what I had at my Girdle. I drank it up with a Comrade of mine, and, to prevent his fury, stole out to *Fremonde* ; who, I knew, had such an ascendant over him, as he could not be angry in her company.

Fremond was as good as her word, and came only with the two young Gentlewomen she mention'd. To avoid Scandal, he had opened a back-door into a by-street, that had been shut for more than half a score Years past. *Hortensius*, to shew his Love and Learn-

ing at once, took a piece of Paper, and writ an Epigram on *Fremond's* Beauty ; and having finish'd one Stanza, he shew'd it the Company, who applauded the facility of his Muse, and pretty turn of Thought, he would needs enlarge upon the Subject : and while he was stroaking his Beard and scratching his Ears, measuring out the Cadencies with his Fingers, and rubbing his Forehead, as tho he labour'd hard for an ingenious Flight, one of the young Women very pleasantly said : Oh, Mr. *Regent*, don't give your self so much trouble, if you'll write, I'll dictate to you ; for I got these by heart last Night out of a Miscellany that has been printed some time since. That's impossible, sure (said *Hortensius*) this is the pure Product of my own invention. That may be, but with your leave (replied the Lady) I will repeat the whole to you, and then you may judge ; which she doing very readily, he, in a peevish feud, cried, I thought how you were mistaken ; for tho Men of equal Parts and Learning cannot but light upon the same Thoughts on the Subject, yet you see your Author calls his Mistress *Clorinda*, mine is *Fremond* ; where he has Beauty, I have put Charms : he has Breast, I have Heart ; he has Bows, I have Shaft ; he has Fire, I have Flame. In a word, there can be nothing said, but, in some measure, has been said ; and the varieties I have made, is a proof that the workmanship is my own, tho the Model may be like another.

They would not deride him much there; but it fell heavy upon him when they got home. To wave this ungrateful Discourse, he order'd the Cloth to be laid, and there was a pretty Entertainment of wet and dry Sweet-meats; but when they came to the Article of the *Hypocras*, which he had extoll'd mightily to them, it could not be found; so they were oblig'd to make the most of the Muscat-wine. *Hortensius* would have been in a terrible Passion at this unlucky Disappointment; but he was forc'd to bridle in his Rage, lest his Mistress should take him for a peevish, fretful, ill-natur'd Fellow. I very confidently went up to my Cousin, and participated of what neither her Pockets nor her Belly could hold. *Hortensius* never made an Entertainment, but he swallow'd more than all the Company besides, resolving to have his share, since he was at all the Expences. In a little time he had clean'd the Dishes, and found the bottom of the Bottles, and was got into his Altitudes; so gay and cheerful, he never was so good company in all his life before. He began to tell amorous Stories out of several Poets, and every now and then would say—But to be short, Ladies. One of the young Girls being the better for what she had drank, cried, Oh, Mr. Regent, for shame! if you would win the Woman, you must not be short; you can never be too long for us. The whole Company laugh'd, and the Regent pleas'd with the freedom of her Speech, would begin her health with three in a hand, which made

made him hardly able to keep his Legs. As he was reeling about, and quoting Latin Authors, *Fremond's* Gallant came to them, with two more young Women; but the merriest, archest Wags that were in town; and addressing himself to *Hortensius*: I ask your pardon, Sir (says he) for my Intrusion; but having particular business with *Fremond*, I chose rather to encroach upon your civility, than that her business should suffer. There needs no excuse, Sir (answer'd *Fremond*) I am sure Mr. Regent is very glad of your company, and only wishes you had been here sooner, before the desert was made an end of: but there is some Wine left (added another) I ask your pardon, Madam (answer'd the Butler.) Well, Man, prithee go to the Tavern (cried *Hortensius*) and get me some, and bid them prepare me a Supper; for it being late, and the Lawyer having brought a Fidler with him, he found they design'd to make a Night on't: But as they were all very pleasant, and dispos'd to be heartily merry, he grudg'd nothing at that instant.

Supper being served in, none of those that came first would touch a bit; but *Hortensius* found room for a Leg of a Pullet, and as he gnaw'd his bone, he cast such ridiculous looks at *Fremond*, as if he apprehended she was going to snatch it from him. I stuck close to her, and got my share of this Repast too. When it was over, the Fidler struck up, and they diverted themselves with dancing. Being weary of that violent Exercise upon a full stomach, they went to several little plays

that suited well enough with the disposition of the Company and the Place they were in; but when they came to removing of household-stuff, you would have thought they had been all distracted: They did not leave one Book upon the shelves, Papers, foul Linen, every thing that came to hand, flew about the room from one to another; and *Hortensius* had them oftner thrown at his Head than at all the Company besides. After this laborious Pastime, the word was given for a Dance again, and *Fremond* took out Mr. Regent, who was willing to oblige the good Company, but could not be brought to pull off his Cassock; not that he imagin'd any one would steal it, but to hide the deficiencies of his Doublet, which had frequently labour'd under a Syneedoche. Some Schisms were made up with stuff of a different colour, as well as nature: these he call'd, in the College phrase, Metonymies of the Adjunct. How unwilling soever he was to expose his nakedness, the Women fell all upon him, and pluck'd it off; they laugh'd at him, and he laugh'd because they laugh'd: but he did so reel, and hop, and bow, and grin, that what with his postures and his dress, no *Merry-Andrew* was ever so comical. While he was engag'd in a Minuet with his seraphical *Fremond*, one of the Gentlewomen put on his Cassock and his Cap, and walk'd about the Room in it. When the Dance was over, and the Glass presented about, the Fidler happen'd to play an old Tune of an *Opera*, which *Hortensius* knew a little of: Forbear a little,

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my worthy *Orpheus* (cries he in haste, and ran to his Bed, and from the Tester haul'd down an old rotten Bass-Viol) let us tune together. I know that Air perfectly well; I will shew these Ladies that I am *in utrumq; paratus*. Be sure, Friend, you play easy and soft, *iterumq; iterumq; monebo*. What think you, Gallants (added he) of a Ballad, while we two charm your Ears with our melodious Strains? Of what fort would you have it (said *Fremond?*) Why, that Gentleman in my robes shall be the Principal of the College, and you shall be his Scholar. *Francion* (continued he) go borrow some Gowns for them of your Play-fellows: they all went into another Room to dress themselves, but finding it very late, they gave him the slip, and I went to my Chamber, as if I knew nothing of the matter.

The Principal was going his Rounds with a dark-lanthorn, to see if every body was in their Chambers; and hearing such horrible Musick in our Apartment, he stopp'd under the Window to listen, and heard *Hortensius* bawling out ready to tear his Throat: so there, Mr. Principal, come in, make your Entrance. The Principal imagin'd he saw him thro' the Window, and went up to see what he had to say to him, or if there was any Wedding there. Being advanced to the Landing-place, he heard him crying out again, *Festina, Festina, Principal, I am quite out of Patience, you tarry so long; I'll take a Frisk by my self, and rapping the Fidler over the Knuckles with the Bow of his Bass-Viol:*

play me (says he) that numerical Jig the *Corybantes*, used in pious Memory of *Jupiter's* Preservation, when that old jolterhead *Saturn* hunted after him to eat him up. The poor Fellow, that understood no more of the matter than if he had spoke *Arabick* to him, continued thrashing on at his old Tune; which so provok'd *Hortensius*, that he beat him most enormously. To prevent farther mischief, and appease this disorder, the Principal came into the Chamber. *Hortensius* was not so drunk but he knew him, and left off beating the poor Fidler: what, are you mad (said the Principal to him) or drunk? Every thing is in Confusion, your Chamber is a perfect Chaos. Oh, what Indignity to Letters! Here's *Tacitus* under the Table, and the divine *Cicero* in the Chamber-pot; here's nothing in order but empty Bottles. Indeed, Mr. Principal, I treated some Friends here (answer'd *Hortensius*) and we were dispos'd to have a Frolick, and one of them would represent a Principal in a Farce we were going to act; and 'twas to him I spoke, Sir, not you: they are all dressing themselves in my Boy's Apartment; please you to take part of our Mirth? The Principal went out to see who they were, but finding no living Creature, returned to the Regent, and told him with an austere Voice, you rave or dream; you have company when you are by your self; your Room is litter'd like a Hogs-stye: and you Scoundrel of a Fidler, what do you do in my College? Your horrible Harmony has help'd to make this Person more distracted than the Wine

Wine has done. I am but a poor blind Man, Sir, and go where I am carried (answer'd the Fellow) I don't know where I am, nor with whom I am, for my Eyes were sent from me before I came hither. How (says the Principal) your Eyes sent away from you? What, are you all out of your wits to-night? My Eyes (replied the Fidler) is a little Boy that leads me about, and carries me home again: they bargain'd with me for half a Crown; if you'll go with me, Friend, I'll give thee a couple of pence. It is a sign (said the Principal) that you want your Eyes, since you don't see who I am; you must provide your self of another Guide. During this Dialogue, *Hortensius* was putting his things to rights, and trotting from one side of the Room to t'other, the Fidler laid hands on him, and demanded his Money. Let them that employ'd you, pay you (said *Hortensius* very gruffly.) For shame (says the Principal) give the poor Fellow his hire: but where is this Company you were playing to? With that *Hortensius* took up a Candle and came to my Bed, and asked me what was become of them all? I told him, that just as they were ready to come in, they spied the Principal walking his Rounds; and *Fremond*, thinking it highly improper for her to be seen there at that time of night, stole down stairs, and the rest of the Company would not stay behind her. But my Cassock, Boy, they have left that, sure (says *Hortensius*.) No, indeed (said I;) but on the contrary, the Gentleman said he would sell it, and drink

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your health with the same Company at breakfast. I don't understand this (says *Hortensius* to the Principal) being return'd to his Chamber. Go to Bed, go (said the Principal) believing him craz'd; at least I'll take care and satisfy the Fellow, and provide him a Lodging somewhere else; for if he continues with you, you'll fall together by the ears again; and if you agree, you'll be playing again, and either way create a disturbance.

The next Morning *Hortensius* was visited by all the Masters of the College, who had been assur'd by the Principal, that he labour'd under an Alienation of Mind: He had slept himself sober, and they found him in his usual temper; so they only banter'd him a little about his Consort of Musick. When we had din'd, he sent me to *Fremond*, to entreat her to send back his Caffock. She wrote him for answer, that she was sensible of his Affection, and pleas'd with it, but could not resolve to dispose of herself but to such a one whose Honour and Virtue gave him justly the title of Gentleman; and since she expected he would for the future wear a Sword, he had no farther occasion for his Caffock.

This was a positive Injunction for *Hortensius*; and he return'd his Answer, intimating, that he design'd all along to be call'd to the Bar, and that the Profession he was of did no ways derogate from the Honour of his Family, Learning being more noble than Warfare; but he would submit in every thing to her Will and Pleasure. This was so thick brew'd with tropes and figures, ends of Verse and

and Sentences, Greek and Latin, that the Company was puzzled to pick out the Meaning of more than what I relate to you.

Hortensius was now at a greater loss than ever; Love made him promise, Honour oblig'd him to keep it, and yet he could not make so sudden an alteration from a diminitive Band to voluminous Steenkerk; from a square Cap to a Hat and Feather, from a Ferula to a Fighting-iron, without an Injury to his Character. But to bring them by degrees to it, he pretended he was going out of town, so walk'd about in his Boots and Sword two or three days successively, pretending still some Accident or other retarded his Journey. At last he got us an Usher to supply his place, and went out of town. At his return he took private Lodgings, and walked about always in his Boots and Sword: he made his Gown up into a fashionable suit of Clothes, and had nothing pedantick about him but his Conversation.

Making his Mistress a Visit in this Equipage, she seem'd highly pleas'd with him: There is nothing now, I think, Sir, (says *Fremond* to him) but to make out your Birth and Family, to satisfy me of your Passion and Honour. Our Lover was mightily nonplus'd at this; but finding out a Person of their Village that liv'd in town, he offer'd him some Money to depose that he knew his Father very well, and that he always liv'd like a Gentleman, and was of good repute with the best of the Country. But the old Fellow told him, that he was drawing to his latter End, and would by no means burden his Conscience with so many

many villainous Forgeries : if he could put him in a way of doing it without Sin or Shame, he would do him all the Service that lay in his Power. I'll convince you (*says Hortensius*) how you may be safe, and answer as I desire to all the Questions they shall ask. He that desires to be a good Christian, is a good Christian ; and he that desires to be a Gentleman, has the Soul of a Gentleman, therefore must needs be one. You cannot but imagine my Father and I too wish we were Gentlemen ; so that point is clear'd. Now for having been in the King's Service, that I can prove incontestably true ; for I have heard him frequently tell my Mother, how in his younger days he run away from his Parents, who were ready to starve, and help'd to water Horses in an Inn ; and it happen'd some of the Horses that stood there at livery belong'd to Officers, so that he serv'd the King in serving them, and would have been a Colonel, if they would have given him a Regiment ; so 'twas no fault of his if he had no Commission. That he lived always like a Gentleman, is as evident ; for he eat and drank of the best he could get, wore as good Clothes as he could, and lay in as good a Bed as he could ; a Gentleman can do no more.

The harmless Country-fellow, confounded with his Sophistry, was forc'd to believe what he could not contradict ; besides, he had given some necessary Instructions to his Butler, how to make every thing greater than it was, as well to persuade the Company of his Modesty, when he discoursed of himself,

self, and that he was very well to pass in the World.

The appointed Day being come, and all the Company met, *Hortensius*, making some amorous Flourishes to *Fremond*, continued to assure her, that he could maintain her like a Lady ; and then run all the Impudence and Impertinence imaginable. Sir, (says he, directing his Discourse to the Lawyer her Cousin) lest you should think I came off a Dunghill, I'd have you know I purchas'd an Estate in the Country that cost me above five hundred Pounds. The Butler, that stood behind him, thought he came into play now ; and speaking very arrogantly, said, if you had not paid above a thousand, you had never set foot in it. Well, Mr. Impudence (says *Hortensius*) as if he had been in a Passion, is that your Manners ? If I did tell a fib on the right side, are you to reprove me ? Besides, I have (continued he to the Lawyer) a Rent-charge of better than three hundred Pounds *per Annum* upon a noble Estate. My Master will wrong himself, Ladies (says the Butler, stepping forward) it is full six hundred indeed, I read the Instruments but t'other day. Can't you hold your Tongue, you Rascal ? (replied *Hortensius*;) I ought to do Justice, Sir, (answer'd the Butler) when you forget to do it your self.

Sir, (says *Fremond*) from your own report, and that of your Servant, we understand you are worth about eighteen hundred Pound ; tho you must give me leave to tell you, that I have had it from such as I dare confide
in

in, that you owe above a thousand Pound that you took up, as well for the Purchase you mention'd, as some other Exigencies you met with formerly. Whosoever, Madam, (replied *Hortensius*) told you that, abus'd you. Sir, (said *Fremond*) you will forfeit the Opinion we have of your Integrity, if you persist in denying things that are next to self-evident. *Hortensius*, being unwilling to provoke his Mistress, by a too positive Assertion of his not owing so much; and knowing on the other hand he had told her Lies enough, said, it was true indeed he had contracted a Debt of about a thousand Pound. Lord, Sir, (cries out the Butler) I wonder you should say so, when it is two thousand Pound, and a better Penny. Sirrah, (says *Hortensius*, rising up in a great Fury) you go beyond your Orders, and have ruin'd me; there's a difference between owing of Money and making of Purchases. This Reprimand was more particularly explain'd to the Fellow by five or six heavy Rebukes cross the Eyes and Ears; and *Hortensius* had enlarg'd upon that Head, if the Company had not interfered. When he was seated again, *Fremond* told him, that if he could make out his Family were Gentlemen, they would not lay too great a stress upon the narrowness of his Circumstances. That I can easily do, Madam, (replied *Hortensius*) here is an honest, plain-dealing, downright, upright Man. Well, Friend, (said *Fremond's Cousin* to him) we would know if the Father of this *Hortensius* was a Gentleman; what say you to it? That he was

to my knowledge ; and his Grandfather (added the Lawyer) he was the same too : Have you no Writings to shew for it ? (continued he to *Hortensius*.) Oh ! No, Sir, (replied he) our Family is so antient, that no Care could preserve our Patents for so many Ages against Rats, Rapines and Conflagrations. I don't question that (says the Lawyer to *Hortensius*;) but you, Friend (continued he to the Country-fellow) was *Hortensius*'s Father ever in the Wars ? Yes, verily (said he) he was ; and when he retir'd from publick Affairs (says the Lawyer) did he wear a Sword ? This question put him beside his biass, and as he would not be guilty of a Lye willingly, and yet serve his Friend too, he said, that he could not say he always wore a Sword, but he knew he never went without a long Knife at his Girdle, or some Weapon or other. That may be (added the Lawyer) was only a Bill or a Hatchet ; but did he ever hunt with the Gentleman ? (continued he) Did he keep any Dogs ? Only a Cur (replied the Fellow) to look after the Sheep, while he was busied in making little Images and Merry-conceits for Tobacco-stoppers, which he sold to Passengers for pence a-piece. Nothing can be more natural than this (says the Lawyer, with a malicious Smile) but the Company were not so much Masters of their Tempers, and burst all out a-laughing. *Hortensius*, desirous to remedy, as well as the thing would bear, the Oversight of his ignorant Evidence (with somewhat a precipitate Tone) assur'd the Company, that it ought

ought not to be a Reproach to his Family, that his Father look'd after Sheep; Kings formerly had done it, and 'tis the style of Sovereignty now to be call'd the Shepherds of their People; and since he had retired from the Tumults and Toils of War, he could not otherwise tell the Charms of Solitude and and a Country-life: and that it was the grand Felicity of the unambitious and the wise to be able to turn their hands to any thing that amus'd them, without a Crime, and did not impair either their Health or their Honour. But *Fremonde*, flouting and louring, told him, she would have nothing more to say to him, since his Family was so mean every way, neither a rich Man nor a Gentleman: She was in no such haste for a Husband, and he knew where was the door of the House.

Hortensius cou'd not but resent this Indignity tho the Consequences of it turn'd extremely to his Advantage; for Contempt will as naturally produce Hatred, as Liking does Love. After he had left the Room, they wheedled the Butler, and the Countryman, and got all out; how this pragmatical Pedant came without Shirt or Shoe to Town, and had hired them to give in their Testimony as they did.

In the height of his Rage he writ *Fremond* a Letter; and to shew his Parts as well as his Passion, he call'd her in every Line a *Medea*, *Tysiphone*, *Alecta*, *Megera*; and since she refus'd to be a Violet of *Parnassus*, water'd with the Dews of *Helicon*, *Apollo* shou'd

shou'd Metamorphose her into stinking Starch ; and that he had learnt from the Examples of Jupiter's Transformations, that nothing but a Beast cou'd please a Woman.

I was dispatch'd with this Epistle, but without an Olive-branch ; it was War, and not Peace, I carried. However, *Fremond* answer'd it with all the calmness imaginable ; past by the injurious Expressions, excus'd her not being able to comply with his Desires of marrying, and concluded with an invitation from her Cousin to sup with her, in return to the Civilities receiv'd at his Chambers, and every one in the Company expected the like Favour one after another.

He threw the Letter into the Fire, saying, he wou'd not trouble his Head about *Fremond's* Kindness, nor her Cousin's Entertainment, and from that moment wou'd renounce and abandon all Womenkind but the Muses and *Minerva* ; who generally deceive us too, as being of that false Sex. However, he still wore his Sword, and with what he got by by starving his Scholars, and being Corrector of the Press, liv'd like a Gentleman ; and I finish'd my Studies under his Usher, and presently after was commanded home into *Britany*.

In leaving the Collège I put a Period to my Tranquility ; for I was no sooner at my Father's House, but I was examin'd by every Body, and teaz'd out of my Life, to resolve upon what I wou'd follow : the University they told me was a Foundation for the Law ; and age, that changes all our Tempers, had reconcil'd

reconcil'd my Father to the Gown; and now his Intentions were to provide for me there, as occasion should present. I was extremely dissatisfy'd with this Proposition, having a natural Aversion to every thing that carried so much abuse in it, and seem'd a reproach to nature. For if we have not honesty enough to supercede the rigor of Laws, there is not Justice and Integrity enough in the Practice to insure a Man always his Right. While I was inventing a thousand shifts to defer my going, Providence visited my Father with a sudden Fit of Sickness, which was so violent withal, that the robustness of his Constitution gave way to the malignity of the Distemper; and notwithstanding all possible Means, we had no other Consolation, than that he died in Form, tho' he left his family inconsolable for his Loss.

As soon as our Affairs were in a little order, I obtain'd leave of my Mother, who was very indulgent to me, to return to *Paris*; for tho' she had laid aside the Design of my following the Law, yet others of my Relations were earnest in dissuading me from the Court, that gilded Precipice of every man's Fortune; and my Father's Example might deter me from the Army; but I was so dazled with the Thoughts of Liberty, and the Splendor of the Court, together with the softer Blandishments of Beauty, and the gaudy Fopperies of vain Youth, that every Argument they urg'd rebounded from my Inclination without leaving any Impression.

I was no sooner at *Paris*, but I went to the University, where I boarded my self, had a Master to teach me the Lute, another to fence, and another to dance : My leisure Hours I employ in reading what Books I understood to be the newest and the properest for a Gentleman, and advanc'd more in three Months than I had done in seven Years before ; and was strongly surpriz'd to find how much pains the Pedants take to pervert us, not improve us. I apply'd my self very closely to my Studies for better than a Year, and never went out hardly, but upon the Ramparts, or some less frequented Walks. I had but two or three Companions ; tho once I remember they brought along with them a young Gentleman of this Country, his Name was *Raymond*, and two or three Days after he made me a Visit by himself. Looking in my Trunk after he was gone, I miss'd about Fifteen Pounds that I had in a Box, and call'd to mind I had left him alone in the Chamber, while some other persons talk'd with me at the Stairs-head : I tax'd him with it, he deny'd it ; this created words, and words Reproaches at last ; I ask'd him if he wou'd give or take Satisfaction the next Morning ? He excus'd himself upon his going early out of Town the next Morning ; which he accordingly did, and I never cou'd hear what is become of him from that Day to this.

The Loss of my Money was the most sensible Calamity that cou'd befall me, for I intended

tended to make new Clothes, the time of my Mourning being now expir'd : I knew 'twas in vain to desire any from my Mother ; she wou'd but have blam'd my expensiveness, and accus'd me of having lost it at Play. Whether or not it was to make me a better Husband of what I had, or that it really was so, but she continually hinted to me the disappointments I shou'd meet with in my Affairs, because every Day brought to Light more and more considerable Debts upon the Estate ; and that she wonder'd I never took notice to her of my having found out some Employment answerable to my Promises, and all my Friends expectation. Despairing of any returns from the Country, I was forc'd to make use of an old grey Suit I had, out at the elbows, as well as the fashion, whose infirmities were conceal'd under an old blue Cloke, that I look'd more like a Provost's Man, than a Gentleman. However, I went more abroad than ever, so great a Desire I had to know how Men carry'd themselves in the World, a thought that never came once in my Head while I was at the College : Taking a walk one day to the Palace, where I never had been but once or twice to buy some Gloves, I met upon the Stairs an Old Companion in a Scarlet Gown, and calling to Mind that he had a very good Voice, I suppos'd he belong'd to the King's Chapel. Some time afterwards walking there again, I met the same Spark in a black Gown fac'd with Velvet, and a Sattin Vest, cajoling a Seamstress, and stealing kisses from her Cheek,

pre-

pretending to whisper in her Ear ; but unwilling to interrupt his Amours, I neglected the opportunity of accosting him. It was not long before I met him proudly stalking along with Papers in his hand, which he seem'd to have little or no Regard for ; there was a Woman all in Tears imploring his Assistance, and a grave Person of a goodly Deportment bare-headed, and laying open a Case to him, while he walk'd on whistling to himself, and minding neither. I presuming upon the familiarity which had formerly been between us, cry'd out to him as he walk'd on before me, you, Mr. *Milk-Sop*, what, are you so proud you can't speak to a Fellow-Collegiate ? It wa'n't always thus with you. Turn that saucy Fellow out of the Court, says he to one that he met ; who paying him a profound deal of respect, came haftily up to me ; and, whose Clerk are you, Mr. Impudence ? says this Officer to me ; and laying hold of my Sleeve, do you want to learn Manners in the Stocks ; or have you a fancy for shewing your Face thro' an Iron-Grate ? I know better than to hazard either, (reply'd I a little scornfully) and am above the scoundrel Character of a Clerk, I am a Gentleman ; there being such a Concourse of People waiting there to undo or be undone, these Words cou'd not pass, but several had the Curiosity to hear what was the matter ; and when I said I was a Gentleman, they all fell a laughing : he has the Air of a Gentleman, says one ; ay, and the Garb of a Gentleman, says another ; yes, yes without doubt he is a Gentleman, says a third ;

third ; but it is Gentleman Solicitor to Highwaymen and Pickpockets. I was highly nettled at these Scoffs and Flouts, but could not tell how to help my self neither ; yet in my Passion I ventur'd to tell them, that I was an honest Man than that same Person that gave himself such haughty Airs, for it was not long since he stole my Penknife and Ink-horn from me at the College ; and for his Stupidity, was the most remarkable Dunce that ever the University bred. One, more prudent than the rest, took me aside, and bid me follow him ; and as he went off said, (Gentlemen) you see he is a Stranger here, and did nothing out of Malice, it was mere Ignorance : You shou'd be ashamed to laugh and make a jest of him ; every one is not bred up to the Law. With that he walked off, and I close at his Heels ; and then I heard one impertinent Lad with a green Bag under his arm say, We only laught to keep his Coat in Countenance, for that laughs so profusely it is burst in half a score Places ; yet I thought it better to get clear of so many Vermin, that might easily devour me, since they had ruin'd the best Estates in the Kingdom.

These indignities bred in me a just contempt of Mankind, that the accident of an old Coat should determine it against Sense, Justice and Virtue ; such Reflections made me still more touched with the Loss of my Money, since a new Suit gave a Man Preference, not Honour and Integrity. This Upstart's Father, by Extortions, and cheating of Orphans left

to

to his Guardianship, and all the illicite ways possible that bring in Money, had accumulated prodigious Sums, and purchased him this Seat, which he had not Knowledge enough to manage, nor Discretion to behave himself modestly in. He wallow'd thither when he pleased in his Chariot, look'd scornfully upon all about him ; by his Pride he got every Bodies ill-will, and by his Ignorance made nothing of a very profitable Post.

I wished now that I had follow'd my Father's Advice, and applied my self to the Bar ; but when I consider'd what sordid People crept up to the highest Pinacle of a subject's Glory, and that a Blockhead in Favour could swell an undeserving Man's Fortunes beyond the most extensive wishes of his Ambition ; while the wise, the grave, the sober, the judicious, the learned, the honest, the modest, and the eloquent, were never taken notice of for their Merit, unless they had Mountains of Money, handsome Wives, or Sisters of Sixteen ; when I reflected upon this, (I say) I had an utter abhorrence for the Profession.

My Misfortunes grew every Day more and more insupportable ; my Clothes were quite worn out, and in that shabby Condition, I durst not honour my self by wearing a Sword ; for I had passed for a Sharper, not a Gentleman, if I had. These Affronts I was forc'd to put up, but not patiently, I assure you, Sir, for if my Power had been equal to my Will, they had all of 'em smarted for it,

or

or I had prevented their Insults, by being out of the reach of their Malice by Death, which now I had too many Reasons to think untimely. But to consummate my Infelicity, my Poverty exposed me to the Rage of the Rabble; for as I was going along the Street somewhat dejected, and shy of looking up, some body cry'd out Pickpocket, and I was carry'd before the Magistrate, who happened to be a sensible Man, and one of Temper; when I had told him my Condition, he was pleased to do me Justice, and make the multitude have a much more favourable opinion of me.

'Twas not amongst the great ones only that I met with these bitter Outrages; those that make it their Glory and their Vow to be Poor, rejected me for my Poverty. I was turn'd out of the Cordeliers Chapel to make room for two or three Fops with their Footmen; you must allow it grated very much to see one's self refus'd putting up a Petition to God Almighty in the Church, as much as if it had been at the *Louvre*. I told the grave long-bearded Father, that it seem'd he was so old, that he had forgot his Vows of Poverty; and since the Virgin *Mary* would not hear People in tatter'd Apparel, I woud go to the Brokers and hire better; this tart Reprehension of mine pleased the poor People, who had been refus'd the Door as well as my self, so that there were more swearing and murmuring without, than were worshipping and praying within.

I thought now Fortune had discharged all her Malice on me, since I was unacceptable to God and Man ; yet for a farther Trial of my Fortitude, I fell desperately in Love too. I was not so very ignorant to think my Language cou'd hide my Rags, or my Passion make her insensible of my Poverty. I knew well enough that glittering gaudy Sparks are ever most welcome to the Young, if not always to the Fair. Sincerity makes no impression upon a Woman's Vanity ; and they had all of them rather have the Devil at their Feet in publick, well dress'd, than a King incognito. I cou'd not stir abroad, and my leisure Hours were spent in the dear Idea of my lovely Charmer ; this fomented my Desires, and as my Passion augmented, so did my Rage and Madness, my Pain and Miseries too. I us'd some Nights in the dark to walk by her House ; and tho I cou'd not expect to see her, yet I was not without some Joy, because it was not impossible I might.

I cou'd have put my self into a better Equipment if I had follow'd the Example of some of my Fellow Collegiates, and stole Clokes in the Night at the corner of some unfrequented Street, but no weight of adverse Fortune cou'd press me to a base Action.

I happen'd into Company with some Chymists, who hearing I had a plentiful Fortune in prospect, tho I had run a little out for the present, and finding me very studious, invited me to be one of their Fraternity ; they promis'd me Wonders ; and I that had no-

thing to lose, might hazard my self anywhere: But as this prodigious Treasure, which we were all to participate of, was the product of honest Endeavours, and laborious Study, I readily embark'd my self on the Expedition, and sail'd gently after the Philosopher's Stone. They finding I improved apace, and my Bills came but slow, dismiss me; and there it was I learned some odd things in Natural Magick, which I have since frequently made use of; and this is all I got by the sons of Fire and Smoke.

From thence I fell into a vein of Poetry, and sooth'd all the Crosses of my Life and Love with melancholy Rhimes. Poets were always poor; and the Favourites of *Parnassus* must be spiritual; not gross, dull, heavy, flegmatick Bodies. The diviner Inspirations of *Apollo*, and the Nine, defæcate the Soul from all that is terrene about it; they live in Raptures and Extasies, beyond the reach of groveling Sensuality.

Here the Burgundian Gentleman interrupted *Francion*; and pressing his Hand, told him, he made Conscience of tiring him quite; but if he cou'd have known how natural a piece of Stupidity, he wou'd have forborn to mention in the Character of his Pedagogue, by desiring to omit it, shou'd never have forgiven him; but I must have one word more with you (added he) before I leave you. You have run thro' a great many Misfortunes, and such a series of disgrace and want, by the loss of your Money, that I fancy, Sir, you wou'd

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wou'd give him that stole it no obliging Reception if you came where he was. No indeed, Sir, I shou'd not (reply'd *Francion*,) the very remembrance of my Sufferings puts a new edge upon my Hatred, because he being of an extraordinary noble Family, cou'd not have an excuse for so villainous an Action : He lives, continu'd *Francion*, somewhere in this Country. You may possibly hear of him hereabouts, replied the Gentleman, then you may send him a Challenge. No, Sir, (says *Francion*) it is too long ago for that now ; the World would but laugh at me for it. Well, Sir, (reply'd the Gentleman) I will endeavour among my Neighbours and Tenants to find out the next Market-Day where this Person lives that has rob'd you, and expect the sequel of your Life for to morrow's Entertainment. So the Gentleman took his Leave of *Francion*, and retir'd to his own Apartment, highly diverted with the variety of Incidents ; for tho' all the World are not Pedants, yet the Deportment of *Hortensius* may be remarked in several other, nay, almost all Stations. He had a lively Idea of the false gloss a fine Coat puts upon a Man, even in Courts of Judicature, as well as Courts of Gallantry : How giddy Youth is easily led astray, and what a chain of Miseries are always link'd together ; we can't avoid the subsequent Infelicities, if peradventure we cou'd the first : But what is of extraordinary Instruction to all Men is, that in the lowest ebb of his Affairs he still kept up a generous,

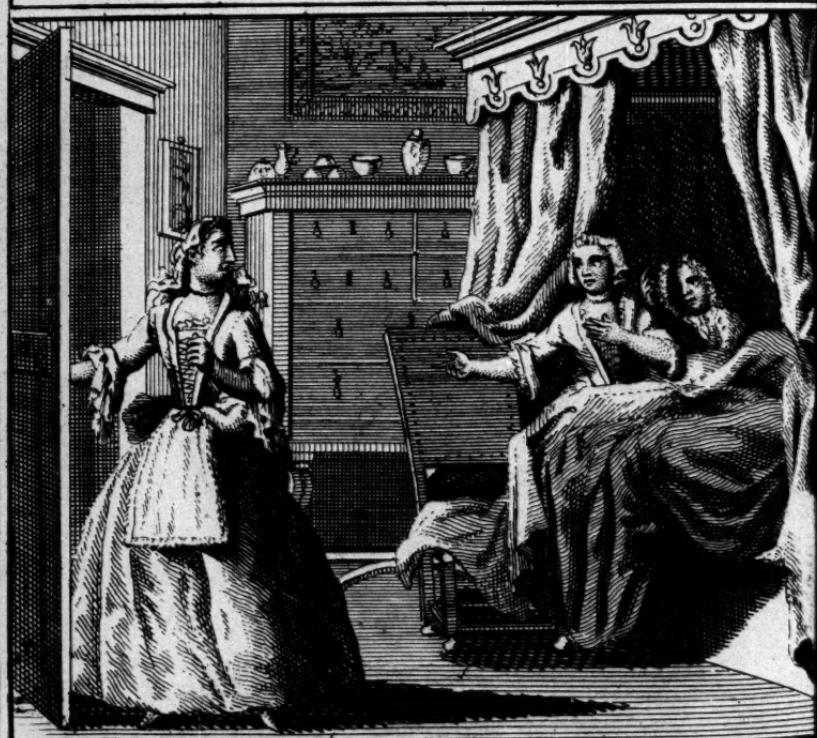
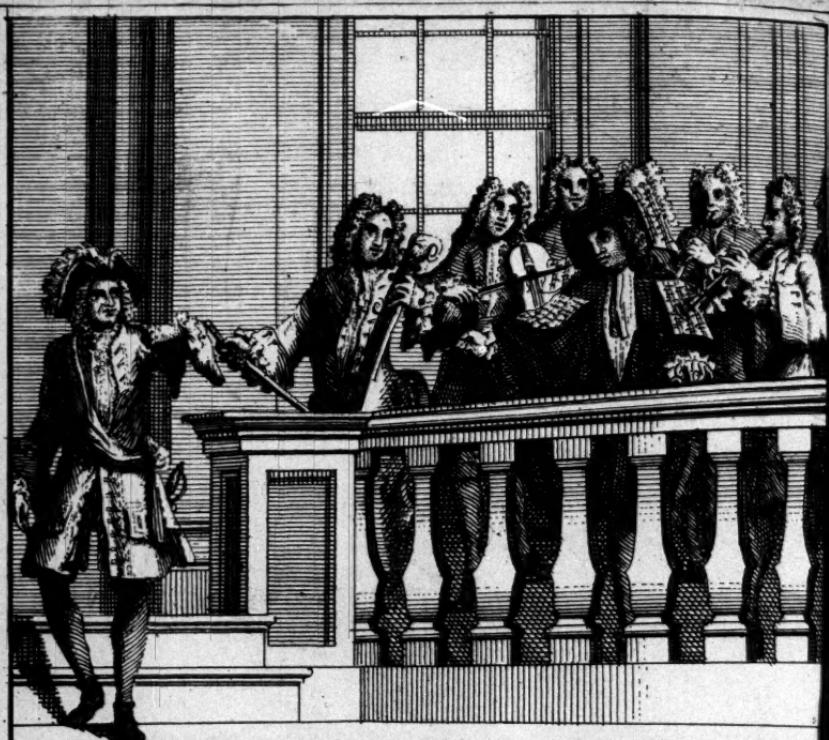
brave Soul, an honest Heart, and an undaunted Mind; while others, sinking under a few Straits, had recourse to scandalous, base, pitiful, sneaking, pilfering ways, to protract an odious, abominable Life, till it ended in an infamous and painful Death.



T H E



B A T



B, VI,



THE
COMICAL HISTORY
OF
FRANCION.

BOOK V.

TH E early Sun had but just smil'd upon the painted Fields, when the Master of the House being up and dress'd, went to enquire how his Guest had repos'd, impatiently desiring the remaining particulars of his Adventures. As they design'd otherwise to employ the precious Minutes, their Civilities were but short on both sides. Tho Francion found a great abatement of the Pain

in his Head, yet it was judg'd better to endure the inconveniences of lying a-bed another Day, than hazard a Relapse by getting up too soon ; and he being not very desirous neither of rising, turn'd himself conveniently in his Bed, and thus bespake the courteous Host.

You remember, Sir, (said he) I enter'd yesterday upon the subject of Poetry, and how mightily I was delighted with it ; I must tell you now, Sir, that I had got some very correct Pieces to form and model my Works by, but hearing of a new one by a famous Author, I resolv'd to buy it, that I might learn to write after the politer manner of the Moderns ; for to be plain with you, I was an utter Stranger to the fashionable Stile the topping Wits had introduc'd upon the Age. I posted to the Bookseller, and discoursing of what new Pieces he had, especially of Poetry, he unloaded a whole Shelf, and laid 'em on the Counter. While I was turning them over, and reading a Line in one, a little in another, I was delighted with the Variety, but unable to purchase so many, for I had borrow'd Money to pay for the Books I ask'd for at first ; and discoursing the Master about the Characters of Authors, there steps into the Shop a lusty young lean Fellow, with an odd cast with his Eyes, pale and wan, and as ill dreft as my self ; and not valuing his hearing me, I ask'd the Master if there was any extraordinary thing done of late in Poetry ; for I take the Genius of this Age (continued I) to be somewhat averse to Rhiming

Rhiming. You are under a great mistake, Sir, (answer'd the Bookseller) there is before you a great many curious Pieces of very celebrated Authors, all of them alive at this present; but it may be, Sir, you don't relish the modern way of Writing, and admire nothing but the Antients, which, tho' correct in most things, yet want of that Gaiety which the Poets of these Times mix so agreeably with the Sublime. I don't know what you mean by Sublime, (answer'd I) nor can I distinguish when I write any thing, whether it be after the old or new Fashion. At this the young Fellow turning his Head to me-wards, and with an abominable Grin, said, Then you make Verses, Sir, as I understand. I put Words together, Sir, (answer'd I) to express my Thoughts; but this cannot be call'd Poetry. That's your Modesty (reply'd the Gentleman) but, Sir, if you will shew me any thing of your Composing, I'll give you my opinion very impartially, and I believe it may be of Service to you: For, without vanity, there are not three Men in *Paris* that understand the Beauty of a Verse, or the happy Turn of Thought, beyond my self: However this cou'd not prevail with me to shew him any thing I had done; and he took his leave of me, putting three or four Books under his Cloke, but without paying. This gave me an opportunity of asking the Master if he us'd to trust People so? Oh, Sir, (reply'd he) I do but lend them him, tho' I never expect to see them again; and we are oblig'd thus to furnish a cabal of Wits

with whatever they desire. But doubtless, Master, (says I) they must have some ways of making you amends, or otherwise if I were in your Place, I should be so civil to my self as to deny them my Shop. We do find an Advantage by it in the main, (said the Bookseller) they pick and cull the best Notions and Conceits out of these Authors, give them a new Dress, another Turn, or sometimes only another Name, and then they are their Works, and we have the Printing of the Copies, and that gives a Reputation to our Shops.

I inquir'd after the famous Writers of the Time, and found that this Person was one of the best; and the Bookseller thinking to oblige me, told me, if I pleas'd he wou'd shew this Gentleman some of my Works; but so discreetly withal, that he should never know the Author's Name; and their friendly Reprehensions wou'd teach me how to mend those particular Errors, which either my want of Conversation, or a natural tendency to value any thing of our own, had possibly made me commit. The itch I had to write, and the vanity of wishing to please, made me accept of his offer, and the next Day I brought him some Copies of mine, which I had the best opinion of; but they found a Fault in every word, and the Bookseller very ingenuously told me so, and repeated the greatest Absurdities; which I weighing my self afterwards, found to be really what they said, and took care, in what I writ afterwards, to avoid those Solecisms and Incongruities.

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It gave me a great deal of trouble in coming up to their rigid Laws, but I found it made the Versification more easy, the Harmony more soft, and the Expression not only more just, but more concise too. And if these difficulties had not been obtruded as an indispensable Law, Poetry would be prostituted, and the honour of writing well without profit or praise.

In a little time I became better vers'd in these affairs, and corresponded with these Freemen of *Parnassus*, whenever I met them in my Bookseller's Shop: They shew'd me my Errors, and convinc'd me that they were so; I mended, and, with some application, found that they did not find such gross Faults in my Pieces as formerly. This gave me a sensible Satisfaction; and the progress I had made, shew'd me that in reality they knew not much more, besides the Rules, than I did.

This poetical Society consisted of Ushers of small Schools, craz'd young Fellows, pert Lads of the University, amorous Coxcombs, and pragmatical Clerks. Some lived upon what they got for their Copies, and these were feeders of the Press; others lived by finding faults, and these were Correctors of the Press; others again lived by translating Books, and these were Interpreters of the Press; there were another sort that lived upon some little of their own, and gave away their Works, these were call'd Volunteers of the Press, that engag'd for Honour, not Profit. But in a word, not one of them all had a

lofty Genius, or a solid Judgment; there was a certain numerosness in their Verfification, a propriety of Words, a flowing Cadence, but no noble Thought. When they were found out as Plagiaries, they said it was a Paraphrase; when they were not, 'twas all their own Invention. Sometimes indeed they had Modesty enough to confess an Imitation, but even too then they had taken whole Stanza's together. Every thing that was really their own, bespoke its Parent in its deformity; and when they had finish'd any thing, as they call'd it, it was so incongruous a medley, that it look'd like Nosegays scatter'd on a Dunghill. But indeed Poetry is contagious, and some People get an inclination to rhyming only by keeping them company that do: and we all flatter our selves that in time we may gain some Reputation in *Helicon*. Deluded with these tickling Imaginations, we set up for Authors, and if we miscarry, blame the Ignorance, Malice, or Partiality of the Age, but never tax our selves with Insufficiency. Nay, I know several Persons that are read with great applause, and yet have committed so many and so gross Absurdities, that a School-boy would have been whipp'd for them.

I was sensible, after all the Pains I had taken to render any thing correct, these other scribbling Fellows were more esteem'd than I was; for there goes as much Policy to secure a Reputation, as Wit and Learning to deserve it. Before they have made the least scheme or draught of a Piece, the World is stunn'd

stunn'd with Advertisements that the Book is in the Pres's, and all the Cabal extol it as a most ingenious and perfect thing, tho' not one of them ever saw one syllable of it. Then an Interest is made with some topping Nobleman to take it into his protection; he brings it in vogue at Court, the Book sells well, and those that find faults are oblig'd to be silent, lest by calling in question so great a Man's Judgment, you establish a Party to damn every thing you write your self.

There is another Stratagem of no less importance to an Author, to carry him swimmingly thro' the World, and that is commendatory Verses: They lend one another great Encomiums before every thing they write, and impose a necessity upon the generality of Mankind of believing better of them than they deserve. But these favours are as exactly and as punctually demanded again, whenever any thing of theirs is publish'd; as if they had borrow'd a Cloke, a Watch, or five Pounds: for where a Book comes into the World with such a splendid appearance of Godfathers and Friends, we humbly accuse our Ignorance, and think 'tis the weaknes of our Capacities, that will not suffer us to look against the glittering beauties of so great a Master-piece; and we dare not oppose our slender Judgments to the establish'd Reputation of so many eminent Persons. Nay, some of them have the vanity to reprehend an Author that dares appear in print without their recommendation; as if twenty lines of fulsome Flattery from them would

would make any thing go down, and nothing would take without it. Hearing one of these imperious Spirits railing at an Author, for not having done himself the honour to beg a copy of Verses from him, and threatening how he would expose him: to mortify the Spark, I told him, that he might be the arbitrary Prince of Poetry if he thought fit; but I was resolv'd to be the *Great Mogul of Parnassus*, and would give place to none of them all, neither in humour nor judgment. This Rodomontado set them all a-laughing, but they continued their obedience to their tyrannical usurper, and renounced my authority.

Being some time afterwards in the Bookseller's Shop with these retailers of Rhimes, one of them pull'd out a Paper, and that brought all their Eyes to him like so many Hawks to a Lure. Every one whisper'd his next Man, what's that, what's that? Something extraordinary, says another, if it's his; we have expected something from him a great while, cries another. And what was this mighty Piece after all (think you) but a familiar Letter to a Friend, which they made as great a secret of, as if it had been private intelligence stolen out of the King's Closet. Their drift was to establish a Correspondency with one another, and make the World believe their Letters came from *Vienna, Madrid, Rome, Constantinople, Warsaw*, and every Place of note; and gave an exact account of all Occurrences relating to the interest of the several Princes, the inclinations of the People, the Capacity of Ministers, the experience.

rience of Generls, and the gallant Corrup-
tions of the Age ; where Religion triumph'd,
and where it was trampled on ; where Heresy
was suppress'd, and where new Doctrines
crept into the Church ; and every thing, in
a word, that tended to the instruction and
recreation of Mankind. A specious title it
was, and an undertaking that requir'd infi-
nitely clearer Heads than theirs. And that
you may judge what success it could promise
it self, their particulars were stolen out of
old *Gazettes* and News-papers, which they en-
larg'd upon according to their own inclina-
tions. Where they were at a loss, they as-
sisted one another, and Memoirs gave them
many a precious Hint to expatiate upon, and
shew their Eloquence and Judgment, by
drawing Consequences : They furnish'd them-
selves with matters of intrigue from obsolete
Novels, and pretended they were Characters
of topping People in foreign Courts. Some-
times they illustrated their Labours with some
humble Concerns of their own, tho varnish'd
over with the gay titles of my Lord _____
his Grace _____ the Countess of _____
the Princes of _____ the Cardinal _____
When they had scribbled as much as came to
a good large Volume, the Bookseller paid
them for the Copy, and the spoil was
divided according to every Man's Labours ;
the Books they had borrow'd to help them in
their Collections were never return'd, but
discreetly sold, when they had rifled and
plunder'd all the principal matter out of
them ; and this procur'd them a Dinner when
their

their amorous Clients were out of the way, For you must give me leave to tell you, that there are a great many young Sparks that can't help being in love with every thing they see, and desirous to pass for more accom- plish'd Persons than they are, have recourse to these darlings of the Muses. A tender epistle to the cruel Fair, implies a breakfast; if a languishing Sonnet, that's a dinner; but if it mounts to a Copy of Verses, that's a Supper, and a Night's debauch. This quiet way of picking up a livelihood, prevents the many inconveniences that would befall them in the intervals of their more elaborate Works. There is not one of them but has a Song to *Mira*, an Elegy on the incompara- ble *Melisinda*, a Panegyrick on the victori- ous —— an Epitaph on the thrice vir- tuous, and thrice beautiful, never to be for- gotten —— *Mars* and *Venus* in conjunction; or an Epithalamium on the glorious union of my Lord —— with Mrs. ——

But to return to my Poet's Letter, that fixed them all like so many Statues, there never was any thing so absurd and extra- vagant, yet they were ready to fall down and worship it. At every pause he view'd his Au- dience, and from the satisfaction of their Countenances gather'd their interior appro- bation, as from their negligence in hearing their dislike of the whole. Every smile made him go on as merrily as a Horse that had just baited. That's fine (says one, shrugging up his Shoulders, as if he was going to knock off his Ears) excellently well done (says another) 'sbud,

'sbud, Sir, 'tis inimitable (says a third, in a Passion, because they had presum'd to give their opinions before him.)

After this there arose a dispute amongst them about the propriety of Writing, the exactness of Rhimes, the smoothness of Stanza's, and the length of Poems. Every one spoke much of the matter, but little to the purpose; one was for spelling Words according to the etymology, and back'd his Argument with the relation between derivatives and primitives; the other as strenuously maintain'd, that Speech was antienter than Letters, and that Writing was an invention to communicate Thoughts, when we were at too great a distance for the sounds of the Voice; that People spell'd variously, because they had a different apprehension of Tones: some were for modestly confessing from whence they borrow'd their Expressions, and doing justice to the *Grecian* and the *Roman*; not but they had an eye to their Vanity too, that People should see they understood these antient Languages. The Neotericks thought their own idiom best, and were for embellishing that, and for retrenching every Letter that was superfluous in a Word. This feud had like to have put an end to the hopeful Correspondency they had just establish'd; for tho' they will applaud one anothers Works, yet they will not always submit to their Judgments. And the reason of this is evident, for when a Poet has done any thing, they commend it to help it off, that they may participate of the treat; but in other matters

matters of dispute they will rarely allow an equality of parts, but seldom a superiority of Genius. Well, Gentlemen (says I) as soon as their animosity gave me room to put in a word, I would advise you to petition the House to order a Committee to examine the debates on both sides; and if we can get an Act of Parliament for the abolishing superfluous Letters in Words, and the authorising and making current new Words that never were in any Dictionary yet, 'tis more than probable we shall be appointed Commissioners of that Office, and it may be lucrative enough to us, besides the honour of controuling all modern Authors in Prose as well as Verse; for we can put what price we please upon our stamp, and what mulct we please upon delinquents. Some were angry at my proposition, supposing I ridicul'd them, and mutter'd to themselves; but durst not speak out, being unwilling quite to disoblige me, since I always paid for what Books I had out of the Shop. But a jovial honest Lad amongst them flies to the door, and says, Gentlemen, we are settling the affairs of *Parnassus* here; but Madam Nature is neglected. So much for Wit at present, and having refresh'd our Intellects, let us refresh our Bodies too; I have a Bottle at your service. He could not have had so happy a Thought as that was, especially when he gave them to understand that he would treat. Here's one (says I) Gentlemen, that reconciles all difficulties in a moment; he spoke but three words, and you were all of one opinion,

opinion, tho you had been jarring this hour together. Indeed Poets are seldom covetous when they have Money, or desirous of more than is just convenient to enliven Nature, quicken their Wit, and post away their leisure time. By that time every Man had eat a bit or two, and got a bottle before him, fine things flew about as thick as Hail in *March*: But I made it my observation, that they all spoke in favour of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*; they recommended eating and drinking, and there were some few notable things said in praise of Generosity, and in the contempt of worldly Pelf; for as they had none of them a cross to bless himself with, so they would willingly have their friend spend all he had in their company, and then gone home all of them under the same predicament, drunk and pennyless. If the chearfulness of their Conversation pleas'd me, and gave me some advantageous impressions of them, they had so many insupportable faults to counterbalance their good qualities, that my esteem and value for them lessen'd more and more, as I convers'd with them. For I found them the most fickle, peevish, captious, envious, censorious Men that could be: they were ever fond of a strange Face, angry if you did not commend whatever they said, and offended if you pretended to have done any thing well your self. They would flatter one another to their faces, and rail bitterly at them behind their backs; if you mention'd any piece of t'other's writing, your friendship conceal'd the faults, they would say;

but

but as they were no ways bias'd or prejudic'd, so they declar'd the truth impartially, and upon their words it was but a so-so thing ; there were some passable Lines in it, but others again impertinent. The whole lay too open, there was no room for thought, no body could doubt of his meaning, when 'tis the intricacy that shews judgment in the texture of a piece ; and besides the catastrophe was too abrupt. Thus they all treated one another at a distance, and every Man thought himself the most capable of the whole Company : they are very changeable in their opinions, and yet think they are always in the right. When they are not degrading a Man with their censorious Calumnies, they talk like mad Men, and this they tell you is a flight of fancy, extasy and raptures, the happy emanations of a superlative Genius. They were always scanning verses upon their Fingers-ends as they went along the streets, mumbling a half Line, and scratching their Heads for a numerous epithite to eke out a Rhime. This convinc'd me how justly the common sort of People despise them ; for as they professed an Art that was highly recommendable in it self, yet by their abuses of it they made it odious. And from that time I shunn'd their company as carefully as a good Pilot would a quick-sand. However, I continued my familiarity with *Mucidorus*, who was the first I met with at the Bookseller's Shop ; 'twas not that he was good-natur'd, but there was something so extravagant in his ravings that was very diverting to

one

one of my temper, that only convers'd with him to laugh at his follies. One day I met him, and he courteously invited me to his Lodging, which he had always avoided before; because, lying in a Garret with Linkboys and Porters, he was unwilling to have me a witness of the necessities of his condition: and indeed he was so mean in Clothes, that I could not but pity him, tho I had nothing but rags my self. It was an infallible sign that he wore no Garters when he had a Sword on, for then they serv'd him for a Belt. An Acquaintance of his had recommended his talent to the Ballad-singers, and promis'd him no body should know it, if he would undertake it. So fair a prospect of daily Bread made *Mucidorus* willingly embrace the offer, and one of them gave him a Shilling earnest for a Song against the next day, which he sat up the most part of the Night to get ready, and in the Morning he deliver'd it. They had it set, and every corner of the Streets rung with this new ditty; but it being a little above the capacity of the Mob, no body would buy it, because no body understood it. The poor Woman having spent her Lungs and time in vain, carried him back his Song, and demanded her Money: But there were several reasons induc'd *Mucidorus* not to refund; she rail'd at him, and abus'd him, and call'd him worse than all the ignorant Blockheads and pitiful Cheats she could think of. You are a scoundrel of a Poet indeed (says she to him) you make Songs, you make the Devil;

Devil ; there isn't a Porter in town (continued she) understands a syllable of them, and yet they can read and write too : so, giving him two or three hearty curses, she went away. I remember a Stanza or two of it, and appeal to your judgment how likely the Mob were to relish it. 'Tis part of a description of an Entertainment of the Gods upon some extraordinary accident.

*Vulcan had broke his subtile Net,
And Mavors thrown his Helmet from his Pate,
Luna peep'd in when they were met,
And round the high Olympus's Summet sat ;
The twice-born God did Tub bestride,
And Cock-a-hoop supinely ride.*

*The Thunderer too vouchsaf'd a Smile,
And from his starry Stool stept in the middle,
And having paus'd and humm'd a while,
He bid the Delian Monarch tune his Fiddle ;
Shield-bearing Pallas danc'd like mad,
And not a living Soul was sad.*

I am sorry I can remember no more of them, for they are so superlatively extravagant, I can't think of them but they prevent the Spleen for that day. Being a saving Man, he had bought him a Faggot, and carrying it under his Cloke, some drunken Footmen reel'd against him ; pray, Gentlemen, (says *Mucidorus* to them) don't break my Lute. O ho, a Lutenist (cries one of them) by the muck we will have a tune, and so forc'd him into the next Publick-house, while he entreated

treated them to dispense with him for that time, because he was going to wait on Persons of Quality: nothing would serve them, but a tune they would have, tho' it were never so short. He was obstinate in denying, and they pressing for a tune; till at last one of them, in a rage, said, let us break the saucy Rascal's Lute about his Ears; and forcing his Cloke from him, they found out the Reason of his Backwardness; but being angry at his imposing upon them in the Street, they took every one of them a good Cudgel out of the Faggot, and thrash'd him to some Tune, and so left him.

When I reflected what Hardships he had run thro', and how he had struggled with his adverse Stars, I could not but wonder to see so great and so sudden an alteration in his Affairs. I fancy'd he had stumbled upon the Philosopher's Stone, and in hopes to improve by his Friendship, I thought it might not be amiss if I paid my Respects to him. I knew I cou'd not fail of finding him at Home every Morning, for these sort of Gentlemen never stir out of their Beds till Noon: If they have any thing to do, the Pillow must be consulted, and nothing can be excellent that does not owe its Birth to the warm Bed. I ask'd his Pardon for interrupting the serenity of his Meditations, but cou'd not defer my waiting upon him any longer. He told me I did him a great deal of Honour, and stepping out of Bed, he open'd the Shutters that he might see to rise. Then I discover'd that instead of a Night-Cap *Mucidorus*

cidorus had got his Rowlers on his Head ; the Furniture of his Chamber was a Cricket, and an old Chest that serv'd alternately for a Seat, a Table, and Scrutoir : The Bed no body cou'd tell what it was made on, or count how many Holes were in it. This gave me to understand that *Mucidorus* was not altogether that rich Man I had imagin'd, and that what little he had scrap'd up, he put it all upon his Back to make the best Figure he cou'd.

While I was taken up with these Reflections, he made me startle by a sudden calling out, Who's there ? *Calcaret*, bring me my things—I'll rise—let me have the silk Stockings of the second Edition of the Languishing Lady, the Wastcoat of Triumph, and I think the Breeches of *Parnassus* will suit well enough with it ; comb me out my Periwig of invention ; and since it is a fine Day I'll wear my Cloke of *Endymion*. Here I was in a Labyrinth indeed ; I cou'd not call to mind any author that ever mention'd *Endymion*'s having a Cloke ; as for his Periwig of Invention, I imagin'd it to be a Whim of his own to make an old Wig appear less scandalous ; his Wastcoat of Triumph I surmis'd might be the same he had on when he lay with the Woman that footed his Stockings, so the Reparation was the second Edition, and his Enjoyment the Triumph. But having had experience of the fantastical Humours of these scribbling Gentlemen, I durst not be satisfied with my own Conceit of the Matter, therefore

fore very modestly ask'd him what these Modes were that had come up, and I never took notice of? I knew People made Breeches of Stuff, of Clothe, of Silks, and Velvets, but was an utter stranger to the Manufactures of *Parnassus*. *Mucidorus* smiling at my Ignorance, (but after such a manner as I cou'd not tell whether it was Pity or Contempt,) said, Our honest Labours bring us in now and then a little Money, Sir, and with this we equip our selves; whatever is purchas'd with this Money, goes by the Name of the Poem which we sold: When you are next in the *Palais* enquire after these Books, they are worth your reading, and have done me a great deal of Honour. There is no Body pretends to Wit or Manners but have them; the Younger sort learn by them, the more Adult confirm their Knowledge by them, and the Elderly wonder at the Beauties of Expression, which is so familiar to this Age, and was so unknown to their Youth. You can't think, Sir, continued *Mucidorus*, that there is any thing dishonorable in this; Has not the Lord Chancellor his Perquisites for doing what stands him in nothing? Will the King's Counsel plead without his Fee? Will Serjeant _____ draw a Bill, or *F—ks* a Conveyance, for nothing? Nay, is there ever a Clergyman in the Kingdom will say Mass for nothing? Why then may not an Author as justly insist upon a Price for the Productions of his Brains, since there goes an equal Application, and without doubt a much superior Genius, to the making a good Poet, than a Lawyer, Physician, or Divine.

Divine. The greatest Authors that have writ
of late have ~~not~~ blusht to make Money of
their Works ; nay, Parsons that have been
prodigally paid for an indifferent Sermon
when they came to print it, stood as hard for
t'other Crown for the Copy, as if it had been
written on purpose to serve the Bookseller.
Nay, Sir, I know some Persons of Quality
that have given their Pieces to their Servants
and afterwards deducted it out of their
Wages. If Men of such opulent Fortune
take Money for what was their Diversion
sure we may do it for what is our Labour
and an indefatigable Study. The Currency
of my Works shews my Capacity, and that
I question not but in time will make my For-
tune.

I cou'd oppose nothing to what he said
but found out by his Discourse, that the desire
of getting more Money for their Copies made
the Poets swell their Works with so many
Impertinences, as if the Bulk was its Beauty ;
and their eagerness in finishing made them
commit a thousand unpardonable Blunders ;
therefore it was that so many new Things
were worth nothing.

Just as he was dressing came in another of
Pegasus's Grooms, who told *Mucidorus* that
he had rid him out to Water the last Night,
and wou'd communicate to us the result of
his Inspiration. It was high-flown indeed,
for we cou'd not comprehend the drift of
any one Line ; and while we gaz'd intently
upon one another, he mis-constru'd our Ad-
miration ; and to give us leave to vent our

Thoughts.

Thoughts, he fram'd an excuse to go do that which no body cou'd do for him ; I make no Ceremonies with you, Gentlemen, (said he) Freedom is the Life of Conversation. In his absence we concluded him a Blockhead, that they were damn'd Verses, the Design low and trivial, and therefore doubtless the whole wou'd be abominable.

Having given us leisure enough to weigh his Works, and pass Sentence on them, he came posting up stairs again. Now, Gentlemen, (says he) let's make an end of my Poem ; but to his Sorrow and our Satisfaction he had mistaken the Paper in the depth of his Meditation, and put it to the use it was really fittest for : he told us so many fine Things of the illustrations of his Subject, the gallant turn of the Conclusion, that he wou'd have compell'd us to regret it as an irreparable Loss, and a perfect Model of an Epic Poem. But you are Factors of the Muses too, (added he) you are all sensible how far we are transported sometimes, when our Thoughts are wrapt up, and Imaginations upon the Wing. I remember once at a Person of Quality's Table I was desir'd to make something *ex tempore* on a fair Lady that was present ; I rubb'd up my Fancy, and had alter'd an old Thing of mine to the Topic in hand, and calling for a Glas of Wine intending to begin the Lady's Health, and then pronounce my Verses, by I know not what Infatuation I spit in her Face, and threw my Wine over my Shoulder. But sublime Wits will be sometimes besides themselves.

Amongst various Subjects of Conversation, we fell upon a Ballet that was to be acted at Court, and they resolv'd to attempt something, tho' they shou'd never be paid for it: taking no notice to them that I was of the same Opinion, I ask'd several Questions concerning the Nature of the Thing, the Personages that were to be in it, and whatever might help me in my Design; I chose the Queen for my Subject: and having got acquainted with one of the Gentlemen concern'd in the Disposition of the Ballet, I shew'd him what I had done, and communicated my Intentions to him; he commended them very highly, and promis'd me Mountains of Rewards from all the Court as well as her Majesty. Swell'd with these new hopes, I went to Court on the day appointed for this Entertainment, and had above Three Hundred Specimens of my Verses very neatly folded up: It was a considerable Burden to me to carry so many, but the hopes of immortal Honour, and a great Reward, made me go thro' it with less impatience.

I was so proud of my employment, that I thought my self as necessary a support of the Government as some Secretaries of State are: I told every body I knew, and hundreds I did not know, that I was concern'd in the management of this high and mighty Entertainment; but amongst others of my Acquaintance I told a Lawyer of it, a Countryman of mine, and who had been lately turn'd out of being Town-Clerk for some Villanies he had committed, and was come up to Paris, in

in hopes a Relation of his, one of the Judge's Clerks, might help him to a little Business. The great Encomiums I gave of it, made him resolve to see it, for he thought there wou'd be no more difficulty in getting in than if it had been a Puppet-shew, or a dancing on the Ropes ; and according to the Idea he had of Civility and good Breeding, he suppos'd they wou'd readily admit his Wife and Family : So he put on his best Clothes, and his Holiday Cloke ; his Lady too had her Wedding Clothes on, which she never wore but once a Quarter, but wou'd trespass upon her Custom in Honour to the King and Court, tho they were very taudry, and most scandalously greasy : Mistress Nurse had a round-rebling on her Head, one little Child in her Arms, and another that held her fast by the Apron. So many extraordinary ridiculous Postures never came out of one House before. The Lawyer staulk'd on before his Family as grave as a Judge, and ever and anon looking behind him, said, come Child, hold fast by my Cloke : You, Nurse, don't lose me, and take care that Child don't cry. This was all said so naturally and innocently, that the Courtiers finding what they were, made a Lane for them to come up. The Officer opening the Door to let in some of the Dancers, our Lawyer took the opportunity of addressing himself to him in a florid elaborate Speech, as he thought at leaft ; but he was only laught at for his Pains ; and being forc'd from the Door again by the Crowd, he was tost, and pusht, and hunch'd from one to

the other, that with much ado he got from that Press ; but the Pages and Footmen, which are beyond comparison the most impudent Rascals in the World, finding what usage he had met with from the better sort of People, took him to task again, and wallow'd him five hundred times in the Kennel, that you cou'd not see what his Clothes were made of. The Women and Children got off well enough, for their Barbarity did not extend so far as to hurt the one, and the other were too ugly to be desired.

No wonder the poor Lawyer in all his Robes pass'd his time so indifferently amongst these infamous Rakehells, seeing they abused some People of Quality that happen'd to be in Mourning, taking them for ordinary Persons. I squeez'd up to the Door, and told the Officer, who otherwise knew me, that I was one of the Poets, and had the Verses for the Queen : I and my Pacquet were usher'd in presently ; others came in with Dresses in their Hands, and were glad to pass for Players Servants to get Admittance. There were several other Doors to pass, and I found still my Pacquet was of singular use to me ; for having nothing but bare Walls about us, they serv'd me for a Stool to sit on, while several Noblemen were forc'd to sit down on the Ground like so many Taylors on a Stall.

After a little waiting the Door was open'd for us to go in : I thought I should have been squeez'd to Death ; but escaping only with the inconveniency of my Ribs and Toes, I found my self not much better, tho somewhat nigher :

nigher : All the Seats were full ; one push'd me from before him, t'other would not make me room to sit down by him ; thus I was tost like a Ball from one to another all round the Room : At last one of the Yeomen of the Guard that knew me again, took me and set me amongst the Musick, and told them I was order'd to be there ; I was no sooner seated, but all the Musicianers being come, and conferring what they should play first, took out their Tunes, and supposing I was order'd there for want of a Desk to lay their Papers on, one pinn'd his Part to my Shoulder, another to the lappet of my Cloke, this to my Hatband, that to my Sleeve, insomuch that I was hung round with Notes like a Corps with Scutcheons. The Captain of the Guard seeing me there, came to me, and told me I was wanted to distribute my Verses as the other Poets had done. You see, Sir, (said I) I can't stir, I am not Master of one Inch about me. The Officer laughing at their Fancy, told me the Queen wanted me immediately, and I must present her my Verses my self : At this I flung away from the Fiddlers ; one caught me by my Sleeve, t'other by my Cloke, one went to hook me back again with the Head of his Bass-Viol, t'other reach'd after his Part with his Fiddlestick, and every one scrambling for his Lesson again, some got more, some less, and few their Papers whole again : as soon as I was deliver'd from this Persecution, I presented my Verses, and then distributed the rest to the next that could catch them.

I shall not trouble you with a particular account of the Entries; you have them several times without doubt: But I must tell you I was mightily charm'd with it: Here I saw a lively Representation of what I had so often read of with amazement in the Romances; I saw moving Rocks, and Chariots whirling thro' the Air. The glittering Stars danc'd in the azure Sky, while the glorious Sun paid his Homage to the Royal Throne; every thing being preposterous to Nature, made me conclude it all Inchantment; and this was all the Return I had for so many tedious Nights I spent in composing my Verses. However having another Book in my Head, I resolv'd to pitch upon an eminent Person to dedicate it to, hoping that his Candour and his Interest wou'd procure me something that I was not uncapable of. The Man being found, and the Person that had the greatest Influence over him, who had promis'd to befriend me, I acquainted him with my Design, and told him what modestly I might pretend to, being so and so qualified. What I thought a foundation of my Fortune was my entire Ruin: My Friend knew not but one of those Accomplishments might in time lessen his Power with *Philemon*, if not quite supplant it; therefore he wou'd not be the Instrument of bringing in so dangerous a Rival: And lest if he refus'd me, I shou'd make my Applications some other way and succeed; he still promis'd to serve me, that he might the more easily disappoint me. Having waited at *Philemon's* House Day after Day,

Day, as all must do that expect any thing from Men of Interest, and still put off with one silly Excuse and ridiculous Pretence, I determin'd to hazard only one Visit more, and meeting my pretended Friend, I freely told him my Resolution : He desir'd me not to be so impatient ; my Lord (he said) had a hundred People of Quality to dispatch, and so little leisure to himself, that he was forc'd every Day to be denied to particular Acquaintance ; and that to his knowledge he had damn'd ten thousand People since he came into Busines only in telling Lyes for him : But if I wou'd charge him with the Book, he wou'd take the fairest opportunity of putting it into my Lord's Hands, and inform him that I was without. My own Integrity expos'd me to his Villany : I gave him my Book, and what he did with it never cou'd learn : *Philemon* came out of his Apartment with a Croud of fluttering things about him ; I gap'd and waited for my Friend to present me to him, but he took care to be the last of all, and with a forc'd Smile assur'd me my Lord took my Book very kindly ; that several Noblemen read the Dedication, and commended it extremely ; and I had peradyventure not succeeded so well if I had deliver'd it him my self. The coldness of his Reception after this gave me just Grounds to believe he dealt very disingenuously by me, so I gave over all farther Thoughts upon that score : And having weigh'd every Motive that cou'd induce him to so base and perfidious an Action, I cou'd not but conclude, the Lord was a very great

head, since he cou'd make a Favourite of so pitiful a Fellow.

I was complaining to another Gentleman that had some familiarity with *Philemon*, how I had been serv'd: You know not what it is to be a Courtier, (said he) are you shockt at this? I have spent above Twenty thousand Pound at Court, and cou'd never get any Preferment. I don't question, Sir, (said I) but you have spent so much Money in Town; but Gaming and Whoring, and prodigal Equipages, are not to be reckon'd amongst what we properly call Money spent in our Country's Service: And this I am confident of, that the half of that Money well employ'd wou'd have purchas'd you a noble Post. He was sensible what I said was true, so turn'd all into Raillery.

Being frustrated in all my Expectations, I cou'd not but be mad with my self that there was in the Dedication of my Book such extraordinary Encomiums of such a scoundrel Peer, whom I had never spoke to, and hardly ever seen. I went to the Bookseller to change the first half Sheet, but he told me 'twas better to let it go as it was, for his neglecting me wou'd convince all the World that read it that he was ungrateful; and my Compliments wou'd pass for so many pointed Injuries.

I resolv'd for the future never to write but to please my self, and catch no more Colds a waiting at Noblemen's Doors. Fortune seem'd to favour my Intention; for at that time I had a very large supply of Moneys from my

my Mother. It being Summer time, I made my Clothes as gay as Silks and Colours cou'd be. My Cloke was Taffaty, and lin'd with Taffaty ; for the vanity of this Age is so ridiculously great, that a Man hath but half the respect whose Cloke is not lin'd thro' with Silk. I cannot but be concern'd at the egre-gious folly of Mankind, whose Soul is capable of such noble Things, and yet that he shou'd debase himself so low, as to put a value upon a glittering Outside, and make it want of Virtue, and want of Merit, to want a fine suit of Clothes. A thousand Rascals that were a little better dres'd than I was wou'd dispute the Wall; a thing I never refused to any one that wou'd take it; and those that were worse wou'd turn about with envious Eyes, and stare me as it were thro'.

Now there was not a Day pass'd but I walkt four or five times by my charming Diana's Door, hoping by my tender Glances and languishing Looks to make her sensible of my Passion ; but this turn'd to no account : for having so many Charms, every one admir'd her who saw her ; and I cou'd not flatter my self so far as to suppose she wou'd imagine I lov'd her more ardently than the rest did. However, to shew my Eloquence as well as my Passion, I sent her a Letter, but the Language was so civil that no Woman cou'd resent it. I need not recite it to you, you are no stranger to those sorts of Billet-doux ; I employ'd my Muse to facilitate my Conquest, and every Epistle had an Ambuscade of Poetry. Once I remember I

writ a Sonnet on her pretty young Breasts, which I had observ'd to fill up by little and little, since I was first in Love with her. Now 'tis in my Head, I think I had e'en as good out with it to you; not to make a flourish of my poetical Parts I'll assure you, for then I wou'd repeat something more worth your hearing, but only because I wou'd not omit ev'n so small a Circumstance in the Story— 'twas thus—

*With Transport I behold each Day encreas'd
The little Twins, that gently swelling, grace
Your lovely Bosom, how they groan apace,
And Love enthron'd sits on that snowy Breast!*

*To that alluring Place my young Desire
Has wing'd its Flight, and close between 'em
lies,
Nor envies Jove his Empire of the Skies;
But as they grow, so grows my amorous Fire.*

*When both their full Maturity shall gain,
Give me alone, ye Pow'rs! to revel there,
To kiss, to touch—nor let the blushing Fair
Forbid my Joys, or frown with cold Disdain.*

I found a favourable Opportunity of delivering my Papers into her own Hands; her Father was gone about Business, and a Friend of mine having a Cause depending, wherein he was one of the Council, I borrow'd his Servant, and folding up my Letter and Verses as if they had been Papers of Law-matters, bid him be sure to deliver them into

into the young Lady's Hands, and desire her to take special Care of them. I knew full well that Curiosity was the first frailty in Womankind ; and ever believe that and Vanity, will be the last Vices that leave them ; therefore I left the Bundle open, and every thing answer'd my Expectation. She believing this a Piece of Gallantry of his Master's, because he used to talk a little with her when her Father was busy, took the first Opportunity of telling him (tho a little slyly) that his Servant was very heedless, for she was satisfied he had given him two Directions, and he had mistaken both ; for what he had intended for his Mistress was left there for her Father ; and she made no doubt but what was really Business had been carried to the Lady. He suppos'd she was about pumping him, and denied any Letter sent, or any Papers ; but when she shewed him the Letter and the Verses, and told him withal he need not disown so passionate Lines, and that she did not question a Person of his Merits succeeding in an honourable Undertaking, he took it upon himself, confess'd the Stratagem, and commenc'd her humble Servant : She was a young Woman, given to Reading, had an Opinion of her Wit, (as all pert Women have) and looking upon this Gentleman as a good Match for her, valued him for what she took to be his Sense, and lik'd him for his Estate, and gave him the Preference above all her humble Admirers.

I had compos'd Verses of all sorts, and upon several Subjects ; and meeting her Servant at

at the Door one Evening when it was duskish, I gave her my Papers, and said, Pray, Sweet-heart, give these Songs to your Mistress; I promis'd her them Yesterday, but cou'd not get them from the House till this Minute. She suspecting nothing but Playhouse Tunes, gave them her young Mistress; and tho' the Hands were the same, yet she cou'd not comprehend they came from her humble Servant that own'd the others; for since he had discours'd her so freely, and with her Approbation, he needed not have had recourse to a clandestine Method of delivering his Poetry, since it wou'd have been much better taken from his own Hands.

But that she might know the Verses were mine, the next Day as I pass'd by and observ'd her at the Door, I begun to sing one of the Stanza's so loud that she might hear me distinctly: she that cou'd not forget them so soon, seem'd concern'd at this surprize, and lookt very intent upon me.

But this was not enough, I writ to her again, and found a way to secure its coming to her Hands: For observing she had a little Desk to her self where she kept her Papers and Books of Devotion on the side of the Altar, I took the opportunity of her hearing the Sermon, which had oblig'd her to remove nearer the Quire, and slipt my Letter into the Desk, that when she return'd to lock up her Implements of Piety she cou'd not fail of seeing it: After Ten thousand fresh Assurances of my Passion and Fidelity, I gave her to understand that the Author of those Lines,

Lines, and he that languish'd in her Chains, wou'd sit over-against her in a green-water'd tabby suit at Evening-service. She was no sooner come into the Church, but I got up to shew my self, and make her take notice of me. A few transitory Morsels of Religion were no sooner mumbled over, but her Eyes were round the Congregation, and finding my Habit and Position most resembling the Description was given her, she took a great deal of Pains to let me see her : I know not if it hindred her Devotion, but am sure it did mine ; nor whether it was Kindness or Barbarity made her give me so ample a Scope of Ruin. Every moment I gaz'd on her, I found my Heart more deeply engaged ; and yet I cou'd not forbear looking, tho I was sure of being undone. She secur'd her Conquest in this Interview ; and my raging Passion receiv'd such powerful Fewel from her Eyes, that I thought Time it self cou'd never extinguish it.

Some time after this I was walking in the Street, and there was *Diana* but on the other side of the Way ; by I know not what magnetick Sympathy we inclin'd to one another, till at last there was nothing but the Kennel between us : by a false Step I stumbled against her, but had not assurance enough to speak to her ; my Eyes only shew'd the Dictates of my Soul, but Fortune befriended me at this Juncture too : An Acquaintance of mine at the College was not only a near Relation of hers, but being come out of the Country, was ordrr'd to live there, that he might be assisted

assisted in his Studies by the Counsellor her Father. Supposing I might confide a little in his Friendship, I broke the Affair to him by degrees; he promis'd me very cordially his utmost Assistance, and not only assured her that her other Spark, who assum'd the Honour of my Works, was a Blockhead and a Dunce, but that I was of one of the best Families in *France*, and a Man of uncommon Hopes. Thus he supplanted my Rival, and laid the Foundation of my Felicity upon the Ruins of his. She was desirous enough of my Acquaintance; but her Father was a surly, morose, ill-natur'd, whimsical Fellow, and did not care she shou'd converse with Strangers: this put some stop to the Progress of my Satisfaction; but every Obstacle my Love met with, only made it more violent.

My constancy at Church made People think me very religious, when nothing but *Diana's Charms* allur'd me there. One Day I was set down on a Stool next her Chair, and observ'd she was very uneasy, and look'd mightily dissatisfied; I suspected it was at my being so near her; that peradventure her Sister might take notice of it if I lookt upon her, or something else that I cou'd not readily imagine: and what convinc'd me of my Jealousy was, that I no sooner stood up but she sat down in my Place, which was a turning me out; so in a great Huff I pull'd my Friend by the Sleeve, and went out of the Church. I was horribly nettled at this seeming Slight of my Mistress, and when I saw her

her Cousin I made a heavy Complaint to him of it ; he laugh'd at my Uneasiness, and assur'd me I did *Diana* a great piece of Injustice : for what she did was so far from an Affront, that it was a sensible Mark of her good will ; for (continued he) some nasty Child had foul'd under her Seat, and she cou'd not presume to be so free with any body as you ; I heard her chide the Sweepers about it as she went out of Church. Nothing wou'd convince me but Demonstration ; so the Cousin took me to the Church, and shew'd me where it had been just washt. This amorous Inquietude gave me not so many bitter Hours as it forwarded my Affairs with *Diana* : For tho' she cou'd not forbear laughing when she was told of it first, yet my concern for her Contempt gave her an Assurance how highly I valued her good-will ; and we are not far from loving those whom we are pleas'd to know love us.

'Tis certain, the Difficulty of possessing enhances the Prince ; and what we come at easily loses half its Charms. When it was almost impossible to see *Diana*, I lov'd her to Distraction ; and now her Cousin had promis'd me her Conversation with all imaginable Freedom, my Passion dwindled away by degrees : but what helpt it forward in its Decay, was the Apprehension I shou'd never compass any extraordinary Favour from *Diana* without Matrimony ; and I was too sensible of my own Birth to undervalue my self by such a Match. Not but every wise Man will allow him the most happy that can keep his

Neck out of that Yoke. But I wou'd not have it said I was desperately in Love with a young Woman, and yet neglected the Opportunity of entertaining her ; therefore meeting *Diana* while I was waiting for her Cousin's coming down to me, I discoursed her about her Beauty and my Passion, and those common familiar Subjects of young Peoples Chat. She answer'd me always with a great deal of Spirit and Life, but discreetly too ; and now I was ten times more in Love than ever I was before.

Our Commerce continued thus till towards the latter end of the Summer ; whenever I met her at Church, or in the Walks, she receiv'd me very kindly ; yet it so happen'd that her Friendship abated, and she denied her self to me continually : however I met her by Accident, and was resolv'd to reason the Case with her ; before we had finish'd our Discourse, I observ'd she took several forc'd Occasions to commend a certain Lutenist nam'd *Melibeus* ; he had a small Sallary from the King, and putting all he had upon his Back, he appear'd very well. A Friend of mine gave me the first Intimation of a Familiarity between *Diana* and him ; I was sorry for the Woman's sake, because Poets, Musick-masters, and Buffoons, never court Women upon honourable Terms ; and it was highly to besuspected that our Lutenist made his Addresses only to prostitute her to some Nobleman that was his Benefactor ; for those sort of Cattel, as well as Dancing-Masters, are but so many Pimps with a good Excuse
to

to be admitted into any Family. The Fellow indeed had pick'd up some Money of late, but by an infamous Imposition upon Peoples Generosity : For he pretended to the King, that he wanted some Instruments to perfect a Design he had of making a new Consort, that shou'd outdo every thing that ever was yet perform'd. The King, out of his usual Munificence, order'd him a considerable Sum of Money to make his Preparations, and all the Persons of Quality outvied one another who shou'd contribute most to it, insomuch that he sold one Lute to six and twenty Noblemen, and it was his own at first, only having it carried by a Lute-maker from one to another.

So narrow a Soul as this should have made him contemptible to any Woman of Spirit or Thought : But she was decoy'd by the gay Outside ; and his having frequented the Court, gave him an Assurance in talking that takes mightily with Women ; for, silly Creatures, they never judge of what a Man says, but by how much he says. He had Vollies of Compliments by rote, and feign'd a Passion in every Expression ; no Actor upon the Stage cou'd do it more to the life. Yet these ridiculous Languishings, these studied Grimaces of counterfeited Love, prevail'd more upon her than my modest, tho violent, Affection. She waited for him punctually at her Door, but was full of Busines if I sent to know whether it were convenient to pay her a Visit. It came once unluckily in my Head to send a Friend's Servant to her, after she had

had sent me Word that she cou'd not possible admit of Company that Day ; but I told him he must say he came from *Melibeus*, and desir'd to know if she wou'd do him the Honour to let him kiss her Hands that Afternoon, and she answer'd he shou'd be very welcome. This satisfied me how entirely he prevailed there : But I had a secret, malicious Joy in her Disappointment ; and to see my self outrival'd by such a Rascal, provok'd my Scorn indeed, but not my Jealousy, tho I cou'd not resist the Temptation of affronting him. With five or six more of my Acquaintance, we gave *Melibeus* a Serenade of Shovels and Tongs, Hatchets and Bones, Cat-calls and Jews-trumps ; and I sung a scoundrel Song between whiles, to give him and the Neighbours to understand that our Music was as melodious as any he could make ; and that he cou'd not do less than keep his Horse, since he had begg'd more Instruments of Persons of Quality than ten Porters cou'd carry home ; and if he design'd to succeed as well with his Mistress as with his Musick, he must hire us to charm her beyond Resistance, and then the Triumph wou'd be his own.

He would take no notice of this Indignity, because he imagin'd it might only plain the way to greater. I was not quite without my Revenge, even in *Diana's* leaving me ; for *Melibeus* was the most disagreeable Person alive, more nauseous than the Plagues of *Egypt*. But as she forsook me, she in a little while forsook him too, and her Father married

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ried her presently afterwards to an honest responsible Lawyer: Not but that I wisht sometimes she would marry *Melibeus*, that I might have the Satisfaction to reproach her with her Folly, and not pity her when she was undone.

But making Conscience of breeding Disturbances in a Family, I gave over all Thoughts of *Diana*; and, in a word, I did not care a rush for her. However, Love that had lifted me, wou'd not lose me, and cut out more work for me; nay with had more hazardous Toils in it, notwithstanding I had all possible Freedom of Access to her.

After this Lady I had another; and after her another: And if I may say it without Vanity, as I can without a Lye, I never made Love anywhere but it was return'd: Yet in the most engaging Favours they cou'd grant, I never met one that shew'd any violent Inclination for me. I have ador'd more Women than there are Stars in the Firmament; and of five hundred that I have been passionately in love with at the same instant, I knew not which to prefer, and the least neglect or disappointment from any one of them all, was as sensible a torment to me, as if I had lov'd no other body: It may happen in the series of my Life to particularize some of them, that you may not repent your Time or your Attention.

We have here a short Scheme of the Follies and Vanities of common Writers, their servile Attendance, and precarious Subsistence, the pride and ignorance of Patrons, the base presumption of their Favourites, the extravagant

gant Absurdities that People bred in the Country, are expos'd to when they come first to Court ; the unbridled Insolence Men of Quality uphold their Servants in, the Croud and Confusion that attends publick Diversions, even in a Prince's Palace ; how Mankind is taken with a gaudy Exterior, how many ingenious Shifts Love teaches us, to inform our fair Charmer of her Power and our Passion ; that Reason seldom guides Women in the placing their Affections, and it may be 'tis to humble those that over-rate their Beauty, that they generally make the worst Choice ; and in fine, that some Constitutions have so violent a Propensity to Love, that no Difficulties dismay them, no Possession disgusts them ; the Object may cease, but the Passion continues ; and as long as there is a Woman, they will be in Love.

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THE
COMICAL HISTORY
OF
FRANCION.

BOOK VI.

BEING now very well rigg'd (continued *Francion*) I had got acquainted with a great many young Sparks of all conditions; every day was spent in Mirth and Jocularity, not to say Debaucheries: for my part I rather lent than borrow'd. And one Evening, in the height of our felicity, I propos'd to half a dozen of the briskest to establish a Fraternity as numerous as we

we could, but to admit no body but what was a Man of Honour and Courage, sworn Enemies to every degree of Ignorance and Foppery: we were to be continually together, and circumscribe our Felicity to our own Conversation.

They all approv'd of the design, and in a little time we had a very formidable Party. We excepted against no condition of Men; gentle and simple, all were welcome that had good Principles: we knew Virtue did not go by descent, Merit was what we look'd after, not Birth or great Places. We never excepted against an Attorney's Son, if he would but abhor the Villanies of his Father. Tradesmens Sons were as good as the best, if they had but so much integrity as to be above the Frauds and Cheats, and Lyes of Commerce. I was elected Governor for the first Fortnight, and receiv'd the homage of all the Society, which was a solemn promise to aid and assist one another, to expose Sots and Fools, to lash the pragmatal Puppy and the perfum'd Beau; in a word, to discountenance all manner of Vice and Vanity, that brought an odium upon Mankind. We had regular Mulets for the Delinquents, which was trusted to my management to be spent in Treats; but Heaven knows how just a Steward I was.

My Companions roll'd in Money, spent profusely, lent liberally, paid their Forfeitures freely, and never call'd me to account; I was their Captain, and a Scourge to all the gay Blockheads of the Town.

A prodigal young Fellow, a Cit, came into company where I was one day : his Clothes were richer than any the Royal Family had ; he gave himself uncommon Airs answerable to his Apparel, and was for taking the upper hand of every body, because he was superlatively better dress'd. These haughty Tempers were always my Abomination, so taking him to task ; Look here, Gentlemen, (said I to my Companions) this is the richest Silk in Mr. Eustace's Shop ; he has sent his Son abroad with it to shew it ; he is making up to the top of the Table, mistaking it for his Counter, and doubtless will open it farther to us. Do you mean me, Sir, (says he again) knitting his Brows, and cocking his Hat. Pray, Gentlemen, (replied I to my Friends) don't be angry that this Person thinks some of you very like him ; 'tis an unpardonable Affront almost, but he knows no better. This enrag'd him beyond Patience, and after he had rapp'd out forty horrible Oaths and Execrations, he told me 'twas not his business to wear a Sword, if he did—and there he stopt short. I turn'd all into Ridicule, and told him 'twas highly honourable for the King our Master to make Trade so flourishing, that an ordinary Mercer cover'd his Dunghils with Cloth of Gold : tho indeed this Person spoils an old proverb, for here the Sword is not worth the Scabbard.

My pragmatical Spark, apprehending I might be as severe upon his Body as I had upon his Bravery, said never a word, but sneak'd off.

Hunt-

Hunting after fresh Adventures to reak our just Indignation upon, we met a spruce finical Fellow in a white fatten Wastecote, and rose-colour'd Stockings, nicely tripping it o'er the Stones: his Footman carried his Sword behind him, according to the custom for such persons as he was. There's one (says I aloud) afraid of his own Sword, he makes his Man carry it out of his sight; but so just withal, as to own to the World that his Footman is better born than himself: for you see (continued I) he allows him to have a Sword, tho' he wears none himself. These Railleries being communicated to the Fraternity, (as 'twas one of our Rules, that all Jests, Jokes and Sarcasms, should be) they voted me a new Beaver at the charges of the Publick for my reward, and an encouragement for all others to attempt something, as opportunity presented.

We did not always think words punishment enough for Vice, sometimes we drew our Swords to chastise the insolent and the obstinate. The sordid vulgar Spirits censur'd our proceedings, the generous and brave commended them. If we had our Antagonists, we were not without a strong Party to support us; and those that inveigh'd the most bitterly against us, were obliged to do it in private, for we went always six and six together. Our exploits were the common subjects of the best Conversation. If any Person of quality, or Woman of reputation, had been affronted, we were presently advertis'd of it, our assistance implor'd, and our justice reward-

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rewarded ; not that we acted like some scoundrel modern Reformers, that only modest Mankind to pick their pockets, and in the administration of their pretended Justice, commit more Villanies in a Day than *Tyburn* has punish'd this hundred Years, and who are always judges and accusers, nay, and evidences too, in the same cause.

In time our party declin'd, some got into Offices, others establish'd themselves by Matrimony, and then their employments took them off from prosecuting our grand Concern. We had others that fill'd up their vacancies, but they were not answerable to the primitive institution of our Fraternity ; they aim'd at nothing but raking and drunkenness, which made me very seldom in their company : I invented several pretences to cover my absence, and having leisure, I applied my self once more to my Studies ; but as it was the newest, so it was much the best course I had ever taken. Philosophy was all my delight, not the whimsical, puzzling, insignificant part of it, but that which made a Man better, and teaches us how to be happy. This gave me daily a greater abhorrence for the Conversation of Men in general, since I had found out a certain easy method of making them little Gods, if Reason could have prevail'd with them to follow my Advice.

But since it is madness to desire what is next to impossible to effect, I look'd no farther than my own Felicity ; my Tongue seldom spoke the Language of my Heart, I said what

I knew would please, not what I thought was right; and by this prudent restraint upon my self, I quickly procur'd the friendship and good-will of every body I convers'd with. I was frequently solicited to put my self under the protection of some Nobleman, whose liberality might support me till his interest could establish my Fortune: but I was very averse to obey a Man that might be unworthy to command me; for I was no stranger to the Genius of Courtiers.

A Friend of mine took me one day a visiting with him, and assur'd me that not only the Lady was a great Wit, but that her House was the general rendezvous of all the Men of Sense and Gallantry; there (he told me) I should meet with opportunities of shewing my own parts, and improving by their Conversation. Madam *Lucy* had notice of my coming, and an account of who I was: she receiv'd me very obligingly, and set me down by her. Before we could make an end of necessary Civilities, one of the Gentlemen (whereof there was a multitude, that by their dress seem'd to be of the first Rank) playing with the bottom of his Wig, said in a very languishing tone; I vow to God, Madam, good luck has declar'd open War against me; and if I had the Alliances of all the Banks of Europe, and the Treasures of both Indies, I could not sustain the charge of one Evening's misfortune. Providence will remunerate your Lordship's Patience (replied another) and shed her auspicious Influences upon you in the bosom of an admirable Lady. I'd cut any

any Man's Throat (said the Lord, tossing his Wig behind him) that will not believe it as an article of his Faith, that no Woman can make a Man happy, but as far as she is like this Lady. No body will ever differ from your Lordship's opinion (said a third, advancing his Chair) in any thing; but if you had not told us it here, we had believ'd that however. Gallants, (reply'd the Lady) you put me into a sensible Confusion; I dare not question your Judgments, nor can believe what you are pleas'd to say. Your Friends, Gentlemen, should never be made the subject of your Mirth, tho' they should always be the object of it. There can be but little Mirth where you are, Madam (says another finical Fellow, with an affected Sigh) we are in your presence like the *Indians* in the Sun, they scorch the more the brighter he shines; there may be pleasure in Love, but there can be none in Despair. These harangues came mighty short of what I expect-ed, and being tired with such fulsome stuff, I never minded the rest of their discourse, but listen'd to a couple that were got by them-selves, and look'd as if they were set to be shewn: They were complimenting one another's Clothes; your Taylor (says one) has the gentelest cut of any about a Court, I wonder you don't do something for him. Indeed, Sir, (says the other, viewing his Clothes) I had some thoughts of getting him in to be one of the Lords of the Admiralty; but I was apprehensive he would be above working for me then. Certainly he could never

never be so very ungrateful (reply'd t'other.) And your Periwigs, Sir, (continued he) are the finest about Court, without comparison — I sometimes have tolerable ones (answer'd he) this indeed is but indifferent; I gave a hundred and fourscore Pounds for it, but the Man let me have it cheap, to oblige my custom — But your Wastecote is the sweetest thing I ever saw — Sure you had that Lace of your Cravat made purposely for you — I don't remember to have seen the pattern at Court yet. I am very curious I own, Sir, (reply'd t'other) in what Linen and Laces I wear; I have five Servants in *Spain*, accurate Men, to buy up the newest patterns and the richest prints; I have no less than three in *Flanders*, and as many in *Holland*, to procure me the finest Webs before they come out of the Loom. While they were running on at this ridiculous rate, I bless'd my self, but more when a Star and Garter came strutting into the Room; every body got up to pay their homage to this embroider'd Mortal, and in the hurry of their Civilities I stole away.

Meeting my Friend to whom I was indebted for the sight of this new model of Mankind, I told him his Wits and Men of Sense were too deep for my Capacity; and if there were no other than such at Court, I should never be fond of being there. That in the meanest Conversation of private Families, I always met with less Flashiness, less Impertinence, less Bombast, less Affectation, and less Nonsense, according to the best of my know:

knowledge ; that I observed they were continually larding their discourse with seven or eight affected foppish Expressions, to display the niceness of their Conversation ; such as —— Passitively Yes ! —— and most Indubitably certain ! —— and Stap my Vitalis, Sir, you are a person of Miracles ! Why, your Shape ! it is the very Idea of Proportion ; you gallant a Lute exquisitely, and make Love with such Airs and Agreements. Sir, I congratulate your habitudes with the Ministers of State, and am glad you keep so well with my Lords Commissioners —— By my Soul you're in commerce with the whole Universe, and a Man of such momentous Intrigue —— And a legion more they have of the same new-invented, modish, nonsensical Terms, that would make a Man of Sense wish them at the Devil. My Friend answer'd me, that he wonder'd mightily at it, for he was assur'd that those Persons he left there with me, had the Character of the most accomplish'd Gentlemen that were at Court, and the toppingest Wits of the Kingdom. If these are your best (answer'd I) the others are below contempt.

Clerant was not so taken up, it seems, with their Civilities, but he remark'd me, and ask'd the Lady if she had not been infinitely charm'd with my Conversation ; for (continued he) he is an extraordinary Poet, his Thoughts are natural, his Versification numerous, his Language pure, and his Wit easy. I have heard as much of him before, my Lord, (answer'd *Lucy*) but found nothing in

him ; he would neither follow the Conversation, nor lead it ; and as he sat here in Silence, so he vanish'd in a Cloud. Something has displeas'd him, you'll find, (*return'd Clerant*) but I'll manage him : let him come to me to-morrow. I'll acquaint his Friend, my Lord, (*answer'd Lucy*) he will be proud of the honour, tho' you may repent your Undertaking. Understanding that he had a real Intention to serve me, I resolved to let him see what I was capable of. I address'd my self to him in a style he was but little acquainted with ; my Compliments were out of the Court road, yet what was suitable to his dignity. From Civilities we fell into general Conversation, and I had the happiness of giving him that satisfaction, that he kept me above two hours in the Closet with him. I shew'd him some pieces of Poetry I had in my pocket, which he was pleas'd to tell me he lik'd better than any he had seen about Court, After some discourse upon the State-Affairs of *Parnassus*, he told me what *Lucy's* Thoughts were of me. The noble easy Disposition of *Clerant*, made me ingenuously confess to him, that I found good Sense would be thrown away in that Company ; and since I had left reading penny Books, I never met with such insipid, frothy Talk in all my life. 'Tis true (*replied Clerant*) they are but Coxcombs at best ; yet I will carry you to *Lucy's*, where you shall have none of their Ribaldry, and you will find she has as much Wit and Judgment as any Woman. The Character he gave of her was entirely her due, and she did
me

me the honour to believe I came not much short of what she expected from me.

A little while after this *Clerant* met with a Lampoon that was very severe upon the Court; he was in amongst the rest, tho the worst thing they objected against him was, that notwithstanding he had a beautiful Lady of his own, yet he went a whoring. I weigh'd the nature of the Scandal, and the turn of the Style, and told him it was really my opinion, that this was a piece of Malice of *Alcidamor's* contriving; and my reason to *Clerant* was, that since he was as notorious a Debauchee as any at Court, and yet was spar'd in the Satyr, it must necessarily follow, that some Friend of his had done it; and tho he lash'd all the rest, left him out because of his Protection. Nay, more, peradventure (added I) he had all his particulars from him, by which he was enabled to finish his draught. The others that are omitted in this Libel, are persons of so known worth and integrity, that their envy durst not raise a Lye of them. If that is the Man that encourag'd this Poem, I dare engage (continu'd I) that I find out the Poet, if I should happen to pitch upon the wrong Author, this very Moment. He believ'd I might guess, and did not know but by the acquaintance I had with the Fraternity of *Aganippe*, I might be right; and waving that Subject, he gave me another Copy of Verses to peruse, while he was discoursing with a Gentleman one of his intimate Friends. I found this was levell'd entirely against him; they charg'd him with

being a bullet-headed Fellow, a profess'd Enemy to Men of Sense and Learning. Pray, my Lord (said I) let me burn this ; for 'tis dogrel Verse, and palpable Untruth, and what may make you angry. No matter (reply'd *Clerant*) if they shew me any Error of my Life, I will study to correct it ; if it is a Lye, the Malice is a Crime in them, but none in me. I am not without my faults no more than others, and think my self indebted to any Man that prevents my ruin, by warning me of a precipice. When I had shewn him the Pamphlet, and more particularly what was unjustly laid to his charge : Well, said he, (with a Smile, that had more of Pity than Enmity in it) how grossly some people will mistake ; you're a witness whether I despise Learning, or learned Men. Pray, has not your Lordship disappointed some of the mercenary Poets of late (answer'd I) and that has made him vent his Gall against you now ? Indeed (said *Clerant*) about three Months since a Poet brought me a Panegyrick upon me and my Family, I order'd him twenty Guineas for his Encouragement. If my Servants have defrauded him, I know not, but should be very angry it were so ; not but that it argues a base principle in a Man to rail the same Minute he flatters, only because his Avarice is not satisfy'd as he desir'd. These ungenerous proceedings (continu'd he) gave me the first distaste against the persecutors of the Muses. I shew'd *Clerant* all the Absurdities of the Satyr, the Errors in the contrivance of the Piece, as well as those in

in Poetry ; that tho' the matter of fact had been incontestably true, yet it was a very pitiful, worthless Poem. In some time I made him sensible what was propriety of Language, how far the refin'd Conversation would admit of Stories, and when the most unconstrain'd Mirth was improv'd by moral Reflections. I quickly brought him from his general Error (of Men of quality) that they are above the rules of Eloquence and Grammar : the Pedantry of it is beneath any Man of sense ; but that is an abuse of it. I shew'd him, that he that would command others, should have more Knowledge and Experience than others ; Men were not to be govern'd by force alone, like the Beasts of the Field : But as every infamous Action ought to be punish'd, *Clerant* took care that his Satyr should shew his teeth after another manner, and had his coat very strenuously dusted upon his back with some good oaken Cudgels.

Every day brought me more in his favour ; and asking me once my Circumstances, that he might the better know how to shew his Friendship, I made them less supportable than in truth they were, to appear the greater Object of his Generosity : He took me home to his House, and appointed me every thing answerable to his quality, and not unworthy my own. Fortune seem'd now to outrun my Ambition, and had given me means to repay the Pride of some of my Fellow-Collegiates, by taking as little notice of them as they had formerly done of me. Nay, I slighted several

ral to whom I had many Obligations, and do not think I was unpardonable neither. My necessities had reduced me to receive supplies from their hands that offer'd it ; and whether they reliev'd m out of a sense of Honour, or a motive of Vanity, I was not in a condition to refuse it ; but as I knew they were worthless Fellows, I despis'd their company, tho I will never disown the benefits I receiv'd from them.

Under the protection of so great a Man as Clerant, I ventur'd boldly to attack every thing that was scandalous or presumptuous. I mortify'd the prodigal Cit that wallow'd into the Side-boxes, and let him know, that his boasted Wealth was the ruin of many Families ; 'twas the Blood of Orphans, and the Tears of Widows, the cursed Daughter of Extortion, Lies, and Frauds ; and that in a few Years we should doubtless see the vain Fool spend what the crafty Knave had got. I gave my irritated Muse a larger Scope than this, and shew'd the Nobleman how very impertinently he boasted a tedious series of worthy Ancestors, since his degenerating from their Virtues loaded him with Infamy equal to all their Lawrels. I told them to be really great, was to be really good ; and that Virtue did not consist in the plentifullness of a Man's Estate, but in the nobleness of his Mind. Every thing that was mean, derogated from a Man of honour ; and it was the most mortal symptom of a deprav'd Nature to be angry at Reprehension, tho possibly it was

was not manag'd with all the Precaution and Candour that could have been wish'd.

I gain'd so great an Ascendant over *Clerant*, that I was his second self : his Weaknesses he was soon made very sensible of; and he found by my Management, that whatever I perceiv'd amiss in him, I never expos'd him but to himself; which was a task some other People would not have gone thro' as fortunately as I did, tho it may be with ten times as much trouble.

Lucy's engaging Wit had so powerfully seconded the Lustre of her Eyes, that she became absolute Mistress of *Clerant's* Liberty. The violence of his Passion created him so many wretched hours, that he was forc'd to seek those proper Remedies which no hand could apply with so great a prospect of Success as those of the beautiful *Lucy*. He believ'd me very well read in matters of Amours, and made me his Confidant in this Affair: he discover'd the bottom of his Soul to me, tho I had long before remark'd his growing Inclination; and assur'd me, he employ'd me in that Intrigue, because he repos'd a greater confidence in my Integrity than in any one about him; and blam'd the Conduct of some People who entrust the Management of those weighty Affairs with the meanest Person of their Acquaintance, when there is required so much Caution and Secrecy to bring them to bear. The most essential pleasure of an Intrigue, is the being happy when others least suspect it; and it is an unpardonable Vanity in a Lover (tho too frequently practis'd) to triumph

triumph over a Woman's Virtue, and then trample on her Reputation. I was the more willing to embrace this opportunity of contributing to his loose desires, because *Lucy* had a Waiting-woman most divinely fair, and that had made a sufficient Wound in my Heart, to take away the greatest part of my Repose. My frequent errands to *Lucy*, gave me several favourable opportunities of discoursing with my dear Charmer; and I framed a thousand more in *Clerant's* name, to make *Lucy* persuaded of his violent Affection, as well as to have the happiness of seeing my Angel. I often wonder'd how her Mistress durst keep so dangerous a Person near her; and could only think she vainly presum'd the greatness of her Wit, would fix those Hearts which might otherwise waver from her Eyes: And indeed to Men of real Sense and worth, the Mind has infinitely the more prevailing and more lasting Charms; Fools only dote upon a Face, and where a Man languishes after nothing but a Complexion, his Love is not an honourable Passion, tho' tis a pardonable Weakness.

I humbly advis'd *Clerant* not to make his Visits so very frequently to *Lucy* as his Inclination urg'd; a little Absence would have a double advantage in it, for 'twould prevent many Censures, and not cloy her with seeing him continually. I told him, that some Women lov'd the Sacrifice, but the wiser sort the Priest. If they mov'd by an instinct of Pride, they would always have their Admirers at their feet; if they valu'd them, they would sweeten

sweeten their Captivity, tho they desir'd to continue it : and that it was more generous to forgive an Enemy, than to lead him in triumph. The leisure hours the fair Sex have to ruminate on their Lovers, make deeper Impressions than their Sighs and our Affidui-ties. The serenity of a Morning's Thought, when the Mind is no ways distracted with variety of Objects, brings so propitious an Idea of a faithful Servant, that they cannot but be pleas'd with reflecting on all the Proofs they gave of their tenderness and integrity.

Clerant was absolutely directed by me, and it was not in the power of any Man to make him alter that Method I had laid down. Since his Visits were more sparingly bestow'd, I told him a Letter now and then would be of extraordinary Moment ; they can read that in private, when Company coming in, might put a Restraint upon a Conversation, that a believing Lady might otherwise be willing enough to have free and easy. Every Line they read makes the Wound wider, and every time they read it, it has fresh power over them. But as he was not so accurate a Master of Language to pen any thing fit for a Woman of *Lucy's* Judgment, I told *Clerant* I would ease him of that Burden ; and do it withal in such a Style, as should no ways derogate from his Quality, but shew a great deal of Passion, without the formal Affection of the whining Lovers. There is a Solidity in Affection, as well as in Sense ; and this constitutes the Felicity of both Parties ; while raging Transports please only Girls,

proceed

proceed from Fools, and lead to a precipice of Infamy, if not Misery. I leave you to judge of the Letter : It was —

If you had not all the Endowments of Womankind, you could never have forc'd me to break my solemn Vow of never being in love. If you are pleas'd with your power, thank your merit, and not your Sex. It may be Heaven has not given you a prerogative to set all our Hearts on fire, without feeling one spark of what causes so general a Conflagration ; for that would be a Cruelty, if not a seeming Injustice. Why so many Charms, if only to be ador'd, not enjoy'd ? Your perfections, upon such a score, are our Punishment, and rather a Pain than Pleasure to your self. The more amiable the Object, the more raging the Desire ; and our Miseries are so much the greater, as our Despair is unavoidable. Be not barbarous to your self, but learn to love ; and let me give you the endearing Rudiments of so precious a Knowledge. You have talk'd long enough of Love, try now what 'tis ; your ignorance of the Joy, makes you value it the less ; but if you would accept of my service, you should find me so ready to obey, and so pleas'd to be at your Feet, that your Empire over me should be equally fill'd with Glory and Delight. Love has ten thousand Extasies that cannot be describ'd, and your Embraces alone, (my dearest charming *Lucy*) can dispense them all whenever you please ; and if you know how entirely I love you, you would pitch upon me to be that happy, happy Person.

Besides

Besides this Letter, I gave *Lucy* some Verses, wherein the endearing force of Love was so tenderly laid open, that neither Age nor Bigotry could secure a Man from the influences of Flesh and Blood. What effect they had upon fair *Lucy's* Breast, I leave you to imagine; she bit her Lips while she read them, she blush'd, she smil'd, she chang'd colour, and sometimes Joy sparkled in her dancing Eyes. This could not but please me extremely, that was witness to every motion, and I concluded she would send a very favourable Answer by me; but she put it all off with a Jest, and said it was very fine, and she would do me the Justice to shew the World how much *Clerant* was improv'd of late by my Conversation. I told her, Love made Men apt Scholars. I found by her Carriage after this, that she guess'd I was the Author of the Verses and the Letter too: she had seen several things of mine, and therefore might more easily know my hand, if she did not my style. The opinion she had of me, supplanted *Clerant*, and tho I never aspir'd to more than her Esteem, yet, by I know not what caprice of Destiny, she forc'd her Heart upon me.

One day, discoursing about *Clerant* to her, and giving him a character that he deserv'd from my Gratitude at least, she put it out of my power to question her Intentions. What, *Francion*, (said she to me with a languishing Air, that shew'd more of real Concern than Affection) have you made an Oath never to speak a good word for your self, but to neglect

neglect your own Felicity, rather than not procure that of your Friend ? I am under no such obligation, indeed, Madam, (answer'd I) but the consciousness of my own want of Merit, makes me not undertake any thing where I am sure to miscarry : 'tis madness to desire what is impossible to be attain'd. I am of opinion, *Francion*, (reply'd *Lucy*) that you frame difficulties not to own a dislike ; you have merit enough to succeed where you please. — If my ambitious Heart should beg the honour to be at your Feet, Madam, (answer'd I) would you not punish my Temerity, and discard me your sight ? Why then, cruel Lady, would you sooth my Vanity with imaginary Desert, since your self is a fatal Witness (but a charming one too) that I perish in the very first Attempt. I did not lay a bait for that application (answer'd *Lucy*, with a little more reserv'd Countenance) tho I see another's worth, I am not blind to my self ; and am sensible, that they must be infinitely greater Charms than any I can pretend to, to make a conquest of a Heart like yours.

I perceiv'd what she aim'd at, and attack'd her very briskly : she as obligingly confess'd she should ever have that consideration for me, which I was so earnestly endeavouring to establish for some-body else. Tho I had not any violent Inclination for *Lucy*, as I had for her Waiting-woman, yet as she was worth any Man's application, I pleas'd my self so long with the gay Thoughts of triumph, that at laist I came to have a real value for her:

I complimented my self out of my Liberty, and felt that Wound I did but feign at first.

I never gave her time to cool ; having advanced so far, I did not know if a wicked Reflection upon what she had done in my favour, might not bring her peevish Virtue into play again, and Shame make her blast my blooming hopes, and never see me more. The God of Love favour'd my designs ; we were alone in her Chamber : the opportunity made me bold, from one freedom I presum'd to another, and never desisted till I gain'd my point, and convinc'd her how much she was in the right, in the preference she made of me to be her Gallant. The hours of absence now grew doubly tedious ; infant Love is so eager and so endearing, he can brook no delay : and if opportunities did not present themselves so frequently as consisted with the impetuosity of our desires, we repair'd the loss whenever our indulgent Stars brought us together.

Some people will blame my proceedings in this matter, as if I had been a Traytor to *Clerant* in the fruition of those Charms I had undertaken to procure him the satisfaction of enjoying. But, alas ! Sir, since he had expos'd me to *Lucy's* familiarity, and she had tempted me to like her, I could not in honour nor conscience let slip so favourable an occasion of adding this fair Banner to the rest of my Trophies ; for as nothing touches a Man so sensibly as his own Interest, his own Honour, his own Revenge, and his own Plea-

Pleasure, why should I have refus'd a Felicity that I was not certain she ever intended to confer upon *Clerant*.

While I was wrapt up in the pleasures of *Lucy's Arms*, you imagine, peradventure, I forgot her Waiting-woman; but I must assure you, very far from it. My frequent and easy access to the House, gave me oftener an opportunity of talking with her. Whether she thought her Lady's Esteem for me was a Justification of hers, and the example of our Freedoms had given her new notions of Commerce and Delight, I know not; but I soon found my endeavours had not been thrown away upon her. As Fortune would have it, one day (and a good one for me) *Lucy* was busied in her Chamber with some of her Relations, who were to tarry a considerable while with her. I was no sooner upon the Stairs, but my charming Waiting-woman convey'd me into her Closet, where we had leisure enough to our selves, and envied no-body's Felicity: But as Nature sometimes calls in private, and Decency will not permit a Woman to answer her but in private, *Lucy* came into the Closet, and surpriz'd us very familiarly upon the Bed together. We had not leisure to adjust our matters so well as we wish'd, and she that was no Stranger to the Disorders that Love-Affairs bring to Petticoats and Commodes, knew but too well what Needle we had been threading; and with an envious, but disdainful Look withal, told her Woman, that she could not pretend to govern *Francion*, but she thought she might have

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have the liberty of blaming her Conduct ; and if she had those brutal Inclinations, she ought to have found out some other place, and not have dishonour'd her House. *Fleurance*, taking Courage from the extremity she was in, reply'd very pertly to her Lady, that the respect she herself had always shew'd for *Froncion*, made her too that she could not but value him, she never desiring a better Judgment than her Ladyship's to ground her opinions upon. As for dishonouring the House, she could not but beg her pardon for contradicting her, since she left the House as it was; unless the meanness of her condition made that a Crime in the Servant, which was none in the Mistress : she could not believe she err'd, since she follow'd her example. However, her Ladyship might be very easy now ; for her being witness to what she had done, might assure her that she would never open her Mouth about any thing that pass'd in the Family, which was a good Security that she had not before that Minute.

The resolute answer of the Waiting-woman, put her Lady quite out of countenance, and looking upon me as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*, she bolted out of the Room, and in a rage threw the door after her. *Lucy*'s Passion spoil'd no sport, since she knew I was there ; there I staid, and not knowing how to look the Maid in the Face, she durst not call her into the Room : so we had all the liberty imaginable of taking our fill of Love.

But *Lucy*, thinking to spight me, writ to *Clerant* in so obliging a manner, that as soon as

as I got home, he came and fell upon my Neck, and hugg'd me and kiss'd me, and offer'd me whatever my Vanity could suggest. In a day or two he waited on her, and she crown'd his ardent Wishes with all the Blandishments of Love. So *Clerant* obtain'd that by her Revenge, which she would never have granted to his Services, Affection or Quality ; and he was never happy with *Lucy*, but I was as deeply engag'd with *Fleurance*, and had often the malicious Joy to know, that *Lucy* knew I was at that instant with her Waiting-woman, as she was with her Nobleman.

But I could not restrain my Passion to any one Woman, none of them were perfect enough to engage my Heart long, much less for ever ; and yet every thing that was Woman, had a Charm for me, tho I was not so blind to think them beautiful. The first I saw I lov'd, and the next I saw destroy'd her empire. My fickleness constituted my felicity, and as nothing out of my sight disturb'd me, so every thing that was near me was belov'd. I met with a certain Country-Gentlewoman, who was come up to Town to look after a Suit at Law she had, because her Husband was laid up with the Gout : there was something in her Face that pleas'd me beyond the regularity of Beauty. I found out means of getting acquainted with her, I assisted her with my interest, and brought her cause to a more speedy conclusion than she expected. In acknowledgment of the obligation, she desired me to put her in a way to return my services. I told her she was always in a capacity

pacity of obliging me when she was alone, and if she could return Love for Love, I should be the happiest Man upon Earth. Being a married Woman, she knew well enough what I meant; and being somewhat covetous too, she was glad of being put in the way of cancelling so many obligations with what was nothing out of her pocket, and yet might be something in her way too. After some Conversation with her, I found she did not confer her Favours to me alone, and that others participated of her Embraces, who had never done her any other piece of service than the accepting of them.

Her Inconstancy, and my own Inclinations, quickly wean'd my Affection from her. Finding I had quite given her over, she wash'd her Face with a little spirit of Confidence, and put on her hood and scarf of Resolution, and came to enquire for me at *Clerant's Palace*. The Servants all knowing that I used no particular Butcher for my Flesh, waited on the Gentlewoman up-stairs: She told me that her affairs call'd her home again, and having not had of late an opportunity of returning me her last acknowledgments, and taking her leave of me, by reason of the unkindness of my absence, rather than leave me room to question her Gratitude, she made bold to come to me — I told her 'twas not want of a due Respect for her, made me absent my self from her House; but some concerns of my Lord's, together with a fit of sickness I had lately, took from me the opportunity of seeing any of my Friends almost; and that I wish'd

wish'd I had been capable of serving her otherwise I should be very proud to do it. With that the Lady fetch'd a great Sigh, and look'd upon the Ground, and at last, as if unwillingly, told me the Lawyers and the Town had run away with all her Money ; she fear'd her Husband was not well, because he had not writ to her of above ten days ; but if I would oblige her with fifty Guineas, she would positively return them to me in three Week's time, it may be sooner. I express'd a great deal of concern for the expences she had been at, but told her withal, that having carried her Cause, she should not grudge the Charge. As for Money, I had made a solemn Vow never to lend a penny as long as I breath'd, but would put her in a way to save so much as she desir'd of me, and that was by swelling the bills of cost so much ; for my Friendship had not only sav'd her that Sum, but without it she had hazarded the whole. — At this my Man came in, who had a signal I gave him always to call me to *Clerant*, when I had a mind to shift off troublesome company. Our discourse ended here, and she took her leave of me, but with a Countenance that shew'd her discontent. Whether she follow'd my advice or not in making her bill larger, I don't know, and am as little solicitous about.

Being a faithful Vassal to Love's Empire, I rov'd and rang'd from Nymph to Nymph ; my unbounded Passion laid me at every Woman's Feet, and provided they were not common, I never valu'd Complexion. I knew there were good Horses of all colours, and Jades of

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the best ; and if sometime I went into the publick Vaulting-schools of *Venus*, it was only to see and confirm my self in a Horror against such leud places. Vice is so odious there, that it will reclaim a thinking Man beyond a Sermon. The wanton Scenes have nothing in them but what disgusts, and by a happy Antiperistasis, put out the Fire they would kindle. When I thorowly weigh'd the Consequences I have gather'd from those Theatres of Lasciviousness, in the severest Qualms of Devotion, I can hardly repent of having gone there.



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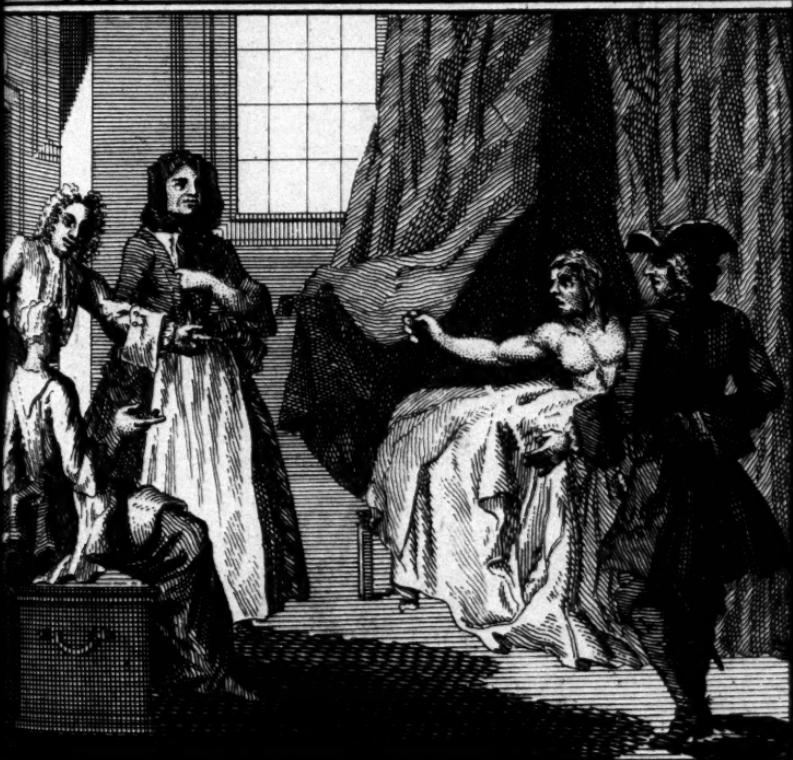


T H E
COMICAL HISTORY
O F
FRANCION.

B O O K VII.



ERE the Butler brings in Breakfast, and the Gentleman wou'd not let *Francion* conclude his Story till he had taken a Recruit; in the mean time they made remarks upon the variety of Humours, how some make it all their Business to flourish it in any Feathers; others to prate like Coxcombs, and distinguish them-





themselves by pert affected Language. That the great Dons of the World take more pleasure commonly in the Tattle of a Fool, than the Speech of a Philosopher. And that such who appear the most modest, conceal often within their Breasts irregular Passions and unlawful Love. We have had a Story here, which ought to give us an irreconcileable Aversion to Vice: For tho *Francion* put the best Face upon it, he was sensible, in his Heart, that all the Pleasure he enjoy'd in debauching the Mistress and the Maid, was not comparable to the sincere and lasting Charms of a clean, sober and virtuous Life. As for the Company of common Strumpets he himself own'd, that nothing in the World was more nasty. And because he said, that nothing cou'd make them more odious, than to view them sometimes in those infamous Places were they exercise their wicked Trade; we are of Opinion that 'twill not be amiss here to give you some representations of their leu'd Life, to make them more detestable; and that those who read this Book, may be perswaded to avoid them more than *Francion* did, who, when Breakfast was over, continues his discourse as follows.

Tho the Heats of my Youth betray'd me into Sallies of Debauchery, as I've told you, yet I was not such a Fool as to neglect the main Chance neither. I had been to see my Mother in *Britanny*, who put me upon looking after Preferment, and lectur'd me with a great many notable Admonitions: Then I began to think of insinuating my self into the

good Graces of a certain Favourite of the King's, who cou'd advance me much better than *Clerantes*. I scrap'd Acquaintance with three, or four of his nearelt Relations, and signify'd to them, that I shou'd be very ambitious of serving all the Family. To reward me for my pains in courting them, they as-sur'd me, at first, that they would infallibly help me to a place which I desired, which was in the Gift of *Praxiteles* (who was once, you know, the King's Right-hand). But when I put my noble Masters in mind of their Promises, I never saw any thing so cold in my Life ; their Souls were crusted over with Ice, as with a Leprosy ; and you might have peck'd at them till Dooms-day with your Prayers and Remonstrances, but the Devil a-bit wou'd they have felt you. Faith I believe their good Fortune makes them stupid, or else they feign themselves so, to ward off Importunity. When I was discoursing them upon one Busines, they'd put me upon another ; and if they were forced to answer to what I propos'd, they'd perplex it more than a crafty Lawyer does a Chancery Suit.

I writ a Pamphlet (you must know) in which I undertook to prove that *Praxiteles*' Merit was equal to his Prosperity ; but Pox on them, they wou'd not let me publish it for fear of encreasing the Envy that was already rais'd by the Fortune of their Family. Who wou'd not swear now, that they were sensible he did not deserve those Praises, and that it was all such palpable Flattery, that People wou'd be mov'd to laugh at his No-honour,

honour, rather than to respect him for it? I have curs'd my self since for having been such a Sot to panegyrick him; and I have thought, that if Heaven did not prosper my Designs, 'twas but a just Punishment for the Sin of praising a Fellow that deserv'd a Lampoon. The Place which I solicited for, was bestowed upon another, who, I suppose, never sought after it: But I'll be bold to say, The Damage was theirs as well as mine; for they lost in me a true Friend and faithful Servant, that was ready to do any thing for them, even on the most important and hazardous Occasions; and took in my Room a Blockhead without an ounce of Brains, or a Grain of Honesty. I desir'd *Clerantes* to speak a good Word to them in my behalf; but he wou'd not make nor meddle; No— says he, my Authority's gone in those Matters, and there's a set of Scoundrels now in play, that sprung, like Cucumbers, out of a Dunghil, and yet look pert and sausy, and make it their common Diversion to slander Men of Quality. Besides—I cou'd not stoop to the Rogues, nor ask a Favour of them tho' I were hang'd for't. Upon this disappointment, I fell to reading the antient Sages and comforting my self

*With Ends of Verse,
And Sayings of Philosophers.*

And tho' I cou'd not plume my self, nor bask in that Sunshine of Prosperity, which some others enjoy'd; yet I was satisfied, at
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least, that I was not such a Slave as they. I saw, pretty well, how things went, and who got the Prizes ; that Merit signified no more to Success in the World than in a Lottery, but rather unfitted a Man for Preferment ; and that to gain Esteem among Courtiers, 'tis better to profess Buffoonery than Wisdom. For my part, I cou'd not mimick the Organ, the Bells, or a pack of Hounds with my Mouth ; neither cou'd I whistle, nor make Monkey Faces ; all very necessary Accomplishments ; nor had I a Soul so vile as to endure the thought of raising a Fortune by such ridiculous Arts. Indeed I always lov'd a Jest as well as any Man, and was for Railery that was sharp and witty ; but I hated to play Tricks like a Juggler, or a Guinea-Dropper, or such sweetning, spunging Rogues, as many of our Quality Fools admire. And if I offer'd at saying any thing agreeable, or pleasant, it must be either to divert my self, or such honest Ladies as were my equals, and fitted my Humour ; but I did not know how to entertain Boobies that look'd big, and thought themselves above me.

Well, since I cou'd do nothing among Court-Favourites, I fell in with a merry Crew that minded nothing in the World but Laughing and Love ; and tho there was less Profit among these, yet there was more Pleasure ; yet I could not avoid being in the Dumps sometimes, when I consider'd how I fool'd away my Youth, which might have been much better employ'd, both for the Service of others and of my self. And these Reflections over-took

took me sometimes in Company, and striking me dumb, of a sudden threw me into a profound Meditation, that my Companions scarce knew me for that airy Fellow I was once, and wondred in their Hearts what strange Metamorphosis was come upon me. I was concern'd too at the Change, and strove what I cou'd to bear up against it ; but the Stream was too strong ; nor cou'd the Disease be remov'd while I saw Objects every Day that encreas'd it. So that there was a Necessity that I shou'd find out some Diversions, or turn Hermit, and withdraw into a voluntary Exile.

Clerantes, who know my Malady, and the cause of it, did all he cou'd to chear me up, and took me, for the purpose, to a fine House of his in the Country. What a Devil's the matter with you, says he, and what's become of that brisk facetious Humour of yours ? Od's Life ! I'll ha' done with you if it's come to this ; for I woud not give a Groat for a Man that won't be Merry. I took you for a pretty Fellow once ; but a Man may be deceiv'd I see. — What, you're dull, I warrant, because Things go awry, and the World is out of Joint ? — But prithee teaze thy self no more about it, unless thou canst set it right again : In spight of the World let us live as we please, and not make our selves Slaves to any of its senseless Customs. For my part I forswear the Court for ever ; I'm sure it never let me enjoy a Minutes Repose. And if you're for Love, there's pretty young Girls enough to be found, as

plump as Partridges, and far beyond your lank Court Misses, that are plaister'd over with Paint and Hog's-grease, and use a thousand nasty Inventions to set off their hideous Carcasses : I have met with some of them as lean as Post-Horses ; and *Lucy* her self, when I saw her last, appear'd to have more Art than Nature, and is no better than a Skeleton cover'd with Skin.

I was taken with the frank humour of this Lord, and let him do with me what he pleas'd. He had left all his Grandeur at Court, and scarce retain'd the Memory of it. He had so much Humility, that he'd dance a Sundays under the Elms, with the Bumkins of the Parish, and my Neighbour *Peter*, and Gaffer *Lucrin*, were hail Fellow well met with him. He'd play at Bowls with 'em for a Supper, and took a mighty pleasure in seeing them Tipple, and hearing theirfeat Stories. Sometimes, in a more serious Humour, he'd send for some of the oldeit Blades, and make them tell all that pass'd in their Youth. Bless me ! what sport it was to hear them talk Politicks, and what work they made with their own and with their Grandfathers musty Opinions, always cavilling at the Ministers of State, and blundering out something or other against such as were nearest the King's Person. I must confess that I tasted but little of the Pleasure, for I naturally hate the Company of Num-heads and Ignoramus's ; yet, for his sake, I forc'd my self to be as merry as I cou'd ; for my principal care was to make him so.

And

And thus I liv'd, till an opportunity offering, I undertook an Intrigue which few would have had the Courage to have meddled with. We heard that in a Farm, about half a dozen Mile off, there was a Citizen's Wife, one of the finest Women in the World: I resolv'd to dress my self like a Country Fellow, and to take a Violin with me for the easier admittance; for I'm a piece of a Fiddler you must know; and that which made my Head run upon't it the more was, that I heard she was a comical Jade; lov'd laughing with her Soul, and wou'd out-repartee a Play-house Vizor. Indeed, — thought I, then I'll be hang'd if I don't fit her, and I reckon it will be diversion enough to hear us two confabulate.—And the best on't was, that there happen'd to be a Wedding in the Village the very Day I design'd for my Frolick. *Clerantes* resolv'd to make one, and therefore lug'd along a Cymbal, because 'tis the easiest Instrument to play upon, for you are only to thump the Strings now and then with a Wire to fill up the cadence of a Song.

Well—out we march'd one Morning in our usual Habits, and pretending that we were going at least thirty Mile, took only my *Vallet de Chambre* with us, an arch Dog, that I had bred to my Hand, and taught to understand Trap. About two, or three Mile from the House, we went into a private Wood, and there dress'd our selves in the Rags we had brought with us. *Clerantes* tied a Handkerchief about his Head, and blacking his Beard,

which was of a light colour, disguis'd himself so, that 'twas impossible to have known him. For my part, I only clapt a patch on my left Eye, and ensconc'd my Noddle in a reverend old Hat, the Brims of which I cou'd pull up and down at pleasure, like the Vizor of a Knight-errant's Helmet; for 'twas almost slit in two in the middle.

In this Equipage we troop'd to the Village where the Wedding was held, and my Lacquey put up our Horses in an Inn, where we ordered him to stay till we gave him notice. We went directly to the House of the Bride's Father's, a plain, honest, Country-fellow; and I ask'd if he had no occasion for our Service. No, indeed, says he, for I have bargain'd with a Fiddler already for a Crown, and have given him a Shilling-earnest: That was an unconscionable Dog, said I, for I ask you but half a Crown for my self and my Comrade here; besides we can handle a Skillet, and may be serviceable to you in the Kitchin; for we liv'd once in a great Inn, where we learn'd to dress Meat as well as e'er a Cook in *Paris*. The Fellow thought 'twas a cheap offer, and with the leave of his Wife, who was for saving a Penny, struck up a bargain with us. Just in the nick comes in t'other Minstrel, and there was a devilish Dispute betwixt us. I was spoke to yesterday, says he, and am come three Mile—I swore that I was come above a dozen on purpose, and that I was detain'd fifteen Days ago, at least, by a Man that pass'd thro' our Village. In short, I had the better on't, and poor Scrape hung down

down his Head, and fil'd off with the Ear-nest.

To work we went in the Kitchin, and Clerantes, who had been a kind of a Hen-hussy, and us'd to be peeping among his Servants to see how his Meat was dress'd, wou'd certainly have made excellent Soupe if he had been furnish'd with Ingredients: But there was no need of Nicety, and so we cook'd it up at a slovenly rate, as we were directed by one that was set to overlook us. When the Guests were come from Mass, the Cloth was laid, and every one took his place, The Citizen's Wife sate down first, for the Bride was her Vine-dresser's Daughter: I had a full view of her, and I'll swear I scarce ever saw a handsomer Woman. After Dinner the Married Couple remov'd to a Table, on which stood a great brass Bason to receive the Gift-money; at every piece that was put in they made a very thankful Bow; those that gave two pieces (tho they were but Sixpences) were so proud, that they drop'd them in severally to be heard the plainer. The City Lady presented two pair of Silver Forks: A good Woman of the Village gave them a great pair of Beef-Forks, with a Ladle at one end of them. Another gave Tongs, and another a pair of Pincers; but here was the Jest on't, that all these things had the Cuckold's Arms upon them, and some way or other resembled Horns, a very unlucky Omen! The Husband sate with his Spouse a full quarter of an hour after the Gifts were over, greedily expecting more. And then

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retiring, they counted their Charges, and finding how much their Purse had suffered, they fell a triveling and sobbing so heartily, that it made my Heart ake as I stood by, and I was forc'd to read them a Lecture of Consolation: Just then came in the Bride's Father, to tell them that the Lord of the Manor gave them all leave to dance in his Hall, and that the Bride-folks shou'd march thither first with the Fiddler before them. I tun'd my Instrument and playing the first Fancy that came into my Head, I led up the Cavalcade. The sound of the Cymbal did not please them, they thought it no better than a Key and the Tongs; so that *Clerantes* was forc'd to lay down his Arms; putting himself at the Head of us, he had so many capering Frolicks, and such odd Postures, that I shou'd have sworn (if I had not known him) he had serv'd his time to a Tumbler, or an Antick-dancer. As soon as we got into the Court-yard I fell a playing the Brawls, and set the whole Gang a dancing: After that, I scrap'd Jiggs and Courants, and I thought I shou'd have bespiss'd my self to see the Clowns hobble about after their lubberly Fashion; so that my spleen was gone, and I had quite forgot my late Metamorphosis. On the contrary, I was perfectly easy, and extremely diverted with the chat of some old Grannums that sat by me. They blam'd the married folks Relations, said they were niggardly sneaking People, so they were, to have but one Fiddle, and such a pitiful Wedding-dinner. I scorn such pinching, says one of them; when I married

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married my Grand-daughter *Joan*, I stuffed all my Guests as long as they cou'd swallow, and there was such a power of Victuals left, that next day,—'twas a Monday I remember—I was fore'd to send for our Curate (and he has a plaguy Stomach you know) to help us off with it, for fear some of it should be spoil'd after Sunday; besides, we gave Money to all the Poor of the Village, and had a main Company of Fiddlers and Bagpipes, and Cornets at the Wedding too; I shall never forget what a brave noise they made, and how merrily they play'd *John come kiss me*— Others of them gabbl'd at the same impertinent Rate; so that scarce any body minded the Dancing: But the very Flower and Cream of all, was a Dialogue which I over-heard between a young Plough-jobber and one of the Maids of the House: He comes hobling up to her with an Ideot Grin, makes her a reveren'd Scrape with his wooden Shooes, stands twisting his brims of his Hat, then staring her in the Face, cries—And how goes it *Rabina*? —Nay, what d'ye look so squeamish vor? I'se plaguy a feard ye beant well, You may spare your Fears, says she. But harkye, says *Hodge*, here's a Wedding d'ye-zee—and I wish there were more, d'ye mind me.—Now if you w'an't zo woundy coy, Sweet-heart—Zlidikins I'se tell ye what, it's a hard Winter, and Patridges are so tame, ye may catch 'em with your Hands, Mum.—Ay, says she, if they don't fly away; but prithee what's all this jargon for? I'm no Patridge I'll assure you; as to our Bride,

Bride-folks here, I have nothing to say for them. Methinks the Man makes a cackling like my Aunt's Geese, a prating Fellow, I warrant, and I'll hold a wager beats his Wife in a Fortnight. I do but think how sweetly he look'd upon her t'other day, and how much he was in love with her fine silver Girdle. For let the homliest Drab in Christendom get but such a thing about her Waiste, and Bobs in her Ears, and I'll engage where'er she goes she has all the Gentlemen's Foot-men, and poor working Tradesmen after her, and they'll look more amorously at her, than a hungry Thief does at a Cook's Shop. To which *Hodge* reply'd, with such a rueful Phiz, that hang me if I cou'd tell whether he laugh'd, or cry'd—*Odzookers*, says he, my Mother was describing to me about ye t'other Day. — What you don't hear me? And with that he over with it again half a dozen times at leaft, tugging her by the Hand all the while, as if she were asleep, and he cou'd not wake her: The Fellow's mad, says she, why I an't deaf. Look you here Girl, continu'd *Hodge*, it's for thy zake mun, that I had put this vine Ribband in my Hat; dy'e zee? For a Vrind of mine conform'd me, that you love the colour zo well, that you have three Petticoats at leaft on't. By the Mass, as I was going to the Hop-ground yesterday, I went a quarter of a Mile out of my way to get a zight of thee, and was vorc'd to lose my Labour—and zo I dream'd on thee all Night long—and cou'd not sleep a wink if I might ha' hang'd vor't. — I'fecks,

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I has offer'd a hundred times to wager Piebald against the best Mare in my Brother in law's Team, that one shall ride fifty Mile and not see a Maid of zuch discomplishments as you.—For tho ye be as handsome as our Spot at home, yet ye han't a bit of Pride, but be the Pearl of the Place, vor humility and courteous Haviors. You do but banter me, says the Damsel ; not I, by my Flesh, says the Clown : Why, sure you do, says she : Indeed but I don't, says *Hodge* ; there's my Mother (God bless her) can bear me witness ; for we never go to vetch up the Cows a Nights, but we always have a Catalogue about ye, as I told ye before ;—therefore if y'ave a mind to be married, why—zay so a God's Name, and there's an end of the matter. *Hodge* never spoke plainer in's Life, and to shew his Affection to her, he haul'd her out to dance a Jig, and immediately fell a gamboling and throwing his heels about, and made such ill-favour'd work with his Arms and his Head, that you'd have swore he had been fighting, or distracted ; or else possess'd with a Devil that scru'd his Body into so many confounded Postures.

Clerantes all this while was as busy in observing all that pass'd, as a Judge hearkning to an Evidence : But understanding there was some Gentry come to the house, who were in the next Room ; away he slipt to them ; and the rather because the Citizen's Wife had led the way. How now, honest Fellow, says the Lord of the Castle to him, observing the Cloth about his Head ; prithee who has committed

mitted Burglary upon the Chest of thy Understanding? One who has none her self says he; an't please your Worship (counterfeiting his Voice like a Player) I have such a plaguy Jade of a Wife, that I believe she has a Devil within her. Heaven's my Witness how often I have try'd to mend her, and have bang'd her backside and foreside, to no purpose: For I have often heard that Women are like Asses and Walnut-trees, that are worth nothing till you thrash them lustily. Now you must know that I have been us'd to thumping of Tubs, for I am a Cooper, by Trade, and never go about with my Cymbal but upon Holidays. T'other day, because I cou'd not make her leave scolding, with the help of my Prentice, I clap'd her into one of my great Casks, and closing up the Head, left her no Air but at the Bunghole: I took my Pully and let the Vessel down into my Cellar, and hoisted her up, and let her fall again, and continu'd this Exercise as fast as I cou'd for a good while, till I thought I had shook all her scurvy qualities out of her; but I was mistaken; for as often as she cou'd get her mouth to the narrow window of her Apartment, she'd call me ten thousand damn'd Rogues and Villains: In short, I was forc'd to leave her there till her fury was spent. Towards Evening, the Devil of Concupisence enter'd into me, and yet I was afraid to take her out for fear of her Teeth, or Nails, which she has often employ'd upon less Provocation. Come, my Dear, said I, let's kiss thro' the Bunghole and be Friends;

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Friends ; the Devil kiss you, says she, I'll sooner be Friends with all the Imps in Hell : Upon my Life, I reply'd, I'll do so no more, that is to say, I'll never beat thee hereafter, but will make a very loving Husband ; give me but six kisses now, and I'll swear I'll let thee out of Prison. This Offer prevail'd upon her good Nature, she consented to the Proposal, and, I believe did what she cou'd to perform it ; but I cou'd not make my Lips reach far enough ; so that I was forc'd to take her out of Little-ease without a Fee. After I had diverted my self with her a little, her Clack began to go again, and we had a new Quarrel upon the board, for she told me she was sure I had been playing the Knave with a young Wench in the Neighbourhood. I believe she ought to be burn'd for a Witch, how she shou'd know it else I can't imagine ; for I'm sure I gave her no reason to suspect me. But, in short there was the Devil to do again, the Sun rose upon our Contention, and beheld how unmercifully she threw an earthen Chamber-pot at my poor Noddle, and wounded me me as you see, for which Hell reward her.

This story of *Clerantes* set the whole Company a laughing, but especially the Citizen's Wife, who ask'd him a great many ridiculous Questions : One of the Gentlemen spoke to him for a Song ; he thrum'd upon his Cymbal, and sung them the merriest he could think of ; but being ask'd to sing more, he told them he'd call me, and that I had a hole budget full at their Service, of the most comical in the World. The Wedding was left without a Fiddle, and I went immediately to entertain

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entertain their betters, and tuning my Voice to my Instrument, I fell a roaring the maddest Catches that ever were heard, most of which I made my self, when I was half-seas-over, at the Tavern, with my Pen in one hand, and Glass in t'other: to which I added so many Grimaces and Postures, that all the Harlequins in *Europe* would have been glad to have had a Sketch of me to practise by.

Clerantes, in the mean time, stood by a couple of old Fellows, who did not mind the Musick, but were laying their Noddles together and debating about a subiect, that concern'd him not as Minstrel, I'll assure ye, but in quality of his Lordship: He would not seem to hear them, lest they should lower their Voices, nor so much as cast an Eye towards them, to make them suspect him; but that looking on him as an inconsiderable Jackpudding, they should take no notice of him. Says one, I've been told that *Clerantes* has been in this Country for some time, but is gone from hence this very Morning, for which I am glad with all my heart; and I wish the next News I hear of him, may be, that he's tied to an Oar in *Turkey*, or made one of the Grand Seignior's Eunuchs. For to say truth, I always hated him, he's a scandal to his Quality, and for Wine and Women, there's hardly such a Rake living. There's my Son *Numps*, for a plain, honest Country-Fellow, as he was born, lives better by half than t'other does in quality of a great Lord. Well, well, (says t'other) we an't like to be plagu'd with him long, for betwixt you and I —

but

but for God's sake not a word on't ——
there's some topping Men in the State who
have a Grudge against him, and design to
make away with him privately, now he's at
a good distance from the Court : They have
sent out a Fellow for the purpose, and tho' he
has miss'd of him, yet I hope he'll catch him
upon the Road, and knock his Brains out.

Tho' he spoke this softlier than the rest, yet
Clerantes heard it ; and to disperse his Melan-
choly for this bloody design against his Life,
he went to one of the Servants and ask'd him
for some Wine ; for (says he) I've strain'd
my Throat with singing ; and if I don't li-
quor my Bowels well after it, I shall be as
hoarse as the Hinge of an old door. The
Fellow gave him as much as he'd swill, after
which withdrawing to a corner of the Room,
he pluck'd out of his Wallet some relicks of
the Wedding : I being pretty sharp set, made
bold to snatch some, and while I was mumb-
ling of it at the Window, I saw a merry
Scene in the Court-yard. When I dress'd
the Soup and the Rice for dinner, I put into
it a certain laxative Composition, which I had
brought for the purpose ; which now begin-
ning to operate, all the wedding Guests were
forc'd to scour out as fast as they could, to
be discharg'd of a Burden, which, tho' not
very weighty, is yet very troublesome : some
scamper'd into the Stables, others were forc'd
to take up with the first place that offer'd.
The dancers humm'd their Tunes for want of
the Fiddler, but most of them were forc'd
to leave the room, in obedience to the un-
cleanly

cleanly Tyrant that commanded them. The poor Bride was sadly put to it ; she could not be so rude as to break away from her partner, so that something was dropp'd in the dance, which no body car'd to own. In short, this was a general Calamity, and every one being ashain'd to dishonour the Gentleman's House, who stood laughing with me at the Window, away they flunk home one after another, and made sport enough to the rest of the Company, who saw them dance other Jiggs than those I play'd to them. The Citizen's Wife was caught too, as she was making sport at the rest, so that she was forc'd to adjourn once or twice. I told her I was afraid she did not like the Company, because she left them so often. She was resolv'd to return the Banter, and try my Skill at Repartee. Says she — Harkye, you Rosin and Cats-gut, which of your strings is the hardest to wind up ? — I can tell you which is the easiest, (said I) if you've a mind to try ; you may do it with a touch, and I'll engage 'twill make Musick to please you — At which the Company laughing, provok'd her the more, and she was studying how to be even with me ; when *Clerantes*, staggering out of his place, with a Glass of Wine in his Hand, and his Eyes staring and rolling in his Head, began to play the Sot so to the life, that I'll vow I should have thought him soundly pickled, but that I was sure he could not have got his load in the time. But the rest of the Spectators thought it real, he reel'd so at every step, and stammer'd out such wild undigested stuff ; then

then he'd pretend to taste the Wine, and dipping his little Finger, would suck his Thumb instead of it. When he lift up the Glass to drink, he flopp'd half the Wine over, and stooping forwards, pull'd out the tail of his Shirt to wipe his Mouth; so that the Citizen's Wife saw all for nothing, and clapping her Hand to her Eyes, cry'd out and peep'd thro' her Fingers. *Clerantes* continued his Extravagancies, and blundering up to her as she stood in the middle of the Room, pretends to take her for a Post or a Wall; and leaning his Head against her, was about to make water, when she slipp'd away, and down came my merry Man of quality. I was desir'd to put him to Bed; I convey'd him to the House of the City Dame, where the Bride-bed was made. When she came home, she order'd him to be laid in a little Chamber next the door, and ask'd me how long 'twould be ere he'd come to himself. I found she was in some concern for his being in ^{Dickie}, tho' she lik'd him ne'er the worse for his Gaiety. I told her that in less than an hour he'd be as fresh as my self. Something that she had seen, ran in her Head; she commended him for a very proper likely Man, said 'twas great pity he was overtaken, that any body might see he had a very good Aspect, notwithstanding his Head and Face were muffled up at that rate. By which I fancy'd she would be very ready to oblige him: and so I told *Clerantes*, who was pleas'd with the News. And in troth I was not mistaken, for when every body was in their nests, she
Role

stole to bed to him in the dark, thinking her self the more secure, since 'twas impossible he should know who 'twas; and besides, his Head being out of order, she believ'd he might take it next Morning for a Dream. But *Clerantes* was not so far gone, he knew well enough who 'twas, yet had the wit to keep his own counsel, and endeavour'd to cure her longing, without speaking a syllable. About eleven a-Clock some body knock'd at the door, away scampers the Damsel, and asks who's there? 'Twas her own Spouse it seems, who bid her make haste and let him in, for he was soundly tir'd with riding Post. Bless me, my Dear, said she (as she open'd the door) there's a Gentleman but just gone, who has been searching far and near for you. I told him positively you were in the City: he took the road thither immediately. I don't know his business, but 'tis something extraordinary, and of great importance to you, as he said; I wonder you did not meet him. I came a by-way, Honey, said he— Away then quickly, said she, and keep the great Road, and I'll lay my life you overtake him.

The Cuckold was impatient to know what 'twas, so he spurs his Steed, and scours away on a Whore's Errand. Mrs. Modesty return'd to her Spark, and staid with him as long as she could. When 'twas broad day, Spouse came back, and told her with a great deal of sorrow he had lost his labour, and could hear no news of the Gentleman, tho he had made all the Hue-and-cry after him possible.

Well,

Well, in short, we took leave of our City-Lady, and march'd back very brisk and airy to the Inn, where my Scoundrel staid for us; who, when he perceiv'd us, immediately brought out our Beasts, and follow'd us at a distance. *Clerantes* told me what he had over-heard from the two old Men, which made me think 'twas his good Genius that gave him this opportunity of discovering so vile a Treachery, by the help of his disguise. I was heartily glad of it, and gave him joy too of his Night-adventure with a Lady, for whom I would willingly have gone a Pilgrimage barefoot, and turn my self into all Shapes, to have obtain'd the same Fortune.

Let the Criticks, who may perhaps cavil at this Adventure of *Clerantes*, and think he play'd the Buffoon too much, let them consider, I say, that his quality oblig'd him to disguise himself as much as he could, since he undertook an Intrigue with a City-Dame, that was a Sharper, and might have found him out else: He gave her some fly Insinuations in the sham Story of his Wife, that serv'd to make her more coming; and, all things consider'd, he play'd his Cards very cunningly.

Besides, nothing could be a greater Diver-
sion, than in this Habit to observe unsuspected
the ridiculous Behaviour of the common Peo-
ple, and to change his condition for a while,
and see how he would have been treated in the
profession of a Fiddler or Cymbal-player.
When great Persons, for their pleasure, act
some part in a Comedy, they often chuse

one

one of the meanest Characters, and take a mighty satisfaction in making tryal (even in fiction) of a condition of life so remote from their own. Who'd be confin'd always to the tiresome slavery of a formal Grandeur, without the pleasing liberty of stepping out of it sometimes? Besides, there may be an advantage in the change, and 'tis good however to be practis'd to a low Fortune, considering the surprizing turns that happen in the World, and how many have been reduc'd from Splendor, and even Royalty it self, to the contemptible Rags and Misery of a Beggar. Nero did wisely to study the Lute, that he might not want a Livelihood, tho he lost his Throne. And then again, it is convenient enough that Persons of great Quality should be sensible how the Poor are forc'd to live; a Lesson very proper to teach them Humanity, and a more tender Compassion towards the Necessities of others, which is a very great Ornament. It is true, indeed, and a matter of just Reprehension, that in the midst of this Frolick, which might have been manag'd innocently enough, *Clerantes* let loose the reins to Incontinence: But no Man is without some defects, and 'twould be happy for us, if, upon all occasions, we could learn to follow only the good, and avoid that which is evil.

With such reflections we entertain'd our selves upon the road, till we came to the wood where we had put on our disguises, and then with the assistance of my Boy, we chang'd our beggarly Trappings once more for

for our own Apparel. *Clerantes*, when he came home, sent for a Counsellor, who was a Friend of his, and acquainted him that he understood, from an old Gentleman of that Country, that there was a Rascal lurk'd about his House, with a design to murder him. The Counsellor went immediately to find out the old Spark, and to examine him roundly about the matter : Come, Sir, (says he) 'twill be dangerous to conceal any thing ; you cannot pretend ignorance, for let me tell you, you have been heard to speak of it already, and therefore are privy to it.—Privy to it, Sir, (says t'other !) Now, upon my life, I can't tell what you mean ! Lord, Sir, I know nothing but upon common report—However, upon stricter examination, he told him where the Ruffian might probably be found, with a particular description of his Age, Complexion, Stature, and the colour of his Clothes. Some were employ'd presently to search for him, but in vain ; for not finding an opportunity to do his business, the Rogue was march'd off, with a Heart perhaps full of concern for the disappointment.

The Counsellor advis'd *Clerantes* to take this same old Fellow to task, for having been so wicked as not to inform him of this villainous design against his Life. *Clerantes* would not meddle with him, but began to consider with himself whether he and his Companion, that had express'd such an implacable hatred against him, had suffer'd no damage upon his account. In which suspicion he found himself not altogether mistaken ;
for

for he soon learn'd from his Secretary, that some of his Tenants, abusing his authority, had trick'd them out of a small Sum which was their due, of which they were infinitely sensible, because they were very poor. *Clerantes* immediately made up the Money out of his own pocket, and sent it to them, desiring them for the future to be his Friends. The obliging courtesy of this generous Lord, overcame their resentment, and they were ever after heartily dispos'd to his service.

Well, the storm being blown over that threaten'd him, fair *Amey* was in his Head again (for that was the name of the Citizen's Wife) and he had a mind to make her t'other visit. Love and the Devil push'd him on, and his Wits were at work how to get the sight of her again, for see her he must and would one way or other. He thought it not proper to change his habit, as he did before, but was for managing the Intrigue in his own Person. So out we went with a small train of attendants, who carried each a Hawk on his fist: they let them fly, as we spy'd out game, and thus we went forward till we came in sight of the desir'd House. *Clerantes* sent one of his Servants to knock at the garden-door, in pretence of looking after a Hawk that was fled over the Wall: They open'd the door very courteously, as soon as they heard his Master's name, but told him withal, they believ'd his Hawk was not there. However, the Fellow follow'd his instructions, and whistl'd, and call'd, and look'd up and down after that which was not lost; till at last *Clerantes*

rantes and I dismounted, and going up to him, ask'd him whether he had found it? The Citizen's Wife seeing his Lordship there, came to pay him the Civilities of her House, and asked him if he would not please to walk in and sit down till the Bird was found.

Clerantes thank'd her for her courtesy, and told her he would accept of it, for indeed he was very weary. Our Voices were so different from those we counterfeited before, as well as our Persons, that there was no danger of her discovering us. When we were sat down, and the Lady with us, *Clerantes* said that this Hawk they were looking after, was of a very disagreeable Humour, 'twas the most inconstant and unfaithful wanderer he ever knew in his life. I reply'd, that 'twas no matter if it were lost then, since there were so many better to be had in his room. And thus we began our discourse with hawking, with a touch upon the Ladies sometimes by the by, who can attract what game they pleas'd; and some other Gallantries we intermix'd to let her know we were brisk Lads: but she would not repartee yet as we desir'd. *Clerantes* at last chang'd the discourse: As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, (said he) and to confess the truth to you, 'twas not my Bird that drew me hither, so much as the desire of seeing you. Nay, good my Lord (says she) I knew you rally; I can't be so vain as to think that I have any thing worth your Curiosity, therefore you must pardon me if I do not believe you. You wrong me extreamly, Madam, (said he) if you think I have

not a much greater regard to you than my Bird ; for I believe you are of a far better disposition, and that when you have seiz'd the Prey, you would not fly away with it, and avoid your pursuer. My Lord, said I (begging your pardon for interrupting you) I must observe in favour of the Ladies, that they do not seize the prey violently like Falcons, but only attend it. Amye finding her self so briskly attack'd, had enough to do to put by the passes, in faith (says she) the valour of our Sex is never sufficiently esteem'd, because we have to do with such weak Enemies, that the conquests afford us no glory. That's because you have all enchanted Armour (said I) such as *Urganda* gave to the Knights Errant her Favourites. 'Tis the common excuse of Cowards (says she) when they're beaten, to pretend that their Foe made use of stratagems. I wonder i'my heart what you'd do, if we took upon us to attack sometimes, instead of acting always upon the defensive. That, Madam, (said *Clerantes*) would be to give us the victory we wish for, because then you'd be out of your guard. However, as things are, I think we need not despair, if we have but constancy and resolution to press the Siege, the Town must capitulate at last : for to be plain with you, I cannot believe that 'tis a true generous Courage that occasions the resistance — But a mischief on this Tongue-combat, I had much rather change the weapons, and fight to better purpose : Therefore look you, Madam, — if you have a mind to shew your courage

courage in earnest, I'll throw you down my Glove, according to the antient Statute-laws of Chivalry, to meet you when you please ; and honest *Francion*, here, shall be judge of the field. How, Sir, (says she ?) I find, my noble Knight-Errant of Love, that you're but a novice in the statutes of your order ; don't you know that these combats admit no judge. You have reason, Madam, (said I) there's no business for judges or jury here : So I'll e'en after the Hawk, and leave my Friend to your mercy ; nothing like the present time, begin as soon as you please, say I, and the Devil take him that parts you.

At these words, I made two or three comical scrapes, and shut the door upon them. *Clerantes* took the opportunity, and was for trying the prize with his Amazon immediately. She started, when she found him in earnest : No, (says she) I'm not for such sudden fights ; I would be so honourable as to give a for time to prepare himself — Why, Madam, (said he) if I had left my Sword at home, I would never have talk'd of fighting. And so saying, he led her into the next Chamber, and would have proceeded ; but she cry'd, hands off, or she'd call her Husband. Why sure you won't, Madam (says he) have you forgot what you said, that these combats need no judge ? I had no evil then in my heart (she reply'd) tho I find you had. Let that pass, Madam, (said he) and do but consider, if you please, that whoever should come and find us here together, would think you had cry'd thieves after the house was

robb'd; so that you'll have all the shame, and none of the sport. Besides, I know ver' well that the honest Gentleman your Husband is far enough out of Ear-shot; I was learn'd it when I came into the House. Out upon you (says she) for a wicked tempter! Did I think you would have abus'd me thus, for a little harmless rallery that I held with you to pass the time. *Clerantes* made reply to this, but in vain; for she still resisted, and provok'd him to tell her at last, that he was much oblig'd to her for refusing him that which she had bestow'd but t'other day upon a pitiful Cymbal-player. Look you, Madam, (says he) have a care of denying it, for be it known unto you, that I deal with familiar Spirits, who have told me this and more, as secret as you thought your self: Therefore if secrecy can prevail with you, take my word for't, that no body shall ever know what passes betwixt us.

Amye was surpriz'd at what he had told her, and thought indeed he had been dealing with the Devil. She began to consider that he was a handsome Man, of quality too, and might do her many services, so she took up a charitable resolution not to break his Heart: but told him, however, he had wrong'd her, in taxing her with a crime, that (by all that's good) she was a stranger to, and which she was unwilling to commit now, for she ought not to give away her Husband's Goods. Why, Madam, (says t'other) your Husband will be never the poorer, but will have reason to thank me for planting his Vineyard at my

my own charges. But (says she) my Husband is of such a tender Conscience, that I doubt he'll scruple keeping the fruits which don't belong to him. Then send them to me (said he) sweet-heart, and the care is over.

After this there was no more resistance; they pass'd too good hours together, and just as our Hawks were flying cross an adjacent Meadow, I saw the Garden door open, and came up thither as the Lovers were taking leave. Her Wit was the subject of our conversation upon the road, of which *Clerantes* gave me several instances, rehearsing to me all their discourse from the time I left them. I was pleas'd with the relation, and gave thanks to Love for the success of my Friend.

Some time after this came letters to fetch him to Court; so that he was forced to return thither, in spight of all his oaths to the contrary. I accompany'd him, and finding there was a necessity for his abode there, I endeavour'd to make it as agreeable to him as I could. He was naturally of an ambitious temper, and his vows for a private Life proceeded from nothing but his want of employment, and because he could get no share in the Government, a very common case. For this reason, when he once found himself in favour with the King more than any other, his humour took another turn; and aspiring after Authority, he loved the Court now more than ever he hated it: so that I was discharg'd of my care and study to make his Life tolerable to him: He was so friendly,

as to sollicit my advancement as much as he could, and render'd me agreeable to his Majesty, who had known me a pretty while before. I had the honour to have daily Conferences with this Prince, who was pleas'd to observe a certain acuteness in my discourse, which he took much delight in. You may probably think that this made me very vain, and that I valu'd my self much upon my frequent approaches to the King's Person : but I will assure you, 'twas no more than a thing indifferent to me. I am not of that honest Monsieur's humour, who boasted that at a certain ceremony, he came so near the King, as to touch the chape of his Scabbard ; nor t'other vapouring Spark, who, with a world of ostentation, went flourishing about, and shewing every body some Spittle upon his Cloke, which his Majesty had casually honour'd him with as he pass'd the Street.

I receiv'd my Royal Master's Favour gratefully, but with the same even Temper, and free from any unhandsome elevations of pride. I was very picquant sometimes, in his presence, upon some certain Gentlemen about him, who I thought deserv'd it ; but they were so incorrigibly stupid, that all Satyr was thrown away upon them, and they could not perceive it ; or else they would do like the company, and fall a-laughing at the jest, tho themselves were the subject of it, as if 'twere meant to tickle them only, and not bite. Indeed there was one *Bayamond* among them, who had something of a quicker feeling, but not more wit than the rest :

'twas

'twas such a brainless sot (and yet vain withal) that he could neither ward off a jest, nor grow the better for't, and learn to expose less of the Fool afterwards. All the Lampoons that flew about the Court, were chiefly aim'd at him ; for he was an eternal unexhausted Coxcomb, and sat to the Poets in a new light every day : They drew so many ridiculous Pictures of him, that the Fellow was raving mad ; and swore bloodily, that the first quibbling, lampooning Son of a Whore, that should meddle with him hereafter, should be made an example to all posterity.

One day, in the *Louvre*, discoursing with my Friends upon several subjects, we happen'd at last to talk of the great plumes of Feathers that were then the Mode. Some commended the fashion, others laugh'd at it ; I lik'd them well enough (I said) for my part, and thought they were a grateful ornament to a Gentleman. But I could no means approve the humour of some fluttering Court-Fops, that over-charge their noddles with them to that degree, that they look like sumpter Horses or Mules, and are always looking at the shadow of them when the Sun shines, to see how they nod at every step, to charm the Ladies. I heard of a certain Beau t'other day that was in Love, and laid out more upon a feather to his Fool's-cap, than all the rest of his Clothes cost him, which were very rich too ; and yet all was too little to soften the Heart of his inexorable Mistress.

All the Company believing the Story would be entertaining, desired me to tell it: in compliance with their request, I continu'd my discourse. And if you will needs have it, said I, Gentlemen, then, look you, I must begin my account with a certain Count, of whom I make no account — At these words *Bayamond*, who stood by, look'd devilish sour, for he was a Count, an't please you, and as much feather'd as the proudest, and therefore he had some reason to think himself concern'd in the story: I took no notice of him, but went on. This Count then aforesaid, was smitten with the Daughter of an old Quack of this City, for his Love could never yet fly higher: He haunted the Church continually where she used to be at Mass, and used to be ever and anon waiting about her door like a Bailiff, only to get a sight of her. At last he concluded to take Lodgings over-against the House, and he order'd one of his Lacquies to make love to her Maid. The Rogue was glad of the opportunity, and in obedience to his Master's commands, got quickly Mrs. *Betty*'s Books. Then the Count open'd his Heart to him, and told him he depended on his assistance. Mrs. *Betty* had been a sort of Governess in the House, and was very familiar with the young Lady ever since the Death of her Mother, and being engag'd into the Count's Interest, soon found an opportunity to let her know what an humble Servant she had in the neighbourhood; and recommended him to that degree, that her Mistress chid her smartly for favouring the

the wicked designs of a Man, who, she said, was too great to think of marrying her, and forbid her to bring any such messages for the future. The poor Wench was sorry she could succeed no better in his behalf of his Lordship, who had promised her a Mine of Gold, if matters were brought about: however, to lay a trap for some of his Loui'd'ors, she told him her Mistress was passionately in love with him. The Count had vanity enough to believe it, without putting her to her oath; for indeed a vainer Coxcomb was never known, when he pass'd the Streets, he'd turn round upon his heel, to see who gaz'd at him; and if a Lady happen'd to give him a glance, he'd smile with an air of disdain, and think she was ready to die for him: I could tell you a thousand ridiculous Stories of him. The Doctor's Daughter soon took the elevation of his Pole, and found him out for arrant Fop: his Windows were continually open, to make a show of his Magnificence, especially when the Plate was set upon the side-board for dinner, or when Monsieur the Taylor brought him home a new gaudy suit of Clothes. This made her hate him like the Devil, and she related all his Vanities to a set of her particular Friends, and invited them one Evening to her Chamber, to see this Monkey play over his tricks, who would be sure to be at his Window in all his airs, as soon as ever she should appear at hers. He happen'd at that time to have a Gentleman with him who touch'd a Lute very finely; he begg'd him to favour him with a

lesson or two, and to stand behind him out of sight, while he held another Lute in his Hand, to impose upon his Mistress, and make her believe 'twas himself that play'd; and he was very sure, she could not but admire him for so charming an accomplishment. But the mischief on't was, that there happen'd to be a young Lady in the Company who understanded the Instrument, and easily discover'd, by his awkward fingering of it, that the Musick was none of his; which appear'd plainer yet, when going up a story higher, they saw the Gentleman that play'd crouching down behind him. This made them very good sport, for they call'd to Monsieur the Count, and thank'd him, but bid him put his Lute a little better in tune: sometimes they told him he handled it a little too roughly, or that he stopp'd wrong Chords, or had broke a String. However, the Musick continu'd a good while, and when it was done, he bethought himself of what he had often read in Romances; of Gallants that swoon'd at the sight of their Mistresses: therefore to give a testimony of his Passion, he fix'd his Eyes devoutly upon her, then clos'd them of a sudden, open'd his Mouth, as it were, to gasp for Breath, dropp'd his Lute gently out of his Hand, and languish'd away into a Chair behind him; his Window was presently shut, and so the Farce concluded. The Ladies perceiv'd the cheat, and in a banter sent a Servant over to condole him, and ask how he did. Friend (says the Coxcomb) go tell your Mistress, that she is

the cause of my disorder, and none but her self can cure it : this Message furnish'd them with Mirth for a good while. A little after Mrs. *Betty* (who was still willing to assist her noble Master) sent him word, that she'd help him into his Mistress's company ; and that this would be much more feasible, if some trick could be thought of to get the old Doctor (who was a kind of a Jaylor to her) into the Country. Upon this the Count set his shallow Brains to work, and resolved to send some sick Beggar to his Country-seat, and to entreat his honest Neighbour to go and see him, pretending that 'twas his favourite Valet de Chambre, and he'd give any thing for his recovery. He found Beggars enough you may be sure, who were glad to be cur'd of their diseases, and out of the tribe he made choice of one of his liking. The plot took according to his wish, for the hopes of good fees, and the opportunity of taking the air, prevail'd with the old Urinal-shaker to leave his House ; and now was the time for Mrs. *Betty* to play her part. She told her Mistress, that in troth she was to blame to let a noble Lord pine away after that rate, that cast such pitiful looks at her every day, enough to melt a Heart of Adamant. Come, Madam (says she) I believe he means very well ; that is to say, he means Matrimony, tho his fortune is so much above you : try him, however, now my Master is absent ; admit him into your company, and you'll soon find what he'd be at. The Lady being willing to make merry a little with this Ape of quality,

quality, forbore chiding her Servant, as formerly ; but let her know, she should not be displeas'd with the company of her Lover. This news was presently sent to the Count, who whipp'd over in a trice, where he found the very Ladies who saw his fainting fit. Ceremonies being pass'd, they fell into discourse, and his Lordship was handled severely enough, and very often put to his trumps for an answer ; for you must know he used to get Plays by-heart, to help him out in reparate, and so utter'd his incoherent second-hand Wit, as often as he could find or make occasion. He had skimm'd over all Novels and Romances he could lay his hands on, and ransack'd Wit's Commonwealth, and the Academy of Compliments, of all their fine Flowers and delicate Phrases ; and yet he was very often forc'd to be silent, when the discourse ran upon a subject that he was not prepar'd for. As to his passion, he had scarce any thing to say, or if he had, it met with a very cold indifferent answer : so that his stratagem to get the old Fellow out of the way signify'd nothing. A few days after the Doctor sent for his Daughter to a little House which he had about a Mile or two from *Paris* ; and his busines not permitting him to stay any longer, he return'd to the City. The Maid still minding her old text, hinted to her Mistress, that now she was alone, 'twas pity but her Gallant should have leave to come to her. She reply'd with all her heart (meaning a brave young Gentleman of her own degree, who made his addresses to her ;)

her;) but Mrs. *Betty* had another cause to solicit, and therefore sends word to our Spark, that the Lady of his affections longed for his company. He posts away to the Village that Evening, and his trusty assistant let him in at the Garden-door, but convey'd him into one of the Out-houses; and, that he might not be seen, desir'd him to hide himself a while under some ragged Coverlets, and that at night she'd conduct him to his Mistress. So saying, she went in to her to let her know the Gentleman was come; and smiling, told her where she had hid him. The young Lady guess'd who she meant, and resolv'd to be reveng'd of him for his boldness, in presuming to come and hide himself in her House, like a Thief or a Ravisher: and because Mrs. *Betty* should not smoke her design, she answer'd her only with a nod, and sent her of an errand to the farther end of the town. As soon as she was gone, she called her Gardiner and his Son, and bid them take each a good Cudgel and follow her. His Lordship, to take air more freely, lay with his Head uncover'd; but upon the noise of their coming, popp'd it under the Clothes like a Duck in a Pond. When they were enter'd, she bid the Fellows thrash those old Blankets as hard as they could, to beat the dust out: The Gardiner was for taking them out into the yard, and shaking them well first, but she told him she'd have them dusted with their sticks only, in the place where they lay; and so saying, she left them to their exercise, and withdrew to her Chamber.

ber. Immediately the Peasants began to lay about them with all their force : the blows fell as thick as Hail, and the Clothes being very thin, his Lordship's Bones paid sufficiently for his Folly. The sport did not please him very well, so he resolved to put an end to it, and starting up of a sudden like a fury, he laid the Gardiner's Son sprawling with his fist ; and then, as if the Devil had drove him, he scour'd off like a hunted Pick-pocket to the place where his Servants waited. He did not know which to be angry with, the Maid or the Mistress ; but perceiving they only made an Ass of him, in great disdain he removed his Lodgings, and hates the Street more than if his Father had been hang'd there ; insomuch, that he once left the King's Train, because he apprehended they would pass that way, and was thought to have done a very rude thing, by those who were strangers to the occasion.

But this gives you but half his picture, for you must know he has as great a Genius for Fighting as for Love : therefore if you please we'll take t'other sitting, and finish the draught. When he had been for some time at the Fencing-school, he was seiz'd with an ardent desire of Immortality, and wish'd for an opportunity to give some demonstrations of his Valour. He had observed that no Gentleman was respected, till he had fought half a dozen Duels ; so that he had like to have quarrell'd with the next Man he met, and he dreamt of nothing but challenges and fighting. Sometimes, when he was alone,

and

and thought no-body over-look'd him, he'd whip out his Rapier, and flourish against the Wall, swear an Oath or two, and put it peaceably up again. Yet he consider'd often, that fighting was a chance, and that he might happen, for all his valour, to have a hole made in his doublet, that all the Taylors in *Paris* could not stitch up again: therefore he thought it was best to fight only as *Falstaff* did in the Play, or to get some stout Fellow that would be believ'd, to swear he had seen him in several Skirmishes, tho he never was in one. At that time there happen'd to be in the Court a certain Baron, a *Gascoigner*, who having had a long Intimacy with the Count, was very compliant to him in every thing, and fitted his humours to a hair. These two Blades having long talk'd of duelling, and of the valour of the Age, laid their heads together at last, and hatch'd a project of honour, that ought never to be forgotten. Since fighting was all the fashion, they resolv'd to fight too, but not to expose their dear Carcasses like other rash Fools: No — they agreed that the next time they were in a full Company, they'd quarrel with one another very smartly, and nothing should pacify them; and that they'd withdraw upon't to some convenient place with their good Swords (that had scarce any more mettle than their Masters) and keep a terrible clashing, till some-body came to part them, perhaps their own Servants, who were to know nothing of the contrivance, and so might testify of their courage. They were very well

well pleased with this ingenious Artifice, and accordingly as they were walking once in the Tuilleries, they took a frivolous occasion to fall out, considering that the slighter the affront appeared, the more was the honour in resenting it; and that it shew'd how little they valued their Lives, since they would expose them for a trifle. Well, the Count and the Baron breathed nothing but death and defiance; satisfaction was the word, and so they withdrew privately after one another. Towards evening they past over the *Pont-Neuf*, and being come to the field of battel, which was publick enough, they drew their Swords and fell to play: immediately they had a crowd of mob about them, with some Soldiers, who ran to part them. One of them swore to me that as he came up towards them, he over-heard the Count to say — Oons, is the Devil in you! What a plague d'ye push so hard for? I can't put by your pusses, if you make them so thick: besides, any one might see by their motions, they had no wicked design upon one another's Lives, but only fought like Scaramouch and Harlequin in the dance with their wooden daggers. And tho this made sport enough, yet the People took no notice of it, but gravely entreated them to be friends. Like good Christians and Catholicks, they took the advice, and sheath'd their Indignations; saying only, that it was not convenient nor honourable to fight before so much company. Afterwards came up some of their Friends, who had traced them to prevent mischief,

but

but they might have spar'd their trouble. The duel was nois'd all about the Court, to the great advantage of both their reputations: I suppose if they had gotten any scars about them when they were Children, by playing with knives, or any other accident, they would have made no scruple of shewing them, as the effects of some former Encounter; and I wonder they did not think of Hogs-bladders fill'd with Blood, to counterfeit Wounds. But it seems without this, their glory was diffus'd every where, like that of some other Courtiers I could name, who are as arrant Cowards as they; and I had never known all the trick, if it had not been discover'd afterward by one of the Count's Footmen, who over-heard them contriving it. The Count himself is so dazzled with his own splendor, that t'other day he would needs quarrel in earnest with a young Fellow of the Exchequer, because he haunted a certain Damsel too much, that the Count had a mind for; but let me tell you, that he was well assur'd first that his rival would never answer him, tho he wore a Sword: therefore he writ him a very huffing challenge, which he transcrib'd word for word out of *Amadis of Gaul*, and sent it by the Gentleman of his Chamber. The Exchequer-Man read it; and go tell your Lord (says he) that I am for peace and quietnes, and I'll give him any satisfaction but fighting: or else let him suppose fighting, (twill do as well) and that he has disarm'd me, and laid me at his Feet; let him tell this story as much as he please, and I'll own it

.it whensoever I am tax'd with it. From this present hour I acknowledge my self his beaten Slave and Vassal, and I am ready to ask my Life of him, without putting him to the trouble of drawing his Sword ; what a-devil would he have more ? — This is the cheapest way I think to prevent mischief, and better by half than crying quarter after I've got a hole thro' my Lungs, like a spitted Haslet. Whether the Exchequer Man spoke this in Jest or Earnest, the Count you may swear was very well pleas'd with it, and brag'd every where of his new Victory, with as much noise and Ostentation as if he expected no less a Triumphal Arch for it, like those of the old *Romans*.

And this now was the History which I related to 'em ; I had no sooner ended it, but one and all they desir'd the Count's Name. Troth Gentlemen, said I, that's more than I know my self, for those who told me the Story made a Secret on't.

Count *Baymond* looking at me, with a damn'd surly Phiz at one part of my Tale, was withdrawn out of the Room. One of the Company took notice of it, and knowing pretty well the Vanity of his Humour ; said laughing, that he suppos'd the Picture was drawn for him, because it carried all his Features ; indeed I was of the same opinion too, tho I said nothing ; and it plainly appear'd a little after, by the Revenge he plotted against me, for having expos'd him in that manner, tho I never mention'd his Name.

For

For one Evening, as I was walking home to my Lodgings, a Fellow (who as I understood afterwards, was his *Valet de Chambre*) came up to me, and told me there was a Friend of mine at the corner of the next street desir'd to speak with me. The cowardly Dog had watch'd his opportunity, for I was a Foot and without any Attendant, but my little Biscayner, who was uncapable of defending, me. I suspected nothing but follow'd the Rogue, who had a smooth Tongue, and kept me in Discourse till we came to a great Lanthorn that was hung a cross the Street; and then, fixing his Eyes upon my Sword, I'll vow, Sir, (says he) you have a very pretty Hilt there, shall I beg the favour to see it a little; I gave it him into his hand, like a Fool as I was: He drew it in pretence of looking at the Blade, when we turn'd down a narrow Lane, where I perceiv'd some Fellows lying in wait. He gave them the sign, and cry'd, fall on my Lads, here's your Game; and in an instant I had them all upon me at once with their drawn Swords: I had lost mine, and therefore drew a Pocket-pistol and fir'd it amongst 'em, then took to my Heels, I was too nimble for them, and slipt into a Pastry-Cook's-shop to hide my self. My Foot-boy scour'd away to *Clerantes*; who upon the information, sent out all his Servants to my Rescue, but they cou'd neither find me, nor my Assassins. I disguis'd my self as well as I cou'd, the better to escape my Pursuers, and happening to strole by a Gaming-house which

which I had us'd ; half a dozen jolly Fellows that had a mind to make a Booty of me, came out to invite me to play with 'em. I went in and made a shift to win a small matter from each of 'em ; they swore at last I shou'd give 'em a Song for their Money ; I sung one of the best I cou'd think of. One of 'em ask'd me to play again ? I was content ; and while we were ratling the Dice, I heard an arch Rogue talking to a Wench. We have had no luck, says he, to Night in an enterprise we undertook, for Count Bayamond against a Gentleman that's a Stranger to us : for tho' he was betray'd into our hands by the young Spark that went out of this House with us, yet I know not how the Devil help'd him to make his escape.

I perceiv'd by these words, that I was fallen among the Crew of my Bravo's, who were such Rogues, that for half a Crown they'd cut any Man's Throat : I was very glad to understand to whom I was indebted for the Favour. Having lost almost all my Money, they were willing enough to be rid of my Company, and so away I went to Clerantes's House ; thinking to divert him with the oddness of my Dres, and the History of my Adventure : I knock'd pretty hard at the Gate. A Swiss who was half drunk and half asleep cry'd who's there ? I made him no answser, but knock'd again : The De'el confound you, (says he) what do you make such a plaguy noise for ? My Lady is not well, and if you won't be gone, I'll make you : What you're for

for serenading her — with a Pox — because she can't sleep : Oons if you're a Musician shew me your Notes ! And with that he open'd the Gate ; and I said to him, dost not know me Friend ? I'm *Francion* ; and not knowing me in my Disguise, he answer'd in a surely Tone, here's no *Francion* here — and clap'd the Door immediately, without hearing a word more. So that I was forc'd to take t'other ramble in the Dark, and was musing what House I should get into ; for I was devilishly afraid of being taken for a Rogue in that disguise, and of meeting some of my brother Courtiers, who wou'd not have fail'd to have publish'd a thousand scandalous Lies of me.

In the midst of my Meditations the Watch came upon me, with a who are you, and whither d'ye go ? I am an honest Fellow said I, without a Penny of Money, for I've lost it all at play, and am going quietly to my Lodgings. They carried me to the next Light and examin'd my Phiz ; and taking me for a House-breaker, began to search me for dark Lanthorns and Pick-locks. They found my Pistol, which confirm'd their Suspicion. Away with him to Jail they cry'd, the Rascal's arm'd to commit some Murder : I did not dare to discover my self, but rather chose to get my Liberty another way. Look you Gentlemen (said I) I told you I had lost all my Money at Play, but I think I have two or three small pieces left, which are here at your service, and so saying I pluck'd out a little Purse, which I had hid next to my Skin,
or

or else the Dogs had seiz'd it at first ; I gave it them, and they swore I was an honest Gentleman, and bid me go where I pleas'd.

I bethought my self presently of the Pastry-cook's, I went thither, and having equip'd my self once more in my usual Habit, return'd to *Clerantes*. As soon as I knock'd, the Swiss (who I found was awake by his swearing) open'd the Gate, and knew me better than he did before, for the Wine was pretty well out of his head. I ask'd him as I enter'd, what was a Clock ; and he blunder'd out a nonsensical answer, which set me a laughing : I went immediately to my Apartment, and my Servants who sat up in a concern for me, put me to Bed, where I slept sounder than an over-watch'd Centinel.

As soon as 'twas Morning I went to *Clerantes* and told him all that had befallen me : He was so provok'd at *Bayamond*, that he wou'd have beg'd justice of the King in my behalf ; I thank'd him for his Good-will, but withal desir'd him not to trouble his Majesty with my quarrels. Only I resolv'd for the future to walk better guarded.

I was heartily angry with my self, for having occasion'd this by a foolish liberty of my Tongue, and resolv'd to keep it within my Teeth hereafter. For the weakest and most contemptible wretch breathing is capable of doing a Man a mischief, if he's wickedly bent. The only way therefore to secure one's quiet is to have a care of disobliging any Person whatever, and to assume a general Complaintance of courtesy and behaviour towards all, especially

especially in a Court, where there's found so many proud insolent Tempers that cannot bear the Truth. Yet I had a mind to vindicate my Honour too, and the next time I met *Bayamond*—I ask'd him whether it was like a Person of Quality to hire Ruffians to cut a Man's Throat in the dark ; had I been the most infamous scoundrel upon Earth (said I) you ought not to have trepann'd me at that vile rate ; and look you, my, Lord, if I have affronted you, revenge it with your own Hand, 'tis base and cowardly to fight by Proxy, I am ready to answer you as soon as you please. *Bayamond* was nettled at the reproach, and to make a shew of his Bravery, look'd big and said he wou'd take a time—Pray let it be to morrow then (said I) for the sooner the better ; and I'll wait upon your Lordship in such a Place without the City. It went against the grain to dishonour my Sword with such a Paltroon, and to gain a Victory which wou'd yield no Reputation. Yet I posted away at the time, to the place appointed ; and my Champion came at last with another Gentleman for a second, but perceiving that I had none, was forc't to desire him only to stand by and see fair Play. We were in the Road to *Charenton*, and were about to have retir'd into a more private place, when *Lerontes* came by in his Coach ; he was alone according to his usual Custom, and suspecting by our long Swords, what we were going about, call'd to us, and desir'd our Company in his Coach ; we were forc'd to comply with him, for he wou'd take no denial,

nial, so we went in to him, leaving our Horses to the care of our Servants. *Lerontes* was pleas'd with mine, and had a mind to mount him, and try whether he had forgot all his feats of Horsemanship that he was once such a Master of; but first he made us promise not to stir out of the Coach. *Bayamond* as soon as he was gone, began to huff and vapour, and cry who the Devil cou'd have thought of this? Plague on him for interrupting us, I wish we had room enough to fight in the Coach. When we were near *Conflans*, *Laron-tes* had a mind to walk, so we alight and walk'd with him in some Gardens there; but when it grew late he ask'd us if we wou'd return to *Paris* with him, and entreated us to confess ingenuously what was our design. I told him that in Faith 'twas an amorous one, and that we were going that way upon an intrigue, with a couple of pretty Ladies— Nay, then, Gentlemen, says he, I'll not be your hindrance, and so your humble Servant. He was no sooner gone, but my valiant Count, was for fighting presently, but his Friend told him 'twas too late, and twou'd soon be dark. This fir'd him ten times more, and he raved and said 'twas time enough, to which I assented; but for all our haste, we were forc'd to adjourn it till Morning, and so agreed for the present to go quietly home. *Bayamond* was then in all his Extravagances, and playing as many Tricks as a provok'd Monkey. He was for going home by water because 'twas cooler, so we sent away our Horses and comply'd with his humour. When

we

we were about half way he starts up of a sudden in the Boat —— Death says he, my patience is expir'd, and Flesh and Blood can bear't no longer —— Come draw, Sir, draw, He that's kill'd shall be thrown into the River ; so all will be private, and t'other may the better make his escape : And with that he whip'd out his Sword —— But *Montespan*, his Companion, caught hold of his Arm ; put up again, says he, my hasty Friend ; what are ye mad ? And don't you know this is no place for Duelling, or have ye a mind to be a Town-talk, and set all the World a laughing at ye ? These words pacified him a little ; he mutter'd an Oath or two, and sat down. But for all his wild-fire, I believe he had very little stomach to fighting. He was like many other Duellists of our Time, that are Lion-talkers, and Lamb-like fighters. I have known some indeed that while they were stripping and adjusting themselves for the Combat, wou'd dance, take Snuff, sing Catches, and repeat Plays, but it is only to keep the thoughts of Death out of their Heads. And such a sort of a Fellow was *Bayamond* ; who was very airy afterwards at *Montespan's*, where we supp'd together : He drank Healths to me, sung me fifty senseless Songs, and play'd five hundred foolish Tricks ; like Children that talk to themselves in the Dark, to charm their Fear : And thinking he had not yet given sufficient proofs of his Courage, he began to bounce again ; and bid me follow him into the Court yard, and shew my self a Man, for there was

room enough. With all my Heart, said I, I'm ready by Night or Day; let the Torches be lighted.

Montespan interpos'd again, is the Devil in ye? says he, and pray is this an Hour for Fighting? Your Men of honour are for having the Sun, a witness to their Bravery, and none but Padders and Bravos that lie perdue, skirmish in the Night; besides the Torches won't give you light enough — Not light enough! (says Bayamond) why, I knew a company of Blades, that made a match for Tennis, and play'd it by Torch-light, because they wou'd not stay till Morning: Death and Furies! shall we be less impatient in a Cause of Honour? Montespan told him there might be foul Play, and that the Servants who held the lights might put 'em out of a sudden, or favour one side more than t'other; and twenty other Tricks might be play'd, as a private thrust in the Back, when a Man was least aware on't. Bayamond's Choler was soon abated with these Arguments, for he expected no less when he began to talk of fighting. That Fencing-school had fill'd his Head with so many Rodomontado's, that he'd bully ye, and swear louder than a Sailor in a storm, tho his Heart was ready to beat thro' his Breast. At last all was quiet: Montespan lodg'd us in two Beds that Night, and next Day wou'd fain have made up the Quarrel, but I was resolv'd not to pass it by so, but twitch'd my Hero by the sleeve, and told him if he pleas'd I'd go with him to a Gentleman that he knew, to whom we'd refer the difference;

he

he follow'd me, not suspecting my meaning, and then I propos'd Fighting, since he was so desperate, and that we'd hasten by our selves to the place before appointed. We got quickly thither, and began to flourish our blades at one another on Horse-back, like two Knight-errants in a Romance: Back-sword was the play, and I press'd my Antagonist with all my might; so that he had enough to do to keep his Guard; as I was presenting him one blow with a Good-Will, his Horse prancing receiv'd it a-cross his Eyes, which were presently cover'd with Blood, the wounded Beast was enrag'd, and flounct'd away with such a Violence, that the Count cou'd hardly keep his seat; but he made a shift to stop him at last in the middle of a dirty Pond; I follow'd him close, and if I wou'd have took the advantage, I might have kill'd him. But I scorn to deal with my Enemy behind, and therefore bid him face about. He master'd his Horse with much ado, and spurring up to me gave me a wound on my Arm, but immediately was thrown off into a Ditch; where I might have kick'd him to pieces, and taken what Vengeance I pleas'd; but I only pointed my Sword to his Throat, and bid him beg his Life——He was glad, you may be sure, to have it upon any Terms, for he cou'd not stir out of the Place, and afterwards I help'd him up. I question, said I, my noble Warrior, if with all your Honour you wou'd have treated me so——However, because you shan't lay all the blame to your Horse, and since your fall, I see, has not dis-

abled you, take your Sword, and let's begin again! I bar that, cry's *Montespan*, who had followed us close, and came up betwixt us as I spoke these words; I'm Witnells (says he to me) of your Valour; 'tis enough in Conscience for one time, let's have no killing or slaying I beseech you! And you ought to content your self, that you have had *Bayamond's* Life in your power.

Tho the Count had confess'd as much himself, yet he was vex'd to the heart to have a Witness of it, and for ought I know he might have ventur'd t'other bout, had not his Clothes been so heavy with the mud, that he cou'd scarce stir. His Friend took him to the next Village to get him clean. And I return'd to *Paris*, to take care of my Wound. I acquainted *Clerantes* with my Encounter; who publish'd it ever where, together with *Bayamond's* treacherous Attempt upon my Life, which occasion'd it. The King hearing of it reprov'd him severely, and the greatest Fools about the Court, all cry'd shame on him.

I was prais'd as much on t'other side, (I speak it without Vanity) every one commended my manly Temper, and courteous Treatment of my Enemy, when I had him at my Mercy, and that I forbore taking his Life, tho my wrongs, and the smart of my Wounds might have provok'd me to it; it shew'd at least that I had a command over my passions, since I did not suffer 'em to transport me into the Violence of an implacable Resentment. This procur'd me the esteem of *Protogenes*,
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one of the bravest Princes in *Europe*. He took an universal Inclination to me. All my Actions and Words were agreeable to him, and I had the freedom in his Company of making what Reflections I pleas'd, whether of Commendations or Censure; for he was of opinion that I wou'd not blame any Person that did not deserve it. I publish'd a Satyr once upon a certain Lord, whose Name and Qualities I forbore to mention. Another who thought himself the Person, made his complaint to *Protagenes*; who told it me with a smile. Now my Lord, (said I) it is easy to conclude that the Complainor is vicious enough, or else he wou'd never have felt the lash of my Satyr, and taken it thus upon himself. And tho when I wrote it, I did not know there was such a Man in the World, yet since it seemis he has the Vices of other Men, e'en let him share in the punishment. Methinks he should have had more Wit than thus to proclaim his own Life and Practice to the whole Court, by this indiscreet Resentment. And tho I had made the Satyr expressly upon him, his wisest way had been not to appear mov'd with it at all. I remember not long since, another noble Lord made a poor Brother of the Quill be thrash'd like a Stock-Fish for *Scandalum Magnatum*. The blows were like the Verses, well measur'd, in good Cadence, but something Pindarical, for the numbers were unlimited: But what d'ye think was the consequence? All that heard the Story enquir'd into the occasion, and were convinc'd

that if my Lord had not deserv'd to be lampoon'd, the Poet had never been thought worth a beating. For 'tis no affront to call the Sun a Dark-lanthorn, or the Moon and Stars black Patches. In short, my Lord and the Poet were common Discourse, and those who had never seen the Satyr before, were more impatient for it now than for a prophesying Almanack, or a bawdy Tryal. These Reasons were approv'd by my great Patron, who confess'd that his Lordship had done himself the wrong in complaining against me, and told him so too, the next time he met with him. So that he was satisfy'd, and receiv'd me afterward into Grace.

Another time *Protagenes* was particularly pleas'd with an answer I made him. Some were talking in his Company about genteel Behaviour, Courtesy, and Humility, and he put the Question ; who was to be esteem'd the humblest Man about the Court ? A Poetaster, who stood by him, nam'd a Nobleman, (who as he said) was the very pink of Courtesy and Humility, and had the finest Complements in the Universe : Indeed, says *Protagenes*, I have thought so a pretty while, and have taken particular notice of him ; but what says *Francion* ? Who shall presume to contradict your opinion (said I) whose Wit is as great as your Authority ? I perceive (reply'd the Prince) that you are not of my opinion, and I give you free leave to speak your own ; with this Permission then, said I, be pleas'd to know

know that I take this Man whom you call humble, to be one of the proudest that wears a Head ; and here's my Reason — The Compliments he's eternally bestowing on those who approach him, proceed not from true Humility, or from a sense of his own Imperfections, but from an ardent desire to be admir'd for a fine Speaker. He has a Soul within him that's proud above measure, and his Presumption is the greater, because he's forc'd to disguise it, like an inclos'd Fire, that rages the more for want of an open passage. Cou'd you look into his Heart you wou'd see how he jeers those most to whom he cringes lowest, and from their ill-bestow'd Praises concludes, that he ought to be ador'd for his Eloquence. For the rest of him, 'tis plain that he has no value for those with whom he converses, and never undervalues himself but to give them an opportunity of contradicting him, and praising him to the Skies, which transports him with Joy inexpressible. And for Heaven's sake, what is Pride if this be not ?

— One of the Company was about to reply ; but the Prince prevented him, and said 'twas in vain to dispute against a thing, that had such an appearance of truth : and thus he did me the Honour to prefer my Reasons before those of all the rest that were with him.

In this manner I liv'd for several Months happily enough, and receiving continual Favours from his generous Prince, and have
never

never absented my self from him so long, as I have done since I fell in Love with *Lauretta*. And thus Sir, I have given you a tedious relation of all my principal Adventures ; I wish I cou'd know yours, without putting you to the trouble of recounting them, which I dare not be so bold as to ask. 'Tis observ'd, Sir, (reply'd the Gentleman) that great Persons only are capable of extraordinary Adventures, whose Courage and Wit can give success to all they undertake. But this is not privileg'd to vulgar Persons, like my self. No accidents of my Life are worth your hearing, and I'll assure you, I do not say this only to excuse my self from the pains of repeating them, for I wou'd willingly do any thing to oblige you. I believe then, said *Francion*, since you tell me so, that no extraordinary accidents have happen'd to you ; but I take it for a mark of your Happiness, and of the Favour of Heaven that has excus'd you from those traverses of Fortune, which I have experienc'd as well as of your Prudence in avoiding all hazardous and unworthy Enterprizes. If I had been endu'd with the same Virtue, I shou'd never perhaps have amus'd my self with so many Follies and Extravagances as I have been telling you, but shou'd have employ'd my time to better purpose. I shou'd not have disguis'd my self in the habit of a Fidler, nor have troubl'd my head with repeating and upbraiding the vanities of others, which had like to have cost me my Life. And in

in short, I shou'd have been in better Circumstances of Fortune, which may serve for an Example to all the Giddy heads and Rakes in the World. The Gentleman told *Francion* he had no Cause to complain, for amidst all sorts of accidents he had shewn himself Master of an admirable skill in securing himself, and making his retreat. After this he reflected on all that *Francion* had told him, especially of the adventures of his Youth, and rememb'reing that he had mention'd one *Raymond* who had rob'd him of his Money, he told him he had learn'd from one of his Servants where that Fellow was, that the Place was not far off, they might quickly see him, at any time he'd wait on him thither. Not a word more of him, I beseech you, Sir, (*says Francion*:) Good Heav'n ! let me never see that Villain again ; nature design'd him for a Rogue, and inclin'd him from this very Childhood to playing the Thief ; see him quoth-a ! —— I had rather see the Devil ; what have I to do with him, or any of his Company ? At those words the Gentleman rose from his seat all in a Rage, and began to swear bloodily at *Francion* : Let me tell you Sir, that I am *Raymond*, and I'll make you repent what you have spoke ; and so saying, he flung out of the Room, and dash'd the Door after him, as if he wou'd have broke it in Pieces. *Francion*, who cou'd remember nothing of his Face, was in a peck of troubles to think of the Discourse that had pass'd, and as much surpriz'd too, to see him

him transported so all of a sudden about a triflē.

Some hours after, came the Butler with his Dinner, and told him his Lord was so violently enrag'd against him, that considering the natural severity of his Temper, and that he had him in his own Castle, where he cou'd do what he pleas'd, he had reason to apprehend some heavy Vengeance from him. *Francion* had ten thousand Thoughts above it, and waited his doom with great uneasiness. The Butler promis'd him to give him some intelligence the next Day, and came punctually according to his Word ; assuring him that his Master's hatred against him, was so implacable, upon some information he had since the Day before, that he was afraid nothing less than Death wou'd satisfy him. *Francion* consider'd with himself, what great offence he had ever committed against *Raymond*, and not calling to mind any, was the most astonish'd that cou'd be. His Head-ach was not quite gone, and all the Pain he endur'd was in his Mind. He was about to rise and go to *Raymond*, to enquire what injury he had done him, and tell him that if he wou'd accept of the satisfaction of a Gentleman, he was ready to give it him where he pleas'd ; but his Clothes were removed from his Chamber, and he was told moreover, that strict Orders were given to prevent his going out of the Room. So that he was forc'd to keep his Bed till the next Day ; when the Butler visited him again, with

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with one of *Raymond's Valets de Chambre*, who told him he was come to help him to dress. *Francion* desir'd him not to take upon him that trouble, but only to send his own Man to him ; but answer was made, that *Raymond* wou'd not suffer it.



The End of the First Volume.

